

呼啸 山庄

[英] 艾米莉·勃朗特 著

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Wuthering
Heights

那些让我魂牵梦系的精彩篇章

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内 容 简 介

18 世纪末,在遥远的约克郡地区,吉卜赛弃儿希刺克厉夫被呼啸山庄的老主人恩萧收养,他与恩萧的女儿凯瑟琳青梅竹马,彼此产生了真挚的爱情,然而凯瑟琳却嫁给了富有的林惇。因不堪凌辱,希刺克厉夫愤然出走。若干年后,他带着财富和一颗报复的心回到呼啸山庄,不安宁和痛苦开始不断侵袭山庄……

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Chapter 1 Visit Wuthering Heights In Night

第一章 夜访呼啸山庄

中文导读

1801年，洛克乌德先生来到了呼啸山庄拜访希刺克厉夫先生，要租下他的画眉山庄。希刺克厉夫对他很粗暴，一群恶狗也对他发起了攻击。但受到好奇心的驱使，他还是又一次造访了希刺克厉夫，他遇到了行为粗俗、不修边幅的少年哈里顿·恩萧和貌美的希刺克厉夫之子遗孀。由于天黑下雪，希刺克厉夫不得不留他住下来，夜里他做了一个奇怪的梦，梦见树枝在拍打窗棂。当他想要折断树枝时，却触到了一双冰凉的小手，一个幽灵似的啜泣声求他把她放进来。她叫凯瑟琳，在这里已经游荡了20年，他从梦中惊醒，发现窗外毫无声息，一阵冷风吹熄了蜡烛。

一系列怪诞事件的发生激发了洛克乌德的好奇心，他被这座神秘的山庄深深吸引，由此，一段关于爱情和复仇的故事悄悄展开。

Chapter 1

1801, I have just returned from a visit to my landlord—the solitary neighbour that I shall be troubled with. This is certainly a beautiful country! In all England, I do not believe that I could have fixed on a situation so completely removed from the stir of society. A perfect misanthropist's heaven ; and Mr Heathcliff and I are such a suitable pair to divide the desolation between us. A capital fellow! He little imagined how my heart warmed towards him when I beheld his black eyes withdraw so suspiciously under their brows, as I rode up, and when his fingers sheltered themselves, with a jealous resolution, still farther in his waistcoat, as I announced^① my

name.

“Mr Heathcliff!” I said.

A nod was the answer.

“Mr Lockwood, your new tenant, sir. I do myself the honour^② of calling as soon as possible after my arrival, to express the hope that I have not inconvenienced you by my perseverance in soliciting the occupation of Thrushcross Grange: I heard yesterday you had had some thoughts—”

“Thrushcross Grange is my own, sir,” he interrupted, wincing. “I should not allow anyone to inconvenience me, if I could hinder it—walk in!”

The “walk in” was uttered with closed teeth, and expressed the sentiment, “Go to the deuce”: even the gate over which he leant manifested no sympathizing movement to the words; and I think that circumstance determined me to accept the invitation. I felt interested in a man who seemed more exaggeratedly reserved than myself.

When he saw my horse's breast fairly pushing the barrier^③, he did put out his hand to unchain it, and then sullenly preceded me up the causeway, calling, as we entered the court:

① announce [a'nauns]

vt.

宣布, 宣告, 发表(CET4)

② honour ['ɒnə]

n.

尊重, 敬重 (CET4)

③ barrier ['bæriə]

n.

栅栏, 关卡 (CET4)

“Joseph, take Mr Lockwood’s horse; and bring up some wine.”

“Here we have the whole establishment of domestics, I suppose,” was the reflection suggested by this compound^① order.

No wonder the grass grows up between the flags, and cattle are the only hedge-cutters.

Joseph was an elderly, nay, an old man: very old, perhaps, though hale and sinewy. “The Lord help us!” he soliloquized in an undertone of peevish displeasure, while relieving me of my horse: looking, meantime, in my face so sourly that I charitably conjectured he must have need of divine aid to digest his dinner, and his pious ejaculation had no reference to my unexpected advent^②.

Wuthering Heights is the name of Mr Heathcliff’s dwelling. “Wuthering” being a significant provincial adjective, descriptive of the atmospheric tumult to which its station is exposed in stormy weather. Pure, bracing ventilation they must have up there at all times, indeed; one may guess the power of the north wind blowing over the edge, by the excessive slant of a few stunted firs at the end of the house; and by a range of gaunt thorns all stretching their limbs one way, as if craving alms of the sun. Happily, the architect^③ had foresight to build it strong: the narrow windows are deeply set in the wall, and the corners defended with large jutting stones.

Before passing the threshold, I paused to admire a quantity of grotesque carving lavished over the front, and especially about the principal door; above which, among a wilderness of crumbling griffins and shameless little boys, I detected the date “1500”, and the name “Hareton Earnshaw”. I would have made a few comments, and requested a short history of the place from the surly owner; but his attitude at the door appeared to demand my speedy entrance, or complete departure, and I had no desire to aggravate his impatience previous to inspecting the penetralium.

One step brought us into the family sitting-room, without any introductory lobby or passage: they call it here “the house” preeminently. It includes kitchen and parlour, generally; but I believe at Wuthering Heights the kitchen is forced to retreat altogether into another quarter: at least I distinguished a chatter of tongues, and a clatter of culinary utensils, deep within; and I observed no signs of roasting, boiling, or baking, about the huge fireplace; nor any glitter of copper saucepans and tin cullenders on the walls. One end, indeed, reflected splendidly both light and heat from ranks of immense pewter dishes, interspersed with silver jugs and

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|-------------------------|----|------------------|
| ① compound ['kɒmpaʊnd] | n. | 有建筑物围绕的场地 (CET6) |
| ② advent ['ædvənt] | n. | 出现, 到来 (CET6) |
| ③ architect ['ɑ:kitekt] | n. | 建筑师, 设计师 (CET6) |

tankards, towering row after row, on a vast oak dresser, to the very roof. The latter had never been underdrawn: its entire anatomy^① lay bare to an inquiring eye, except where a frame^② of wood laden with oatcakes and clusters of legs of beef, mutton, and ham, concealed it. Above the chimney were sundry villainous ; old guns, and a couple of horse-pistols: and, by way of ornament, three gaudily painted canisters disposed along its ledge. The floor was of smooth, white stone; the chairs, high-backed, primitive^③ structures, painted green: one or two heavy black ones lurking in the shade. In an arch under the dresser, reposed a huge, liver-coloured bitch pointer, surrounded by a swarm of squealing puppies; and other dogs haunted other recesses.

The apartment and furniture would have been nothing extraordinary as belonging to a homely, northern farmer, with a stubborn countenance, and stalwart limbs set out to advantage in knee breeches and gaiters. Such an individual seated in his armchair, his mug of ale frothing on the round table before him, is to be seen in any circuit of five or six miles among these hills, if you go at the right time after dinner. But Mr Heathcliff forms a singular contrast to his abode and style of living. He is a dark-skinned gipsy in aspect, in dress and manners a gentleman' that is, as much a gentleman as many a country squire: rather slovenly, perhaps, yet not looking amiss with his negligence, because he has an erect and

handsome figure; and rather morose. Possibly, some people might suspect him of a degree of under-bred pride; I have a sympathetic chord within that tells me it is nothing of the sort:

I know, by instinct, his reserve springs from an aversion to showy displays of feeling—to manifestations of mutual kindness. He'll love and hate equally under cover, and esteem it a species of impertinence to be loved or hated again. No, I'm running on too fast: I bestow my own attributes over liberally on him. Mr Heathcliff may have entirely dissimilar reasons for keeping his hand out of the way when he meets a would-be acquaintance, to those which actuate^④ me. Let me hope my constitution is almost peculiar: my dear mother used to say I should never have a comfortable home; and only last summer I proved myself perfectly unworthy of one.

While enjoying a month of fine weather at the sea coast, I was thrown into the company^⑤ of a most fascinating creature: a real goddess in my eyes, as long as she took no notice of me. I never told my love vocally; still, if looks have language,

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|-------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| ① anatomy [ə'natəmi] | n. | 解剖, 解剖学(CET6) |
| ② frame [freim] | n. | 框架; 骨架, 构架(CET4) |
| ③ primitive ['primitiv] | adj. | 原始的, 早期的; 简单的; 粗糙的(CET6) |
| ④ actuate ['æktʃu:eit] | vt. | 使动作, 开动, 促使(CET6) |
| ⑤ company ['kʌmpəni] | n. | 陪伴, 伙伴(CET4) |

the merest idiot might have guessed I was over head and ears: she understood me at last, and looked a return—the sweetest of all imaginable looks. And what did I do? I confess it with shame—shrunk icily into myself, like a snail; at every glance retired colder and further; till finally the poor innocent was led to doubt^① her own senses, and, overwhelmed with confusion at her supposed mistake, persuaded her mamma to decamp. By this curious turn of disposition I have gained the reputation of deliberate heartlessness; how undeserved, I alone can appreciate.

I took a seat at the end of the hearthstone opposite that towards which my landlord advanced, and filled up an interval of silence by attempting to caress the canine mother, who had left her nursery, and was sneaking wolfishly to the back of my legs, her lip curled up, and her white teeth watering for a snatch. My caress provoked a long, guttural gnarl.

“You’d better let the dog alone,” growled Mr Heathcliff in unison, checking fiercer demonstrations with a punch of his foot. “She’s not accustomed to be spoiled—not kept for a pet.” Then, striding to a side door, he shouted again, “Joseph!”

Joseph mumbled indistinctly in the depths of the cellar, but gave no intimation of ascending; so his master dived down to him, leaving me vis-à-vis the ruffianly bitch and

a pair of grim shaggy sheep-dogs, who shared with her a jealous guardianship over all my movements. Not anxious to come in contact with their fangs, I sat still; but, imagining they would scarcely understand tacit insults^②, I unfortunately indulged in winking and making faces at the trio, and some turn of my physiognomy so irritated madam, that she suddenly broke into a fury and leapt on my knees. I flung her back, and hastened to interpose the table between us. This proceeding roused the whole hive: half a dozen four-footed fiends, of various sizes and ages, issued from hidden dens to the common centre. I felt my heels^③ and coat-laps peculiar subjects of assault; and parrying off the larger combatants as effectually as I could with the poker, I was constrained to demand, aloud, assistance from some of the household in re-establishing peace.

Mr Heathcliff and his man climbed the cellar steps with vexatious phlegm: I don't think they moved one second faster than usual, though the hearth was an absolute tempest of worrying and yelping. Happily, an inhabitant of the kitchen made more dispatch^④: a lusty dame, with tucked-up gown,

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|-----------------------|----|--------------------|
| ① doubt [daʊt] | n. | 怀疑, 疑虑; 未确定 (CET4) |
| ② insult [in'sʌlt] | n. | 侮辱, 冒犯 (CET6) |
| ③ heel [hi:l] | n. | 高跟鞋 (CET4) |
| ④ dispatch [dis'pætʃ] | n. | 派遣, 调遣, 发送 (CET6) |

bare arms, and fire-flushed cheeks, rushed into the midst of us flourishing a frying-pan: and used that weapon, and her tongue, to such purpose, that the storm subsided magically, and she only remained, heaving like a sea after a high wind, when her master entered on the scene.

“What the devil is the matter?” he asked, eyeing me in a manner that I could ill endure after this inhospitable treatment.

“What the devil, indeed!” I muttered. “The herd of possessed swine could have had no worse spirits in them than those animals of yours, sir. You might as well leave a stranger with a brood of tigers!”

“They won’t meddle with persons who touch nothing,” he remarked, putting the bottle before me, and restoring the displaced table. “The dogs do right to be vigilant. Take a glass of wine?”

“No, thank you.”

“Not bitten, are you?”

“If I had been, I would have set my signet on the biter.”

Heathcliff’s countenance relaxed into a grin.

“Come, come,” he said, “you are flurried, Mr Lockwood. Here, take a little wine. Guests are so exceedingly rare in this house that I and my dogs, I am willing to own, hardly know how to receive them. Your health, sir!”

I bowed and returned the pledge; beginning to perceive

that it would be foolish to sit sulking for the misbehaviour of a pack of curs; besides, I felt loath to yield the fellow further amusement at my expense; since the humour took that turn. He—probably swayed by prudential consideration of the folly of offending a good tenant—relaxed a little in the laconic style of chipping off his pronouns and auxiliary verbs, and introduced what he supposed would be a subject of interest to me—a discourse on the advantages and disadvantages of my present place of retirement. I found him very intelligent^① on the topics we touched; and before I went home, I was encouraged so far as to volunteer another visit tomorrow. He evidently wished no repetition of my intrusion. I shall go, notwithstanding. It is astonishing how sociable I feel myself compared with him.

Yesterday afternoon set in misty and cold. I had half a mind to spend it by my study fire, instead of wading through heath and mud to Wuthering Heights. On coming up from dinner, however (N.B. I dine between twelve and one o'clock; the housekeeper, a matronly lady, taken as a fixture along with the house, could not, or would not, comprehend my request^② that I might be served at five), on mounting the stairs with this lazy intention, and stepping into the room, I

① intelligent [in'telidʒənt] **adj.** 聪明的, 理解力强的(CET4)

② request [ri'kwest] **n.** 要求; 请求; 所请求的事物(CET4)

saw a servant girl on her knees surrounded by brushes and coal-scuttles, and raising an infernal dust as she extinguished the flames^① with heaps of cinders. This spectacle drove me back immediately; I took my hat, and, after a four-miles' walk, arrived at Heathcliff's garden gate just in time to escape the first feathery flakes of a snow shower.

On that bleak hill top the earth was hard with a black frost^②, and the air made me shiver through every limb. Being unable to remove the chain, I jumped over, and, running up the flagged causeway bordered with straggling gooseberry bushes, knocked vainly for admittance, till my knuckles tingled and the dogs howled.

"Wretched inmates!" I ejaculated mentally, "you deserve^③ perpetual isolation from your species for your churlish inhospitality. At least, I would not keep my doors barred in the day time. I don't care—I will get in!" So resolved^④, I grasped the latch and shook it vehemently. Vinegar-faced Joseph projected his head from a round window of the barn.

"Whet are ye for?" he shouted. "T" maister's dahn it fowld. Go rahnd by th' end ut laith, if yah went tuh spake tull him."

"Is there nobody inside to open the door?" I hallooed, responsively.

"They's nobbut t' missis; and shoo'll nut oppen't an ye

mak yer flaysome dins till neeght.”

“Why? Cannot you tell her who I am, eh, Joseph?”

“Nor-ne me! Aw’ll hae noa hend wi’t,” muttered the head, vanishing.

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another trial; when a young man without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coal shed, pump, and pigeon cot, we at length arrived in the huge, warm, cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received. It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood; and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the “missis”, an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected. I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

“Rough weather!” I remarked. “I’m afraid, Mrs Heathcliff, the door must bear the consequence^⑤ of your servants’ leisure

① **flame** [fleim]

n.

火焰, 火舌(CET4)

② **frost** [frɒst]

n.

霜, 霜冻, 严寒天气(CET4)

③ **deserve** [di'zə:v]

vt.

应受, 应得, 值得(CET6)

④ **resolve** [ri'zɒlv]

vt.&vi

决定; 决心(CET4)

⑤ **consequence** ['kɒnsɪkwəns]

n.

结果, 后果; 重要(性), 重大(CET6)

attendance: I had hard work to make them hear me.”

She never opened her mouth. I stared—she stared also: at any rate, she kept her eyes on me in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

“Sit down,” said the young man gruffly. “He’ll be in soon.”

I obeyed; and hemmed, and called the villain Juno, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in token of owning my acquaintance.

“A beautiful animal!” I commenced^① again. “Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam?”

“They are not mine,” said the amiable hostess, more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

“Ah, your favourites are among these?” I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

“A strange choice of favourites!” she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits. I hemmed once more, and drew closer to the hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

“You should not have come out,” she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light; now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood: an

admirable^② form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding; small features, very fair; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck; and eyes, had they been agreeable in expression, they would have been irresistible: fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn, and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there.

The canisters were almost out of her reach; I made a motion to aid her; she turned upon me as a miser might turn if anyone attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

“I don’t want your help,” she snapped; “I can get them for myself.”

“I beg your pardon!” I hastened to reply.

“Were you asked to tea?” she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

“I shall be glad to have a cup.” I answered.

“Were you asked?” she repeated.

“No,” I said, half smiling. “You are the proper person to ask me.”

She flung the tea back, spoon and all, and resumed her chair in a pet; her forehead corrugated, and her red under lip

① commence [kə'mens]

vt.&vi.

〈正〉开始 (CET6)

② admirable ['ædmərəbəl]

adj.

令人称赞的 (CET6)

pushed out, like a child's ready to cry.

Meanwhile, the young man had slung on to his person a decidedly shabby upper garment, and, erecting himself before the blaze, looked down on me from the corner of his eyes, for all the world as if there were some mortal^① feud unavenged between us. I began to doubt whether he were a servant or not: his dress and speech were both rude, entirely devoid of the superiority observable^② in Mr and Mrs Heathcliff; his thick brown curls were rough and uncultivated, his whiskers encroached bearishly over his cheeks, and his hands were embrowned like those of a common labourer: still his bearing was free, almost haughty, and he showed none of a domestic's assiduity in attending on the lady of the house. In the absence of clear proofs of his condition, I deemed it best to abstain^③ from noticing his curious conduct; and, five minutes afterwards, the entrance of Heathcliff relieved me, in some measure, from my uncomfortable state.

"You see, sir, I am come, according to promise!" I exclaimed, assuming the cheerful; "and I fear I shall be weatherbound for half an hour, if you can afford me shelter during that space."

"Half an hour?" he said, shaking the white flakes from his clothes; "I wonder you should select the thick of a snowstorm to ramble about in. Do you know that you run a risk of being lost in the marshes? People familiar with these

moors often miss their road on such evenings; and I can tell you there is no chance of a change at present.”

“Perhaps I can get a guide among your lads, and he might stay at the Grange till morning—could you spare me one?”

“No, I could not.”

“Oh, indeed! Well, then, I must trust to my own sagacity.”

“Umph!”

“Are you going to maketh tea?” demanded he of the shabby coat, shifting his ferocious gaze from me to the young lady.

“Is he to have any?” she asked, appealing to Heathcliff.

“Get it ready, will you?” was the answer, uttered so savagely that I started. The tone in which the words were said revealed a genuine^④ bad nature. I no longer felt inclined^⑤ to call Heathcliff a capital fellow. When the preparations were finished, he invited me with— “Now, sir, bring forward your

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|---------------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|
| ① mortal ['mɔ:təl] | adj. | 终有一死的, 致命的(CET6) |
| ② observable [əb'zə:vəbl] | adj. | 观察得到的; 应遵守的(CET6) |
| ③ abstain [əb'stein] | vi. | 戒(尤指酒), 戒除; 弃权
(不投票)(CET6) |
| ④ genuine ['dʒenjuɪn] | adj. | 真的, 非人造的(CET4) |
| ⑤ incline [in'kleɪn] | vi. & vt. | (使)倾斜, (使)倾向(CET6) |

chair.” And we all, including the rustic youth, drew round the table: an austere silence prevailing^① while we discussed our meal.

I thought, if I had caused the cloud, it was my duty to make an effort to dispel it. They could not every day sit so grim and taciturn; and it was impossible, however ill-tempered they might be, that the universal scowl they wore was their everyday countenance.

“It is strange,” I began, in the interval of swallowing one cup of tea and receiving another— “it is strange how custom can mould our tastes and ideas: many could not imagine the existence of happiness in a life of such complete exile from the world as you spend, Mr Heathcliff; yet I’ll venture to say, that, surrounded by your family, and with your amiable lady as the presiding genius over your home and heart—”

“My amiable lady!” he interrupted, with an almost diabolical sneer on his face. “Where is she—my amiable lady?”

“Mrs Heathcliff, your wife, I mean.”

“Well, yes—Oh, you would intimate that her spirit has taken the post of ministering angel, and guards the fortunes of Wuthering Heights even when her body is gone. Is that it?”

Perceiving myself in a blunder, I attempted to correct it. I might have seen there was too great a disparity between

the ages of the parties to make it likely that they were man and wife. One was about forty: a period of mental vigour at which men seldom cherish^② the delusion of being married for love by girls: that dream is reserved^③ for the solace of our declining years. The other did not look seventeen.

Then it flashed upon me— “The clown at my elbow, who is drinking his tea out of a basin and eating his bread with unwashed hands, may be her husband: Heathcliff, junior, of course. Here is the consequence of being buried alive: she has thrown herself away upon that boor from sheer ignorance that better individuals^④ existed! A sad pity—I must beware how I cause her to regret her choice.” The last reflection may seem conceited; it was not. My neighbour struck me as bordering on repulsive; I knew, through experience, that I was tolerably attractive.

“Mrs Heathcliff is my daughter-in-law,” said Heathcliff, corroborating my surmise. He turned, as he spoke, a peculiar look in her direction: a look of hatred; unless he has a most perverse set of facial muscles that will not, like those of other people, interpret the language of his soul.

“Ah, certainly—I see now: you are the favoured possessor of

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|-----------------------------|----------------------------|
| ① prevail [pri'veil] | vi. 盛行, 流行; 获胜; 占优势 (CET6) |
| ② cherish ['tʃeriʃ] | vi. 珍爱, 珍视, 爱护 (CET6) |
| ③ reserve [ri'zə:v] | n. 贮藏; 储备 (CET4) |
| ④ individual [indi'vidjuəl] | adj. 个别的, 单独的; 独特的 (CET4) |

the beneficent fairy," I remarked, turning to my neighbour.

This was worse than before: the youth grew crimson, and clenched his fist, with every appearance of a meditated assault. But he seemed to recollect himself presently, and smothered the storm^① in a brutal curse, muttered on my behalf: which, however, I took care not to notice.

"Unhappy in your conjectures, sir," observed my host; "we neither of us have the privilege of owning your good fairy^②; her mate is dead. I said she was my daughter-in-law, therefore, she must have married my son."

"And this young man is—"

"Not my son, assuredly."

Heathcliff smiled again, as if it were rather too bold a jest to attribute the paternity of that bear to him.

"My name is Hareton Earnshaw," growled the other; "and I'd counsel you to respect it!"

"I've shown no disrespect," was my reply, laughing internally at the dignity with which he announced himself.

He fixed his eye on me longer than I cared to return the stare, for fear I might be tempted either to box his ears or render my hilarity audible. I began to feel unmistakably out of place in that pleasant family circle. The dismal spiritual atmosphere overcame, and more than neutralized, the glowing physical comforts round me; and I resolved to be cautious^③ how I ventured under those rafters a third time.

The business of eating being concluded, and no one uttering a word of sociable conversation, I approached a window to examine the weather. A sorrowful sight I saw: dark night coming down prematurely, and sky and hills mingled in one bitter whirl of wind and suffocating snow.

“I don’t think it possible for me to get home now without a guide,” I could not help exclaiming. “The roads will be buried already; and, if they were bare, I could scarcely distinguish a foot in advance.

“Hareton, drive those dozen sheep into the barn porch. They’ll be covered if left in the fold all night: and put a plank before them,” said Heathcliff.

“How must I do?” I continued, with rising irritation^④.

There was no reply to my question; and on looking round I saw only Joseph bringing in a pail of porridge for the dogs, and Mrs Heathcliff leaning over the fire, diverting herself with burning a bundle of matches which had fallen from the chimney-piece as she restored the tea canister to its place. The former, when he had deposited his burden, took a critical survey of the room, and in cracked tones, grated out:

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|----------------------------|------|--------------------|
| ① storm [stɔ:m] | n. | 暴风雨, 暴风雨般的东西(CET4) |
| ② fairy ['feəri] | n. | 仙人, 小仙子, 小精灵(CET4) |
| ③ cautious ['kɔ:ʃəs] | adj. | 小心的, 谨慎的(CET4) |
| ④ irritation [,iri'teɪʃən] | n. | 激怒, 恼怒(CET6) |

“Aw woonder hagh yah can faishion tuh stand thear i’ idleness un war, when all on ’em’s goan aght! Bud yah’re a nowt, and it’s noa use talking —yah’ll niver mend uh yer ill ways, bud goa raight tuh t’ divil, like yer mother afore ye!”

I imagined, for a moment, that this piece of eloquence was addressed to me; and, sufficiently enraged, stepped towards the aged rascal with an intention of kicking him out of the door. Mrs Heathcliff, however, checked me by her answer.

“You scandalous old hypocrite!” she replied. “Are you not afraid of being carried away bodily, whenever you mention the devil’s name? I warn you to refrain from provoking me, or I’ll ask your abduction as a special favour. Stop! look here, Joseph,” she continued, taking a long, dark book from a shelf; “I’ll show you how far I’ve progressed in the Black Art: I shall soon be competent^① to make a clear house of it. The red cow didn’t die by chance; and your rheumatism^② can hardly be reckoned among providential visitations!”

“Oh, wicked, wicked!” gasped the elder; “may the Lord deliver us from evil!”

“No, reprobate! you are a castaway—be off, or I’ll hurt you seriously! I’ll have you all modelled in wax and clay; and the first who passes the limits I fix, shall—I’ll not say what he shall be done to—but, you’ll see! Go, I’m looking at you!”

The little witch put a mock malignity into her beautiful eyes, and Joseph, trembling with sincere horror, hurried out praying and ejaculating “wicked” as he went. I thought her conduct must be prompted^③ by a species of dreary fun; and, now that we were alone, I endeavoured^④ to interest her in my distress.

“Mrs Heathcliff,” I said earnestly, “you must excuse me for troubling you. I presume, because, with that face, I’m sure you cannot help being good-hearted. Do point out some landmarks by which I may know my way home: I have no more idea how to get there than you would have how to get to London!”

“Take the road you came,” she answered, ensconcing herself in a chair, with a candle, and the long book open before her. “It is brief advice, but as sound as I can give.”

“Then, if you hear of me being discovered dead in a bog or a pit full of snow, your conscience won’t whisper that it is partly your fault?”

“How so? I cannot escort you. They Wouldn’t let me go to the end of the garden wall.”

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| ① competent ['kɒmpɪtənt] | adj. | 有能力的, 能胜任的(CET4) |
| ② rheumatism ['ru:mətɪzəm] | n. | <医>风湿病 (CET6) |
| ③ prompt [prɒmpt] | adj. | 立刻的, 迅速的, 准时的(CET4) |
| ④ endeavour [in'devə] | n. | <英>尽力, 竭力(CET6) |

“You! I should be sorry to ask you to cross the threshold, for my convenience, on such a night,” I cried. “I want you to tell me my way, net to show it; or else to persuade Mr Heathcliff to give me a guide^①.”

“Who? There is himself, Earnshaw, Zillah, Joseph, and I. Which would you have?”

“Are there no boys at the farm?”

“No, those are all.”

“Then, it follows that I am compelled to stay.”

“That you may settle with your host. I have nothing to do with it.”

“I hope it will be a lesson to you to make no more rash journeys on these hills,” cried Heathcliff’s stern voice from the kitchen entrance. “As to staying here, I don’t keep accommodations for visitors: you must share a bed with Hareton or Joseph, if you do.”

“I can sleep on a chair in this room,” I replied.

“No, no! A stranger is a stranger, be he rich or poor: it will not suit me to permit anyone the range of the place while I am off guard!” said the unmannerly wretch.

With this insult, my patience was at an end. I uttered an expression of disgust, and pushed past him into the yard, running against Earnshaw in my haste. It was so dark that I could not see the means of exit; and, as I wandered^② round, I heard another specimen of their civil^③ behaviour amongst each other. At

first the young man appeared about to befriend me.

“I’ll go with him as far as the park,” he said.

“You’ll go with him to hell!” exclaimed his master, or whatever relation he bore. “And who is to look after the horses, eh?”

A man’s life is of more consequence than one evening’s neglect of the horses: somebody must go, murmured Mrs Heathcliff, more kindly than I expected.

“Not at your command!” retorted Hareton. “If you set store on him, You’d better be quiet.”

“Then I hope his ghost will haunt you; and I hope Mr Heathcliff will never get another tenant^④ till the Grange is a ruin!” she answered sharply.

“Hearken, hearken, shoo’s cursing on’em!” muttered Joseph, towards whom I had been steering.

He sat within earshot, milking the cows by the light of a lantern, which I seized unceremoniously, and, calling out that I would send it back on the morrow, rushed to the nearest postern.

“Maister, maister, he’s stealing t’ lantern!” shouted the

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| ① guide [gaɪd] | n. | 指导者；向导, 导游(CET4) |
| ② wander ['wɒndə] | vt. | 漫游, 徘徊(CET6) |
| ③ civil ['sɪvl] | adj. | 文明的, 礼貌的(CET4) |
| ④ tenant ['tenənt] | n. | 房客, 佃户, 承租人(CET6) |

ancient, pursuing my retreat. “Hey, Gnasher! Hey, dog! Hey, Wolf, holdd him, holdd him!”

On opening the little door, two hairy monsters flew at my throat, bearing me down and extinguishing the light; while a mingled guffaw from Heathcliff and Hareton, put the copestone on my rage and humiliation. Fortunately, the beasts seemed more bent on stretching their paws and yawning, and flourishing their tails, than devouring me alive; but they would suffer no resurrection, and I was forced to lie till their malignant master pleased to deliver me: then, hatless and trembling with wrath, I ordered the miscreants to let me out—on their peril to keep me one minute longer with several incoherent threats of retaliation that, in their indefinite depth of virulency, smacked of King Lear.

The vehemence of my agitation brought on a copious bleeding at the nose, and still Heathcliff laughed, and still I scolded. I don’t know what would have concluded the scene, had there not been one person at hand rather more rational than myself, and more benevolent than my entertainer. This was Zillah, the stout housewife; who at length issued forth to inquire into the nature of the uproar. She thought that some of them had been laying violent hands on me; and, not daring to attack her master, she turned her vocal^① artillery against the young scoundrel.

“Well, Mr Earnshaw,” she cried, “I wonder what you’ll

have agait next! Are we going to murder folk on our very doorstones? I see this house will never do for me—look at the poor lad, he's fair choking! Wisht, wisht! you mun'n't go on so. Come in, and I'll cure^② that; there now, hold ye still.”

With these words she suddenly splashed a pint of icy water down my neck, and pulled me into the kitchen. Mr Heathcliff followed, his accidental merriment expiring quickly in his habitual moroseness.

I was sick exceedingly, and dizzy and faint^③; and thus compelled perforce to accept lodgings under his roof.

While leading the way upstairs, she recommended^④ that I should hide the candle, and not make a noise; for her master had an odd notion about the chamber she would put me in, and never let anybody lodge there willingly. I asked the reason. She did not know, she answered: she had only lived there a year or two; and they had so many queer goings on, she could not begin to be curious.

Too stupefied to be curious myself, I fastened my door and glanced round for the bed. The whole furniture consisted of a chair, a clothes-press, and a large oak case, with squares

① vocal ['vəʊkəl]

adj. 口头的, 有声的, 发音的(CET4)

② cure [kjʊə]

vt. 治愈, 治好; 消除, 矫正(CET4)

③ faint [feint]

vi. 晕倒, 昏倒(CET4)

④ recommend [ˌrekə'mend]

vt. 推荐, 介绍; 劝告, 建议(CET4)

cut out near the top resembling coach windows. Having approached this structure I looked inside, and perceived it to be a singular sort of old-fashioned couch, very conveniently designed to obviate the necessity for every member of the family having a room to himself. In fact it formed a little closet, and the ledge of a window, which it enclosed, served as a table. I slid back the panelled sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again, and felt secure against the vigilance of Heathcliff, and everyone else.

The ledge^①, where I placed my candle, had a few mildewed books piled up in one corner; and it was covered with writing scratched on the paint. This writing, however, was nothing but a name repeated in all kinds of characters, large and small—Catherine Earnshaw, here and there varied to Catherine Heathcliff, and again to Catherine Linton.

In rapid listlessness I leant my head against the window, and continued spelling over Catherine Earnshaw—Heathcliff—Linton, till my eyes closed; but they had not rested five minutes when a glare of white letters started from the dark as vivid^② as spectres—the air swarmed with Catherines; and rousing myself to dispel the obtrusive name, I discovered my candle wick reclining on one of the antique volumes, and perfuming the place with an odour of roasted calfskin.

I snuffed it off, and, very ill at ease under the influence^③

of cold and lingering nausea, sat up and spread open the injured tome on my knee. It was a Testament, in lean type, and smelling dreadfully musty: a fly-leaf bore the inscription — “Catherine Earnshaw, her book”, and a date some quarter of a century back. I shut it, and took up another, and another, till I had examined all. Catherine’s library was select, and its state of dilapidation proved it to have been well used; though not altogether for a legitimate purpose^④: scarcely one chapter had escaped a pen-and-ink commentary—at least, the appearance of one—covering every morsel of blank that the printer had left. Some were detached sentences; other parts took the form of a regular diary, scrawled in an unformed childish hand. At the top of an extra page (quite a treasure, probably, when first lighted on) I was greatly amused to behold an excellent caricature of my friend Joseph,—rudely, yet powerfully sketched. An immediate interest kindled within me for the unknown Catherine, and I began forthwith to decipher her faded hieroglyphics.

“An awful Sunday!” commenced the paragraph beneath. “I wish my father were back again. Hindley is a detestable substitute his conduct to Heathcliff is atrocious—

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| ① ledge [ledʒ] | n. | (墙壁、悬崖等)突出的狭长部分(CET6) |
| ② vivid ['vivid] | adj. | 生动的, 栩栩如生的(CET6) |
| ③ influence ['influəns] | n. | 影响, 感化力; 势力, 权势(CET4) |
| ④ purpose ['pə:pəs] | n. | 目的, 意图; 作用, 用途(CET4) |

H. and I are going to rebel—we took our initiatory step this evening.

“All day had been flooding with rain; we could not go to church, so Joseph must needs get up a congregation in the garret; and, while Hindley and his wife basked downstairs before a comfortable fire—doing anything but reading their Bibles, I’ll answer for it—Heathcliff, myself, and the unhappy plough-boy, were commanded to take our prayer books, and mount: we were ranged^① in a row, on a sack of corn, groaning and shivering, and hoping that Joseph would shiver too, so that he might give us a short homily for his own sake. A vain idea! The service lasted precisely three hours; and yet my brother had the face to exclaim, when he saw us descending, “What, done already?” On Sunday evenings we used to be permitted to play, if we did not make much noise; now a mere titter is sufficient to send us into comers!

“You forget you have a master here,” says the tyrant. “I’ll demolish the first who puts me out of temper! I insist on perfect sobriety and silence. Oh, boy! was that you? Frances, darling, pull his hair as you go by: I heard him snap his fingers.” Frances pulled his hair heartily, and then went and seated herself on her husband’s knee; and there they were, like two babies, kissing and talking nonsense by the hour—foolish palaver that we should be ashamed^② of. We made ourselves as snug as our means allowed in the arch of the dresser. I had

just fastened our pinafores together, and hung them up for a curtain, when in comes Joseph on an errand from the stables. He tears down my handiwork, boxes my ears, and croaks—“T” maister nobbut just buried, and Sabbath nut o’ered, und t’ sahnd uh t’ gospel still i’ yer lugs, and yah darr be laiking! Shame on ye! sit ye dahn, ill childer! they’s good books enough if ye’ll read’em! sit ye dahn, and think uh yer sows!

“Saying this, he compelled us so to square our positions that we might receive from the far-off fire a dull ray to show us the text of the lumber thrust upon us. I could not bear the employment. I took my dingy volume by the scroop, and hurled it into the dog kennel, vowing I hated a good book. Heathcliff kicked his to the same place. Then there was a hubbub!

“Maister Hindley!” shouted our chaplain. “Maister, coom hither! Miss Cathy’s riven th’ back off Th’ Helmet uh Salvation, un’ Heathcliff’s pawsed his fit intuh t’ first part uh T’ Brooad Way to Destruction! It’s fair flaysome ut yah let ’em goa on this gait. Ech! th’ owd man ud uh laced’ em properly—but he’s goan!”

① range [reɪndʒ]

n.

一系列；变化幅度，范围 (CET4)

② ashamed [əʃeɪmd]

adj.

惭愧的，羞耻的，害臊的 (CET4)

“Hindley hurried up from his paradise on the hearth, and seizing one of us by the collar, and the other by the arm, hurled^① both into the back kitchen; where, Joseph asseverated, “owd Nick” would fetch us as sure as we were living: and, so comforted, we each sought a separate nook to await his advent^②.

I reached this book, and a pot of ink from a shelf, and pushed the house door ajar to give me light, and I have got the time on with writing for twenty minutes; but my companion^③ is impatient^④, and proposes that we should appropriate the dairywoman’s cloak, and have a scamper on the moors, under its shelter. A pleasant suggestion—and then, if the surly old man come in, he may believe his prophecy verified—we cannot be damper, or colder, in the rain than we are here.

I suppose Catherine fulfilled her project, for the next sentence^⑤ took up another subject: she waxed lachrymose.

“How little did I dream that Hindley would ever make me cry so!” she wrote. “My head aches, till I cannot keep it on the pillow; and still I Can’t give over. Poor Heathcliff! Hindley calls him a vagabond, and won’t let him sit with us, nor eat with us any more; and, he says, he and I must not play together, and threatens to turn him out of the house if we break his orders. He has been blaming our father (how dared he?) for treating H. too liberally; and swears he will reduce

him to his right place—”

I began to nod drowsily over the dim page: my eye wandered from manuscript to print, I saw a red ornamented title— “Seventy Times Seven, and the First of the Seventy-First. A Pious Discourse delivered by the Reverend Jabes Branderham, in the Chapel of Gimmerden Sough.” And while I was, half consciously, worrying my brain to guess what Jabes Branderham would make of his subject, I sank back in bed, and fell asleep. Alas, for the effects of bad tea and bad temper! what else could it be that made me pass such a terrible night? I don’t remember another that I can at all compare with it since I was capable of suffering.

I began to dream, almost before I ceased to be sensible of my locality. I thought it was morning; and I had set out on my way home, with Joseph for a guide. The snow lay yards deep in our road; and, as we floundered on, my companion wearied me with constant reproaches that I had not brought a pilgrim’s staff: Telling me that I could never get into the house without one, and boastfully flourishing a heavy-headed cudgel, which I understood to be so denominated. For a moment I considered

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| ① hurl [hɜ:l] | vt. | 猛投, 用力掷(CET6) |
| ② advent ['ædvənt] | n. | 出现, 到来 (CET6) |
| ③ companion [kəm'pænjən] | n. | 同伴, 伙伴(CET6) |
| ④ impatient [im'peɪʃənt] | adj. | 不耐烦的, 急躁的(CET6) |
| ⑤ sentence ['sentəns] | n. | 句子, 审判, 判决(CET4) |

it absurd that I should need such a weapon to gain admittance into my own residence. Then a new idea flashed across me. I was not going there: we were journeying to hear the famous Jabes Branderham preach from the text— “Seventy Times Seven” ; and either Joseph, the preacher, or I had committed the “First of the Seventy-First” , and were to be publicly exposed and excommunicated.

We came to the chapel. I have passed it really in my walks, twice or thrice; it lies in a hollow, between two hills; an elevated hollow, near a swamp, whose peaty moisture is said to answer all the purposes of embalming on the few corpses deposited there. The roof has been kept whole hitherto; but as the clergyman’s stipend is only twenty pounds per annum, and a house with two rooms, threatening speedily to determine^① into one, no clergyman will undertake the duties of pastor: especially as it is currently reported that his flock would rather let him starve than increase the living by one penny from their own pockets. However, in my dream, Jabes had a full and attentive congregation; and he preached— good God! what a sermon. divided into four hundred and ninety parts, each fully equal to an ordinary address from the pulpit, and each discussing a separate^② sin! Where he searched for them, I cannot tell. He had his private^③ manner of interpreting the phrase, and it seemed necessary the brother should sin different sins on every occasion. They

were of the most curious^④ character: odd transgressions that I never imagined previously.

Oh, how weary I grew. How I writhed, and yawned, and nodded, and revived! How I pinched and pricked myself, and rubbed my eyes, and stood up, and sat down again, and nudged Joseph to inform me if he would ever have done. I was condemned hear all out: finally, he reached the “First of the Seventy-First” .

At that crisis, a sudden inspiration^⑤ descended on me; I was moved to rise and denounce Jabes Branderham as the sinner of the sin that no Christian need pardon.

“Sir,” I exclaimed, “sitting here within these four walls, at one stretch, I have endured and forgiven the four hundred and ninety heads of your discourse. Seventy times seven times have I plucked up my hat and been about to depart—seventy times seven times have you preposterously forced me to resume my seat. The four hundred and ninety-first is too much. Fellow-martyrs, have at him! Drag him down, and

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| ① determine [di'tə:min] | vt. 确定, 测定(CET4) |
| ② separate ['sepəreit] | adj. 不同的, 个别的; 单独的, 各自的(CET4) |
| ③ private ['praivit] | adj. 私人的, 个人的; 秘密的(CET4) |
| ④ curious ['kjuəriəs] | adj. 好奇的, 好求知的; 稀奇的(CET6) |
| ⑤ inspiration [,inspə'reiʃən] | n. 灵感, 鼓舞人心的事物(CET6) |

crush him to atoms, that the place which knows him may know him no more!”

“Thou art the Man!” cries Jabes, after a solemn pause, leaning over his cushion. “Seventy times seven times didst thou gapingly contort thy visage—seventy times seven did I take counsel^① with my soul—Lo, this is human weakness: this also may be absolved! The First of the Seventy-First is come. Brethren, execute upon him the judgment written. Such honour have all His saints!”

With that concluding word, the whole assembly, exalting their pilgrim’s staves, rushed round me in a body; and I, having no weapon to raise in self-defence, commenced grappling with Joseph, my nearest and most ferocious assailant, for his. In the confluence^② of the multitude, several clubs crossed; blows, aimed at me, fell on other sconces. Presently the whole chapel resounded with rappings and counter-rappings: every man’s hand was against his neighbour; and Branderham, unwilling to remain idle, poured forth his zeal in a shower of loud taps on the boards of the pulpit, which responded so smartly that, at last, to my unspeakable relief, they woke me. And what was it that had suggested the tremendous tumult? What had played Jabes’s part in the row? Merely, the branch of a fir tree that touched my lattice, as the blast wailed by, and rattled its dry cones against the panes! I listened doubtingly an instant; detected

the disturber, then turned and dozed, and dreamt again: if possible, still more disagreeably than before.

This time, I remembered I was lying in the oak closet^③, and I heard distinctly the gusty wind, and the driving of the snow; I heard, also, the fir bough repeat its teasing sound, and ascribed it to the right cause: but it annoyed me so much, that I resolved to—silence it, if possible; and, I thought, I rose and endeavoured to unhasp the casement. The hook was soldered into the staple: a circumstance observed^④ by me when awake, but forgotten. “I must stop it, nevertheless!” I muttered, knocking my knuckles through the glass, and stretching an arm out to seize the importunate branch; instead of which, my fingers closed on the fingers of a little, ice-cold hand! The intense horror of nightmare came over me: I tried to draw back my arm, but the hand clung to it, and a most melancholy voice sobbed, “Let me in—let me in!” “Who are you?” I asked, struggling, meanwhile, to disengage myself.

“Catherine Linton,” it replied, shiveringly (why did I think of Linton? I had read Earnshaw twenty times for Linton); “I’m come home: I’d lost my way on the moor!”

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| ① counsel ['kaunsəl] | n. | 忠告, 劝告(CET4) |
| ② confluence ['kɒnflu:əns] | n. | 汇合处, 汇流处, 交汇处(CET6) |
| ③ closet ['klɔ:zɪt] | n. | 橱, 壁橱(CET6) |
| ④ observe [əb'zə:v] | vt. vi. | 观察, 研究; 看到, 注意到(CET4) |

As it spoke, I discerned, obscurely, a child's face looking through the window. Terror made me cruel; and, finding it useless to attempt shaking the creature^① off, I pulled its wrist on to the broken pane, and rubbed it to and fro till the blood ran down and soaked the bedclothes: still it wailed, "Let me in!" and maintained its tenacious grip, almost maddening me with fear. "How can I?" I said at length. "Let me go, if you want me to let you in!" The fingers relaxed, I snatched mine through the hole, hurriedly piled the books up in a pyramid against it, and stopped my ears to exclude the lamentable prayer. I seemed to keep them closed above a quarter of an hour; yet, the instant I listened again, there was the doleful cry moaning on! "Begone!" I shouted, "I'll never let you in, not if you beg for twenty years." "It is twenty years," mourned the voice: "twenty years. I've been a waif for twenty years!" Thereat began a feeble scratching outside, and the pile of books moved as if thrust forward.

I tried to jump up; but could not stir a limb; and so yelled aloud, in a frenzy of fright. To my confusion, I discovered the yell was not ideal: hasty footsteps approached my chamber^② door; somebody pushed it open, with a vigorous hand, and a light glimmered through the squares at the top of the bed. I sat shuddering yet, and wiping the perspiration from my forehead: the intruder appeared to hesitate, and muttered to himself. At last, he said in a half-

whisper, plainly not expecting an answer, “Is any one here?” I considered it best to confess my presence, for I knew Heathcliff’s accents, and feared he might search further, if I kept quiet. With this intention, I turned and opened the panels. I shall not soon forget the effect my action produced.

Heathcliff stood near the entrance, in his shirt and trousers: with a candle dripping over his fingers, and his face as white as the wall behind him. The first creak of the oak startled^③ him like an electric shock! the light leaped from his hold to a distance of some feet, and his agitation was so extreme, that he could hardly pick it up.

“It is only your guest, sir,” I called out, desirous to spare him the humiliation of exposing his cowardice further. “I had the misfortune to scream in my sleep, owing to a frightful nightmare. I’m sorry I disturbed you.”

“Oh God confound you, Mr Lockwood! I wish you were at the—” “commenced my host, setting the candle on a chair, because he found it impossible to hold it steady. “And who showed you up into this room?” he continued, crushing his nails into his palms, and grinding his teeth to subdue the maxillary convulsions. “Who was it? I’ve a good mind to turn

① creature ['kri:tʃə]

n.

生物, 动物; 人 (CET4)

② chamber ['tʃeɪmbə]

n.

房间; 会议厅, 会所 (CET6)

③ startle ['stɑ:tl]

vt.

使大吃一惊 (CET6)

them out of the house this moment!”

“It was your servant, Zillah,” I replied, flinging myself on to the floor, and rapidly resuming my garments. “I should not care if you did, Mr Heathcliff; she richly deserves it. I suppose that she wanted to get another proof that the place was haunted, at my expense^①. Well, it is—swarming with ghosts and goblins! You have reason in shutting it up, I assure you. No one will thank you for a doze in such a den!”

“What do you mean?” asked Heathcliff, “and what are you doing? Lie down and finish out the night, since you are here; but, for heaven’s sake! don’t repeat that horrid noise; nothing could excuse it, unless you were having your throat cut!”

“If the little fiend had got in at the window, she probably would have strangled me!” I returned. “I’m not going to endure the persecutions of your hospitable ancestors^② again. Was not the Reverend Jabes Branderham akin to you on the mother’s side? And that minx, Catherine Linton, or Earnshaw, or however she was called—she must have been a changeling—wicked little soul! She told me she had been walking the earth these twenty years: a just punishment for her mortal transgressions, I’ve no doubt!”

Scarcely were these words uttered, when I recollected the association of Heathcliff’s with Catherine’s name in the book,—which had completely slipped from my memory^③, till

thus awakened. I blushed at my inconsideration; but, without showing further consciousness of the offence, I hastened to add— “The truth is, sir, I passed the first part of the night in” —Here I stopped afresh—I was about to say perusing those old volumes” , then it would have revealed my knowledge of their written, as well as their printed, contents: so, correcting myself, I went on, “in spelling over the name scratched on that window-ledge. A monotonous occupation, calculated to set me asleep, like counting, or—”

“What can you mean by talking in this way to me?” thundered Heathcliff with savage vehemence. “How—how dare you, under my roof?—God! he’s mad to speak so!” And he struck his forehead with rage.

I did not know whether to resent this language or pursue my explanation; but he seemed so powerfully affected that I took pity and proceeded with my dreams; affirming^④ I had never heard the appellation of “Catherine Linton” before, but reading it often over produced an impression which personified itself when I had no longer my imagination under control.

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|------------------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| ① expense [iks'pens] | n. | 消耗, 花费; 花费的钱, 费用 (CET4) |
| ② ancestor ['ænsɪstə] | n. | 祖先, 祖宗 (CET6) |
| ③ memory ['meməri] | n. | 记忆力, 记性; 回忆 (CET4) |
| ④ affirm [ə'fɜ:m] | vt. & vi. | 断言; 证实 (CET4) |

Heathcliff gradually fell back into the shelter of the bed, as I spoke; finally sitting down almost concealed behind it. I guessed, however, by his irregular and intercepted breathing, that he struggled to vanquish an excess of violent emotion. Not liking to show him that I had heard the conflict, I continued my toilette rather noisily, looking at my watch, and soliloquized on the length of the night: “Not three o’clock yet! I could have taken oath it had been six. Time stagnates here: we must surely have retired to rest at eight!”

“Always at nine in winter, and always rise at four,” said my host, suppressing a groan: and, as I fancied, by the motion of his shadow’s arm, dashing a tear from his eyes. “Mr Lockwood,” he added, “you may go into my room: you’ll only be in the way, coming downstairs so early; and your childish outcry has sent sleep to the devil for me.”

“And for me, too,” I replied. “I’ll walk in the yard till daylight, and then I’ll be off; and you need not dread a repetition of my intrusion. I’m now quite cured of seeking pleasure in society, be it country or town. A sensible man ought to find sufficient^① company in himself.”

“Delightful company!” muttered Heathcliff. “Take the candle, and go where you please. I shall join you directly. Keep out of the yard, though, the dogs are unchained; and the house—Juno mounts^② sentinel there, and—nay, you can only ramble about the steps and passages. But, away with you!

I'll come in two minutes!"

I obeyed, so far as to quit the chamber; when, ignorant where the narrow lobbies led, I stood still, and was witness, involuntarily, to a piece of superstition on the part of my landlord, which belied, oddly, his apparent sense. He got on to the bed, and wrenched open the lattice, bursting, as he pulled at it, into an uncontrollable passion of tears. "Come in! come in!" he sobbed. "Cathy, do come. Oh do—once more! Oh! my heart's darling! hear me this time, Catherine, at last!" The spectre showed a spectre's ordinary^③ caprice: it gave no sign of being; but the snow and wind whirled wildly through, even reaching my station, and blowing out the light.

There was such anguish in the gust of grief that accompanied this raving, that my compassion made me overlook its folly, and I drew off, half angry to have listened at all, and vexed at having related my ridiculous nightmare, since it produced that agony^④; though why, was beyond my comprehension. I descended cautiously to the lower regions, and landed in the back kitchen, where a gleam of fire, raked compactly together, enabled me to rekindle my candle. Nothing was stirring except a bridled, grey cat, which crept from the ashes,

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|--------------------------|---------|---------------------|
| ① sufficient [sə'fɪʃənt] | adj. | 足够的, 充足的(CET6) |
| ② mount [maunt] | vt.&vi. | 登上; 骑上(CET4) |
| ③ ordinary ['ɔ:dinəri] | adj. | 普通的, 平常的; 平庸的(CET4) |
| ④ agony ['ægəni] | n. | 极大的痛苦(CET6) |

and saluted me with a querulous mew.

Two benches, shaped in sections of a circle, nearly enclosed the hearth; on one of these I stretched myself, and Grimalkin mounted the other. We were both of us nodding, ere anyone invaded our retreat^①, and then it was Joseph, shuffling down a wooden ladder that vanished in the roof, through a trap: the ascent to his garret, I suppose. He cast a sinister look at the little flame which I had enticed to play between the ribs, swept the cat from its elevation, and bestowing himself in the vacancy, commenced the operation of stuffing a three-inch pipe with tobacco. My presence in his sanctum was evidently esteemed a piece of impudence too shameful for remark: he silently applied the tube to his lips, folded his arms, and puffed away. I let him enjoy the luxury unannoyed; and after sucking out his last wreath, and heaving a profound sigh, he got up, and departed as solemnly as he came.

A more elastic^② footstep entered next; and now I opened my mouth for a “good morning”, but closed it again, the salutation unachieved; for Hareton Earnshaw was performing his orisons sotto voce, in a series of curses directed against every object he touched, while he rummaged a corner for a spade or shovel to dig through the drifts. He glanced over the back of the bench, dilating his nostrils, and thought as little of exchanging civilities with me as with my companion the cat.

I guessed, by his preparations, that egress was allowed, and, leaving my hard couch, made a movement to follow him. He noticed this, and thrust at an inner door with the end of his spade, intimating by an inarticulate sound that there was the place where I must go, if I changed my locality;

It opened into the house, where the females were already astir, Zillah urging flakes of flame up the chimney with a colossal bellows; and Mrs Heathcliff, kneeling on the hearth, reading a book by the aid of the blaze. She held her hand interposed between the furnace^③ heat and her eyes, and seemed absorbed in her occupation^④; desisting from it only to chide the servant for covering her with sparks, or to push away a dog, now and then, that snoozled its nose over-forwardly into her face. I was surprised to see Heathcliff there also. He stood by the fire, his back towards me, just finishing a stormy scene to poor Zillah; who ever and anon interrupted her labour to pluck up the corner of her apron, and heave an indignant^⑤ groan.

“And you, you worthless” —he broke out as I entered,

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|-----------------------------|------|----------------------|
| ① retreat [ri'tri:t] | vi. | 撤退, 退却; 规避, 退缩(CET4) |
| ② elastic [i'læstik] | adj. | 有弹力的, 有弹性的(CET6) |
| ③ furnace ['fə:nis] | n. | 熔炉, 火炉(CET4) |
| ④ occupation [,ɔkju'peiʃən] | n. | 工作, 职业(CET6) |
| ⑤ indignant [in'dignənt] | adj. | 愤怒的, 愤慨的, 义愤的(CET6) |

turning to his daughter-in-law, and employing an epithet as harmless as duck, or sheep, but generally represented by a dash—. “There you are, at your idle tricks again! The rest of them do earn their bread—you live on my charity! Put your trash away, and find something to do. You shall pay me for the plague of having you eternally in my sight—do you hear, damnable jade?”

“I’ll put my trash away, because you can make me, if I refuse,” answered the young lady, closing her book, and throwing it on a chair. “But I’ll not do anything, though you should swear your tongue out, except what I please!”

Heathcliff lifted his hand, and the speaker sprang to a safer distance, obviously acquainted with its weight. Having no desire to be entertained by a cat-and-dog combat; I stepped forward briskly, as if eager to partake the warmth of the hearth, and innocent of any knowledge of the interrupted dispute. Each had enough decorum to suspend further hostilities: Heathcliff placed his fist, out of temptation, in his pockets;

Mrs Heathcliff curled her lip, and walked to a seat far off, where she kept her word by playing the part of a statue during the remainder of my stay. That was not long. I declined joining their breakfast, and, at the first gleam of dawn, took an opportunity of escaping into the free air, now clear, and still, and cold as impalpable ice.

My landlord hallooed for me to stop, ere I reached the bottom of the garden, and offered to accompany^① me across the moor. It was well he did, for the whole hill-back was one billowy, white ocean; the swells and falls not indicating corresponding rises and depressions in the ground: many pits, at least, were filled to a level; and entire ranges of mounds, the refuse of the quarries, blotted from the chart which my yesterday's walk left pictured in my mind. I had remarked on one side of the road, at intervals of six or seven yards, a line of upright stones, continued through the whole length of the barren: these were erected, and daubed with lime on purpose to serve as guides in the dark; and also when a fall, like the present, confounded the deep swamps on either hand with the firmer path: but, excepting a dirty dot pointing up here and there, all traces of their existence had vanished: and my companion found it necessary to warn me frequently to steer to the right or left, when I imagined I was following, correctly, the windings of the road. We exchanged^② little conversation, and he halted at the entrance of Thrushcross Park, saying, I could make no error there. Our adieux were limited to a hasty bow, and then I pushed forward, trusting to my own resources; for the porter's lodge is untenanted as yet. The

① accompany [ə'kʌmpəni]

vt.

陪伴, 陪同(CET4)

② exchange [iks'tʃeɪndʒ]

n.

交换, 互换(CET4)

distance from the gate to the Grange is two miles: I believe I managed to make it four; what with losing myself among the trees, and sinking up to the neck^③ in snow: a predicament which only those who have experienced it can appreciate. At any rate, whatever were my wanderings, the clock chimed twelve as I entered the house; and that gave exactly an hour for every mile of the usual way from Wuthering Heights.

My human fixture and her satellites rushed to welcome me; exclaiming, tumultuously, they had completely given me up; everybody conjectured that I perished last night; and they were wondering how they must set about the search for my remains. I bid them be quiet, now that they saw me returned, and, benumbed to my very heart, I dragged upstairs; whence, after putting on dry clothes, and pacing to and fro thirty or forty minutes, to restore the animal heat, I am adjourned to my study, feeble as a kitten: almost too much so to enjoy the cheerful fire and smoking coffee which the servant has prepared for my refreshment.

③ neck [nek]

n.

劲, 脖子(CET4)

佳句赏析

1. In vapid listlessness I leant my head against the window, and continued spelling over Catherine Earnshaw—Heathcliff—Linton, till my eyes closed.

> 我无精打采地把头靠在窗子上，连续地拼着凯瑟琳·恩萧——希刺克厉夫——林惇，一直到我的眼睛合上为止。

* Till 直到……时（为止），表示时间直到某一时刻。表示一个动作持续到某一时刻或某一动作发生为止。

2. I'll demolish the first who puts me out of temper! I insist on perfect sobriety and silence.

> 谁先惹我发脾气，我就把他毁掉！我坚决要求完全的肃静。

* Who 在这里引导的是一个宾语从句。

3. How little did I dream that Hindley would ever make me cry so!

> 我做梦也没想到辛德雷会让我这么哭！

* How 在这里引导感叹句，表示多么。其结构为：How + 形容词（副词）+ 主语 + 谓语！

4. Mrs Heathcliff curled her lip, and walked to a seat far off, where she kept her word by playing the part of a statue during the remainder of my stay.

> 希刺克厉夫夫人噘着嘴，坐到远远的一张椅子那儿，在我待在那儿的一段时间里，她果然依照她的话，扮演一座石像。

* Where 是关系副词，引导的定语从句，在这里做状语。



名句大搜索

1. 幸亏他陪我，因为整个山脊仿佛一片波涛滚滚的白色海洋。
它的起伏并不表示出地面的凸凹不平：至少，许多坑是被填平了；而且整个蜿蜒的丘陵——石矿的残迹——都从我昨天走过时在我心上所留下的地图中抹掉了。
2. 在这突然涌出的悲哀中，竟有这样的痛苦伴随着这段发狂的话，以致我对他的怜悯之情使我忽视了他举止的愚蠢。
3. 梦魇的恐怖压倒了我，我极力把胳膊缩回来，可是那只手却拉住不放，一个极忧郁的声音抽泣着：“让我进去——让我进去！”“你是谁？”我问，同时拚命想把手挣脱掉。
4. 我剪掉烛芯，灭了它，在寒冷与持续的恶心交攻之下，很不舒服，便坐起来，把这本烤坏的书打开，放在膝上。

5. 我开始做梦，几乎在我还没忘记自己在哪里的时候就开始作梦了。

6. 我想跳起来，可是四肢动弹不得，于是在惊骇中大声喊叫。使我狼狈的是我发现这声喊叫并非虚幻。

7. 我又到我的书房里，软弱得像一只小猫，几乎没法享受仆人为恢复我的精神而准备的一炉旺火和热气腾腾的咖啡了。

Chapter 2 Mrs Dean

第二章 丁耐莉太太

中文导读

第二天，洛克乌德先生来到画眉山庄，向女管家丁耐莉问起此事，女管家便讲了发生在呼啸山庄的事情：呼啸山庄已经有300多年的历史，以前的主人恩萧从街头捡来一个吉普赛弃儿并加以宠爱，这就是希刺克厉夫，希刺克厉夫一到这家就受到恩萧的儿子辛德雷的嫉妒和欺负，可辛德雷的妹妹却同希刺克厉夫相互吸引，疯狂相爱了。不久希刺克厉夫的保护神恩萧去世，辛德雷成了呼啸山庄的主人，他开始阻止希刺克厉夫和凯瑟琳的交往，并把希刺克厉夫赶到田里去干活，不断的羞辱他，折磨他，他变得不近人情，而凯瑟琳则变得野性十足。

Chapter 2

What vain weather-cocks we are! I, who had determined to hold myself independent of all social intercourse, and thanked my stars that, at length, I had lighted on a spot where it was next to impracticable—I, weak wretch, after maintaining till dusk a struggle with low spirits and solitude, was finally compelled to strike my colours; and, under pretence of gaining information concerning the necessities of my establishment, I desired Mrs Dean, when she brought in supper, to sit down while I ate it; hoping sincerely she would prove a regular gossip, and either rouse me to animation or lull me to sleep by her talk.

“You have lived here a considerable time,” I

commenced; “did you not say sixteen years?”

“Eighteen, sir: I came, when the mistress was married, to wait on her; after she died, the master retained me for his housekeeper.”

“Indeed.”

There ensued a pause. She was not a gossip, I feared; unless about her own affairs, and those could hardly interest me. However, having studied for an interval, with a fist on either knee, and a cloud of meditation over her ruddy countenance, she ejaculated:

“Ah, times are greatly changed since then!”

“Yes,” I remarked, “you’ve seen a good many alterations, I suppose?”

“I have: and troubles too,” she said.

“Oh, I’ll turn the talk on my landlord’s family!” I thought to myself. “A good subject to start—and that pretty girl-widow, I should like to know her history: whether she be a native of the country, or, as is more probable, an exotic that the surly indigenae will not recognize for kin.” With this intention I asked Mrs Dean why Heathcliff let Thrushcross Grange, and preferred living in a situation and residence^① so much inferior^②. “Is he not rich enough to keep the estate in

① residence [ˈrezɪdəns]

n.

住处, 住宅, 公馆(CET6)

② inferior [ɪnˈfɪəriə]

adj.

低等的, 下级的; 劣等的, 次的(CET6)

good order?" I inquired.

"Rich, sir!" she returned. "He has, nobody knows what money, and every year it increases. Yes, yes, he's rich enough to live in a finer house than this: but he's very near—close-handed; and, if he had meant to flit to Thrushcross Grange, as soon as he heard of a good tenant he could not have borne to miss the chance of getting a few hundreds more. It is strange people should be so greedy, when they are alone in the world!"

"He had a son, it seems?"

"Yes, he had one—he is dead."

"And, that young lady, Mrs Heathcliff, is his widow?"

"Yes.

"Where did she come from originally?"

"Why, sir, she is my late master's daughter: Catherine Linton was her maiden name. I nursed her, poor thing! I did wish Mr Heathcliff would remove here, and then we might have been together again."

"What! Catherine Linton?" I exclaimed, astonished. But a minute's reflection convinced me it was not my ghostly^① Catherine.

"Then," I continued, "my predecessor^②'s name was Linton?"

"It was."

"And who is that Earnshaw, Hareton Earnshaw, who

lives with Mr Heathcliff? are they relations?”

“No; he is the late Mrs Linton’s nephew.”

“The young lady’s cousin, then?”

“Yes; and her husband was her cousin also: one on the mother’s, the other on the father’s side: Heathcliff married Mr Linton’s sister.”

“I see the house at Wuthering Heights has “Earnshaw” carved over the front door. Are they an old family?”

“Very old, sir; and Hareton is the last of them, as our Miss Cathy is of us—I mean of the Lintons. Have you been to Wuthering Heights? I beg pardon for asking; but I should like to hear how she is!”

“Mrs Heathcliff? She looked very well, and very handsome; yet, I think, not very happy.”

“Oh dear, I don’t wonder^③! And how did you like the master?”

“A rough fellow, rather, Mrs Dean. Is not that his character?”

“Rough as a saw edge, and hard as whinstone! The less you meddle with him the better.”

“He must have had some ups and downs in life to make

① **ghostly** ['gəʊstli]

adj.

鬼魂的，幽灵的(CET4)

② **predecessor** ['pri:disəsə]

n.

前任，前辈，前身(CET6)

③ **wonder** ['wʌndə]

vt.&vi.

对……感到疑惑，想知道，
问自己(CET6)

him such a churl. Do you know anything of his history?”

“It’s a cuckoo’s, sir—I know all about it: except where he was born, and who were his parents, and how he got his money, at first. And Hareton has been cast out like an unfledged dunnock! The unfortunate lad is the only one in all this parish that does not guess how he has been cheated.”

“Well, Mrs Dean, it will be a charitable deed to tell me something of my neighbours: I feel I shall not rest, if I go to bed; so be good enough to sit and chat an hour.”

“Oh, certainly, sir! I’ll just fetch a little sewing, and then I’ll sit as long as you please. But you’ve caught cold: I saw you shivering, and you must have some gruel to drive it out.”

The worthy woman bustled^① off, and I crouched nearer the fire; my head felt hot, and the rest of me chill: moreover, I was excited, almost to a pitch of foolishness, through my nerves and brain.

This caused me to feel, not uncomfortable, but rather fearful^② (as I am still) of serious effects from the incidents of today and yesterday. She returned presently, bringing a smoking basin and a basket of work; and, having placed the former on the hob, drew in her seat, evidently pleased to find me so companionable.

Before I came to live here, she commenced—waiting no further invitation to her story—I was almost always at Wuthering Heights; because my mother had nursed Mr

Hindley Earnshaw, that was Hareton's father, and I got used to playing with the children: I ran errands too, and helped to make hay, and hung about the farm ready for anything that anybody would set me to. One fine summer morning—it was the beginning of harvest^③, I remember—Mr Earnshaw, the old master, came downstairs, dressed for a journey; and after he had told Joseph what was to be done during the day, he turned to Hindley, and Cathy, and me—for I sat eating my porridge with them—and he said, speaking to his son, “Now my bonny man, I'm going to Liverpool today, what shall I bring you? You may choose what you like: only let it be little, for I shall walk there and back: sixty miles each way, that is a long spell!” Hindley named a fiddle^④, and then he asked Miss Cathy; she was hardly six years old, but she could ride any horse in the stable, and she chose a whip. He did not forget me; for he had a kind heart, though he was rather severe sometimes. He promised to bring me a pocketful of apples and pears, and then he kissed his children goodbye and set off.

It seemed a long while to us all—the three days of his absence—and often did little Cathy ask when he would be

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| ① bustle ['bʌsl] | vt.&vi 闹哄哄地忙乱, 奔忙(CET6) |
| ② fearful ['fiəfʊl] | adj. 惧怕的, 担心的; 可怕的, 吓人的(CET4) |
| ③ harvest ['hɑ:vɪst] | n. 收割, 收获(CET4) |
| ④ fiddle ['fɪdl] | n. 欺诈, 欺骗行为(CET6) |

home. Mrs Earnshaw expected him by supper time on the third evening, and she put the meal off hour after hour; there were no signs of his coming, however, and at last the children got tired of running down to the gate to look. Then it grew dark; she would have had them to bed, but they begged sadly to be allowed to stay up; and, just about eleven o'clock, the door latch was raised quietly and in stepped the master. He threw himself into a chair, laughing and groaning^①, and bid them all stand off, for he was nearly killed—he would not have such another walk for the three kingdoms. “And at the end of it, to be flighted to death!” he said, opening his greatcoat, which he held bundled up in his arms. “See here, wife! I was never so beaten with anything in my life: but you must e'en take it as a gift of God; though it's as dark almost as if it came from the devil.”

We crowded round, and over Miss Cathy's head, I had a peep at a dirty, ragged, black-haired child; big enough both to walk and talk: indeed, its face looked older than Catherine's; yet, when it was set on its feet, it only stared round, and repeated over and over again some gibberish, that nobody could understand. I was frightened, and Mrs Earnshaw was ready to fling it out of doors: she did fly up, asking how he could fashion to bring that gipsy brat into the house, when they had their own bairns to feed and fend for? What he meant to do with it, and whether he were mad?

The master tried to explain the matter; but he was really half dead with fatigue, and all that I could make out, amongst her scolding, was a tale of his seeing it starving, and houseless, and as good as dumb, in the streets of Liverpool; where he picked it up and inquired for its owner. Not a soul knew to whom it belonged, he said; and his money and time being both limited, he thought it better to take it home with him at once, than run into vain expenses there: because he was determined he would not leave it as he found it. Well, the conclusion was that my mistress grumbled herself calm; and Mr Earnshaw told me to wash it, and give it clean things, and let it sleep with the children.

Hindley and Cathy contented^② themselves with looking and listening till peace was restored: then, both began searching their father's pockets for the presents he had promised them. The former was a boy of fourteen, but when he drew out what had been a fiddle crushed to morsels in the greatcoat, he blubbered aloud; and Cathy, when she learned the master had lost her whip in attending on the stranger, showed her humour by grinning and spitting at the stupid^③

① groan [grəʊn]

vi.

呻吟, 发牢骚, 抱怨 (CET4)

② contented [kən'tentɪd]

adj.

满意的, 满足的, 知足 (CET6)

③ stupid ['stju:pɪd]

adj.

笨的, 头脑迟钝的 (CET4)

little thing; earning for her pains a sound blow^① from her father to teach her cleaner manners.

They entirely refused to have it in bed with them, or even in their room; and I had no more sense, so I put it on the landing of the stairs, hoping it might be gone on the morrow. By chance, or else attracted by hearing his voice, it crept to Mr Earnshaw's door, and there he found it on quitting his chamber^②. Inquiries were made as to how it got there; I was obliged to confess, and in recompense for my cowardice and inhumanity was sent out of the house.

This was Heathcliff's first introduction to the family. On coming back a few days afterwards (for I did not consider my banishment perpetual) I found they had christened him "Heathcliff" : it was the name of a son who died in childhood, and it has served him ever since, both for Christian and surname. Miss Cathy and he were now very thick; but Hindley hated him! and to say the truth I did the same; and we plagued and went on with him shamefully: for I wasn't reasonable enough to feel my injustice^③, and the mistress never put in a word on his behalf when she saw him wronged.

He seemed a sullen, patient child; hardened, perhaps, to ill-treatment: he would stand Hindley's blows without winking or shedding a tear, and my pinches moved him only to draw in a breath and open his eyes, as if he had hurt himself

by accident and nobody was to blame. This endurance made old Earnshaw furious, when he discovered his son persecuting the poor, fatherless child, as he called him. He took to Heathcliff strangely, believing all he said (for that matter, he said precious little, and generally the truth), and petting him up far above Cathy, who was too mischievous and wayward for a favourite.

So, from the very beginning, he bred bad feeling in the house; and at Mrs Earnshaw's death, which happened in less than two years after, the young master had learned to regard his father as an oppressor rather than a friend, and Heathcliff as a usurper of his parent's affections and his privileges; and he grew bitter with brooding over these injuries. I sympathized^④ awhile; but when the children fell ill of the measles, and I had to tend them, and take on me the cares of a woman at once, I changed my ideas. Heathcliff was dangerously sick: and while he lay at the worst he would have me constantly^⑤ by his pillow: I suppose he felt I did a good deal for him, and he hadn't wit to guess that I was compelled to do it. However, I will say this, he was the quietest child that

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| ① blow [bləu] | vt. & vi. 吹;吹气;刮风;吹响,吹奏(CET4) |
| ② chamber ['tʃeimbə] | n. 房间;(作特殊用途的)房间(CET4) |
| ③ injustice [in'dʒʌstis] | n. 不公平;非正义(CET6) |
| ④ sympathized ['sɪmpəθaɪz] | vi. 同情,支持(CET4) |
| ⑤ constant ['kɒnstənt] | adj. 始终如一的,恒久不变的(CET4) |

ever nurse watched over. The difference between him and the others forced me to be less partial. Cathy and her brother harassed me terribly: he was as uncomplaining as a lamb; though hardness, not gentleness, made him give little trouble.

He got through, and the doctor affirmed it was in a great measure owing to me, and praised me for my care. I was vain of his commendations, and softened towards the being by whose means I earned them, and thus Hindley lost his last ally: still I couldn't dote on Heathcliff, and I wondered often what my master saw to admire so much in the sullen boy, who never, to my recollection, repaid his indulgence by any sign of gratitude^①. He was not insolent to his benefactor, he was simply insensible; though knowing perfectly the hold he had on his heart, and conscious he had only to speak and all the house would be obliged to bend to his wishes. As an instance, I remember Mr Earnshaw once bought a couple of colts at the parish fair, and gave the lads each one. Heathcliff took the handsomest, but it soon fell lame, and when he discovered it, he said to Hindley— "You must exchange horses with me: I don't like mine; and if you won't I shall tell your father of the three thrashings you've given me this week, and show him my arm, which is black to the shoulder." Hindley put out his tongue^② and cuffed him over the ears. "You'd better do it at once," he persisted, escaping to the porch (they were in the stable): "you will have to; and if I speak of these blows, you'll get them again with interest." "Off, dog!"

cried Hindley, threatening him with an iron weight used for weighing potatoes and hay.

“Throw it,” he replied, standing still, “and then I’ll tell how you boasted that you would turn me out of doors as soon as he died, and see whether he will not turn you out directly.” Hindley threw it, hitting him on the breast, and down he fell, but staggered up immediately, breathless and white; and, had not I prevented it, he would have gone just so to the master, and got full revenge by letting his condition plead for him, intimating who had caused it. “Take my colt, gipsy, then!” said young Earnshaw. “And I pray that he may break your neck: take him, and be damned, you beggarly interloper! and wheedle my father out of all he has: only afterwards show him what you are, imp of Satan.—And take that, I hope he’ll kick out your brains!”

Heathcliff had gone to loose the beast, and shift^③ it to his own stall; he was passing behind it, when Hindley finished his speech by knocking him under its feet, and without stopping to examine whether his hopes were fulfilled, ran away as fast as he could. I was surprised to witness^④ how coolly the child gathered himself up, and went on with his

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| ① gratitude ['grætitju:d] | n. | 感激, 感谢(CET4) |
| ② tongue [tʌŋ] | n. | 舌头; 语言(CET4) |
| ③ shift [ʃɪft] | vt.&vi | 改变, 变换, 转移, 移动(CET4) |
| ④ witness ['wɪtnɪs] | n. | 目击者, 证人; 证词, 证据(CET4) |

intention; exchanging saddles and all, and then sitting down on a bundle of hay to overcome the qualm which the violent blow occasioned, before he entered the house. I persuaded him easily to let me lay the blame of his bruises^① on the horse: he minded little what tale was told since he had what he wanted. He complained so seldom, indeed, of such stirs as these, that I really thought him not vindictive: I was deceived completely, as you will hear.

In the course of time, Mr Earnshaw began to fail. He had been active and healthy, yet his strength left him suddenly; and when he was confined to the chimney comer he grew grievously irritable. A nothing vexed him; and suspected slights of his authority nearly threw him into fits.

This was especially to be remarked if anyone attempted to impose^② upon, or domineer over, his favourite: he was painfully jealous lest a word should be spoken amiss to him; seeming to have got into his head the notion that, because he liked Heathcliff, all hated, and longed to do him an ill turn. It was a disadvantage to the lad; for the kinder among us did not wish to fret the master, so we humoured his partiality; and that humouring was rich nourishment to the child's pride and black tempers. Still it became in a manner necessary; twice, or thrice, Hindley's manifestation of scorn, while his father was near, roused the old man to a fury: he seized his stick to strike him, and shook with rage that he could not do it.

At last, our curate (we had a curate then who made the living answer by teaching the little Lintons and Earnshaws, and farming his bit of land himself), he advised^③ that the young man should be sent to college; and Mr Earnshaw agreed, though with a heavy spirit, for he said— “Hindley was nought, and would never thrive as where he wandered.”

I hoped heartily we should have peace now. It hurt me to think the master should be made uncomfortable by his own good deed. I fancied the discontent of age and disease arose from his family disagreements: as he would have it that it did: really, you know, sir, it was in his sinking frame. We might have got on tolerably, notwithstanding, but for two people, Miss Cathy and Joseph, the servant: you saw him, I dare say, up yonder. He was, and is yet most likely, the wearisomest self-righteous Pharisee that ever ransacked a Bible to rake the promises to himself and fling the curses on his neighbours. By his knack of sermonizing and pious discoursing, he contrived to make a great impression^④ on Mr Earnshaw; and the more feeble the master became, the more influence he gained. He was relentless in worrying him about his soul's concerns,

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| ① bruise [bru:z] | n. | 瘀伤, 伤痕, 擦伤(CET6) |
| ② impose [im'pəuz] | vt. | 强迫, 强加(CET6) |
| ③ advised [əd'vaɪzd] | adj. | 明智的, 经过考虑, 深思熟虑的(CET4) |
| ④ impression [im'preʃən] | n. | 印象, 感想; 想法, 看法(CET4) |

and about ruling his children rigidly. He encouraged him to regard Hindley as a reprobate; and, night after night, he regularly grumbled out a long string of tales against Heathcliff and Catherine: always minding to flatter Earnshaw's weakness by heaping the heaviest blame on the last.

Certainly, she had ways with her such as I never saw a child take up before; and she put all of us past our patience fifty times and oftener in a day: from the hour she came downstairs till the hour she went to bed, we had not a minute's security^① that she Wouldn't be in mischief. Her spirits were always at high-water mark, her tongue always going—singing, laughing, and plaguing everybody who would not do the same. A wild, wicked slip^② she was—but she had the bonniest eye, the sweetest smile, and lightest foot in the parish; and, after all, I believe she meant no harm; for when once she made you cry in good earnest, it seldom happened that she would not keep you company, and oblige you to be quiet that you might comfort her. She was much too fond of Heathcliff. The greatest punishment we could invent for her was to keep her separate from him: yet she got chided more than any of us on his account. In play, she liked exceedingly to act the little mistress; using her hands freely, and commanding her companions: she did so to me, but I would not bear shopping and ordering; and so I let her know.

Now, Mr Earnshaw did not understand jokes from

his children: he had always been strict and grave with them; and Catherine, on her part, had no idea why her father should be crosser and less patient in his ailing condition, than he was in his prime. His peevish reproofs wakened in her a naughty delight to provoke^③ him: she was never so happy as when we were all scolding her at once, and she defying us with her bold, saucy look, and her ready words turning Joseph's religious curses into ridicule, baiting me, and doing just what her father hated most—showing how her pretended insolence, which he thought real, had more power over Heathcliff than his kindness: how the boy would do her bidding in anything, and his only when it suited his own inclination. After behaving as badly as possible all day, she sometimes came fondling to make it up at night. “Nay, Cathy,” the old man would say, “I cannot love thee; thou’rt worse than thy brother. Go, say thy prayers, child, and ask God’s pardon. I doubt thy mother and I must rue that we ever reared thee!” That made her cry, at first: and then being repulsed continually hardened her, and she laughed if I told her to say she was sorry for her faults, and beg to be forgiven.

But the hour came, at last, that ended Mr Earnshaw’s

① security [si'kjuəriti]

n.

安全, 抵押品(CET4)

② slip [slip]

vt.

滑, 滑倒; 摆脱, 挣脱(CET6)

③ provoke [prə'vəuk]

vt.

激起, 惹怒(CET6)

troubles on earth. He died quietly in his chair one October evening, seated by the fireside. A high wind blustered round the house, and roared in the chimney: it sounded wild and stormy, yet it was not cold, and we were all together—I, a little removed from the hearth, busy at my knitting, and Joseph reading his Bible near the table (for the servants generally sat in the house then, after their work was done). Miss Cathy had been sick, and that made her still; she leant against her father's knee, and Heathcliff was lying on the floor with his head in her lap. I remember the master, before he fell into a doze, stroking her bonny hair it pleased him rarely to see her gentle—and saying—“Why canst thou not always be a good lass, Cathy?” And she turned her face up to his, and laughed, and answered, “Why cannot you always be a good man, father?” But as soon as she saw him vexed again, she kissed his hand, and said she would sing him to sleep. She began singing very low, till his fingers dropped from hers, and his head sank on his breast^①. Then I told her to hush, and not stir, for fear she should wake him. We all kept as mute as mice a full half-hour, and should have done longer, only Joseph, having finished his chapter, got up and said that he must rouse the master for prayers^② and bed. He stepped forward, and called him by name, and touched his shoulder; but he would not move, so he took the candle and looked at him. I thought there was something wrong as he set down the light;

and seizing the children each by an arm, whispered them to “frame upstairs, and make little din—they might pray alone that evening—he had summut to do” .

“I shall bid father good night first,” said Catherine, putting her arms round his neck, before we could hinder her. The poor thing discovered her loss directly—she screamed^③ out— “Oh, he’s dead, Heathcliff! he’s dead!” And they both set up a heart-breaking cry. I joined my wail to theirs, loud and bitter; but Joseph asked what we could be thinking of to roar in that way over a saint in heaven. He told me to put on my cloak and run to Gimmerton for the doctor and the parson. I could not guess the use that either would be of, then. However, I went, through wind and rain, and brought one, the doctor, back with me; the other said he would come in the morning. leaving Joseph to explain^④ matters, I ran to the children’s room: their door was ajar, I saw they had never laid down, though it was past midnight; but they were calmer, and did not need me to console them. The little souls were comforting each other with better thoughts than I could have hit on: no parson in the world ever pictured heaven so

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| ① breast [brest] | n. | 乳房, 胸部, 胸膛(CET6) |
| ② prayer [preə] | n. | 祈祷, 祷告(CET4) |
| ③ scream [skri:m] | vt. & vi. | 发出尖叫声(CET4) |
| ④ explain [iks'plein] | vt. vi. | 讲解, 解释; 说明……的原因(CET4) |

beautifully as they did, in their innocent^① talk: and, while I sobbed and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.



① innocent ['ɪnəsnt]

adj. 清白的, 无罪的, 无辜的 (CET6)

佳句赏析

1. The worthy woman bustled off, and I crouched nearer the fire; my head felt hot, and the rest of me chill: moreover, I was excited, almost to a pitch of foolishness, through my nerves and brain.

> 这位令人尊敬的女人匆匆忙忙地走开了，我朝炉火边更挨近些。我的觉得头发热，身上却发冷，而且，我的神经和大脑受刺激到发昏的地步。

* **Moreover** 可以解释为并且、况且，此外有转折的意思。

2. The former was a boy of fourteen, but when he drew out what had been a fiddle crushed to morsels in the greatcoat, he blubbered aloud;

> 辛德雷是一个十四岁的男孩，可是当他从大衣里取出那只本来是小提琴，却已经挤成碎片的时候，他就放声大哭。

* **When** 表示某个具体的时间，所引导从句的动作和主句的动作同时发生，这里引导的是状语从句。

3. He had been active and healthy, yet his strength left him suddenly;

> 他本来是活跃健康的，但是他的精力突然从他身上消失了。

* Had been+ 形容词，表示从过去到现在一直持续的状态。

4. no parson in the world ever pictured heaven so beautifully as they did, in their innocent talk: and, while I sobbed and listened, I could not help wishing we were all there safe together.

世上没有一个牧师，能把天堂描画得像他们在自己天真的话语中所描画的那样美丽；当我一边抽泣，一边听着的时候，我不由祝愿我们大家都平平安安地一块到天堂去。

* while 只指“时间段”，不指“时间点”，从句的动词只限于持续性动词。



名句大搜索

1. 他走了三天，我们都觉得仿佛很久了，小凯蒂总要问起他什么时候回家来。
2. 奇怪的是他特别喜欢希刺克厉夫，相信他所说的一切（关于说话，他其实难得开口，要说就总说实话），而爱他远胜过爱凯蒂，凯蒂可是太调皮、太不规矩，够不上充当宠儿。
3. 但是，恩萧先生结束尘世烦恼的时辰终于来到。在十月的一个晚上，他坐在炉边椅上宁静地死去了。大风绕屋咆哮，并在烟囱里怒吼，听起来狂暴猛烈，天却不冷。
4. “就像一只布谷鸟的一生似的，先生——除了他生在哪儿，他的父母是谁，还有他当初怎么发财的以外，别的全知道。

5. 我们围拢来，我从凯蒂小姐的头上望过去，窥见一个肮脏的，穿得破破烂烂的黑头发的孩子。
6. 我猜想他晚年的不痛快而且多病，都是由于家庭不和而来。

Chapter 3 Catherine's Secret

第三章 凯瑟琳的秘密

中文导读

一次，凯瑟琳和希刺克厉夫到画眉山庄去玩，凯瑟琳被狗咬伤，主人林惇夫妇念她是恩萧家的孩子，就热情地留她养伤，而把希刺克厉夫当做没有教养的坏小子赶跑了。凯瑟琳和林惇的儿子埃德加、女儿伊莎贝拉成了好朋友。辛德雷的妻子生下哈里顿之后因肺病死去，辛德雷受到了很大的打击，从此变得更冷酷无情。

凯瑟琳徘徊于希刺克厉夫和埃德加的爱情之间摇摆不定，她真心爱着希刺克厉夫，但又向往着埃德加的富有和漂亮，最终她答应了埃德加的求婚，但在她灵魂深处，她深知自己错了，便向丁耐莉道出了自己灵魂深处的秘密：我对埃德加的爱就像树林中的叶子，当冬季改变树木的时候，随之就会改变叶子，我对希刺克厉夫的爱却像地下永久不变的岩石……

希刺克厉夫不巧只听到了他们对话的前半部分，痛苦万分，当夜离开了呼啸山庄。凯瑟琳因为他的离去大病了一场，在林惇夫妇去世三年后，凯瑟琳同埃德加结婚了，女仆丁耐莉也随凯瑟琳来到了画眉山庄。

Chapter 3

He entered, vociferating oaths dreadful to hear; and caught me in the act of stowing his son away in the kitchen cupboard. Hareton was impressed with a wholesome terror of encountering^① either his wild beast's fondness or his madman's rage; for in one he ran a chance of being squeezed and kissed to death, and in the other of being flung into the fire, or dashed against the wall; and the poor thing remained perfectly quiet wherever I chose to put him.

"There, I've found it out at last!" cried Hindley, pulling me back by the skin of my neck, like a dog. "By heaven and hell, you've sworn between you to murder that child! I know

how it is, now, that he is always out of my way. But, with the help of Satan, I shall make you swallow the carving-knife, Nelly! You needn't laugh; for I've just crammed Kenneth, head downmost, in the Blackhorse marsh; and two is the same as one—and I want to kill some of you: I shall have no rest till I do!”

“But I don't like the carving-knife, Mr Hindley,” I answered: “it has been cutting red herrings. I'd rather be shot, if you please.”

“You'd rather be damned!” he said; “and so you shall. No law in England can hinder a man from keeping his house decent^②, and mine's abominable! open your mouth.”

He held the knife in his hand, and pushed its point between my teeth: but, for my part, I was never much afraid of his vagaries. I spat out, and affirmed it tasted detestably—I would not take it on any account^③.

“Oh!” said he, releasing me, “I see that hideous little villain is not Hareton: I beg your pardon, Nell. If it be, he deserves flaying alive for not running to welcome me, and for screaming as if I were a goblin. Unnatural cub, come hither! I'll teach thee to impose on a good-hearted, deluded

① encounter [in'kauntə] vt. 遇到, 遭遇; 邂逅, 碰到(CET6)

② decent ['di:sənt] adj. 正派的, 合乎礼仪的, 得体的(CET6)

③ account [ə'kaunt] n. 账, 账户; 记述, 描述 (CET4)

father. Now, don't you think the lad would be handsomer cropped? It makes a dog fiercer, and I love something fierce—get me a scissors—something fierce and trim! Besides, it's infernal affectation—devilish conceit it is, to cherish^① our ears—we're asses enough without them. Hush, child, hush! Well then, it is my darling! wisht, dry thy eyes—there's a joy; kiss me. What! it won't? Kiss me, Hareton! Damn thee, kiss me! By God, as if I would rear such a monster! As sure as I'm living, I'll break the brat's neck.”

Poor Hareton was squalling and kicking in his father's arms with all his might, and redoubled his yells when he carried him upstairs and lifted him over the banister. I cried out that he would frighten the child into fits, and ran to rescue him. As I reached them, Hindley leant forward on the rails to listen to a noise below; almost forgetting what he had in his hands. “Who is that?” he asked, hearing someone approaching the stair's foot. I leant forward also, for the purpose of signing to Heathcliff, whose step I recognized, not to come farther; and, at the instant when my eye quitted Hareton, he gave a sudden spring, delivered himself from the careless grasp^② that held him, and fell.

There was scarcely time to experience a thrill of horror before we saw that the little wretch was safe. Heathcliff arrived underneath just at the critical moment; by a natural impulse, he arrested his descent, and setting him on his feet, looked

up to discover the author of the accident. A miser who has parted with a lucky lottery ticket for five shillings, and finds next day he has lost in the bargain five thousand pounds, could not show a blanker countenance^③ than he did on beholding the figure of Mr Earnshaw above. It expressed, plainer than words could do, the intense anguish at having made himself the instrument of thwarting his own revenge. Had it been dark, I dare say, he would have tried to remedy the mistake by smashing Hareton's skull on the steps; but we witnessed his salvation; and I was presently below with my precious charge pressed to my heart. Hindley descended more leisurely, sobered and abashed. "It is your fault, Ellen," he said; "you should have kept him out of sight: you should have taken him from me! Is he injured^④ anywhere?"

"Injured!" I cried angrily; "if he's not killed, he'll be an idiot! Oh! I wonder his mother does not rise from her grave to see how you use him. You're worse than a heathen—treating your own flesh and blood in that manner!"

He attempted to touch the child, who, on finding himself with me, sobbed off his terror directly. At the first

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| ① cherish ['tʃerɪʃ] | vt. 珍爱, 珍视, 爱护(CET6) |
| ② grasp [grɑ:sp] | vt. 抓住, 抓紧; 理解, 领会(CET4) |
| ③ countenance ['kauntənəns] | n. 面容, 表情; 镇静(CET6) |
| ④ injured ['ɪndʒə] | adj. 受伤的, 受损害的(CET4) |

finger his father laid on him, however, he shrieked again louder than before, and struggled as if he would go into convulsions.

“You shall not meddle with him!” I continued. “He hates you—they all hate you—That’s the truth! A happy family you have: and a pretty state you’re come to!”

“I shall come to a prettier, yet, Nelly,” laughed the misguided man, recovering his hardness. “At present, convey yourself and him away. And, hark you, Heathcliff! clear you too, quite from my reach and hearing. I Wouldn’t murder^① you tonight; unless, perhaps, I set the house on fire: but That’s as my fancy goes.”

While saying this he took a pint bottle of brandy from the dresser, and poured some into a tumbler.

“Nay, don’t!” I entreated. “Mr Hindley, do take warning. Have mercy on this unfortunate boy, if you care nothing for yourself!”

“Anyone will do better for him than I shall,” he answered.

“Have mercy on your own soul!” I said, endeavouring^② to snatch the glass from his hand.

“Not I! On the contrary, I shall have great pleasure in sending it to perdition to punish its Maker,” exclaimed the blasphemer. ‘Here’s to its hearty damnation!’

He drank the spirits and impatiently bade us go; terminating his command with a sequel of horrid

imprecations, too bad to repeat or remember.

“It’s a pity he cannot kill himself with drink,” observed Heathcliff, muttering an echo of curses back when the door was shut. “He’s doing his very utmost; but his constitution defies him. Mr Kenneth says he would wager his mare, that he’ll outlive any man on this side Gimmerton, and go to the grave a hoary sinner; unless some happy chance out of the common course befall him.”

I went into the kitchen, and sat down to lull my little lamb to sleep. Heathcliff, as I thought, walked through to the barn. It turned out afterwards that he only got as far as the other side the settle, when he flung himself on a bench by the wall, removed from the fire, and remained silent.

I was rocking Hareton on my knee, and humming a song that began:

It was far in the night, and the bairnies grat, The mither beneath the mools heard that—when Miss Cathy, who had listened to the hubbub from her room, put her head in, and whispered:

“Are you alone, Nelly?”

“Yes, miss,” I replied.

She entered and approached the hearth. I, supposing

① murder ['mɜːdə]

n.

谋杀, 谋杀案(CET4)

② endeavour [in'devə]

n.

尽力, 竭力(CET4)

she was going to say something, looked up. The expression of her face seemed disturbed and anxious. Her lips were half asunder, as if she meant to speak, and she drew a breath; but it escaped in a sigh instead of a sentence. I resumed my song; not having forgotten her recent behaviour.

“Where’s Heathcliff?” she said, interrupting me.

“About his work in the stable,” was my answer.

He did not contradict me; perhaps he had fallen into a doze. There followed another long pause, during which I perceived^① a drop or two trickle from Catherine’s cheek to the flags. Is she sorry for her shameful conduct? I asked myself. That will be a novelty^②: but she may come to the point as she will—I shan’t help her! No, she felt small trouble regarding any subject, save her own concerns^③. “Oh, dear!” she cried at last. “I’m very unhappy!”

“A pity,” observed I. “You’re hard to please: so many friends and so few cares, and Can’t make yourself content!”

“Nelly, will you keep a secret for me?” she pursued, kneeling down by me, and lifting her winsome eyes to my face with that sort of look which turns off bad temper, even when one has all the right in the world to indulge it.

“Is it worth keeping?” I inquired, less sulkily.

“Yes, and it worries me, and I must let it out! I want to know what I should do. Today, Edgar Linton has asked me to marry him, and I’ve given him an answer. Now, before I tell

you whether it was a consent or denial, you tell me which it ought to have been.”

“Really, Miss Catherine, how can I know?” I replied. “To be sure, considering the exhibition you performed^④ in his presence this afternoon, I might say it would be wise to refuse him: since he asked you after that, he must either be hopelessly stupid or a venturesome fool.”

“If you talk so, I won’t tell you any more,” she returned peevishly, rising to her feet. “I accepted him, Nelly. Be quick, and say whether I was wrong!”

“You accepted him! then what good is it discussing the matter? You have pledged your word, and cannot retract^⑤.”

“But, say whether I should have done so—do!” she exclaimed in an irritated tone; chafing her hands together, and frowning^⑥.

“There are many things to be considered before that question can be answered properly,” I said sententiously. “First and fore-most, do you love Mr Edgar?”

“Who can help it? Of course I do,” she answered. Then I

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|----------------------|---------|---------------------|
| ① perceive [pə'si:v] | vt. | 感觉, 察觉, 理解(CET6) |
| ② novelty ['nɒvəlti] | n. | 新颖;新奇性;新奇的人(CET6) |
| ③ concern [kən'sə:n] | n. | 忧虑, 焦虑, 担心(CET4) |
| ④ perform [pə'fɔ:m] | vt.&vi. | 执行, 履行;表演, 扮演(CET4) |
| ⑤ retract [ri'trækt] | vt.&vi. | 撤回;撤消(CET6) |
| ⑥ frown [fraun] | vt.&vi. | 皱眉(CET4) |

put her through the following catechism: for a girl of twenty-two it was not injudicious.

“Why do you love him, Miss Cathy?”

“Nonsense, I do—That’s sufficient.”

“By no means; you must say why?”

“Well, because he is handsome, and pleasant to be with.”

“Bad!” was my commentary.

“And because he is young and cheerful.”

“Bad, still.”

“And because he loves me.”

“Indifferent, coming there.”

“And he will be rich, and I shall like to be the greatest woman of the neighbourhood, and I shall be proud of having such a husband.”

“Worst of all. And now, say how you love him?”

“As everybody loves—You’re silly, Nelly.”

“Not at all—Answer.”

“I love the ground under his feet, and the air over his head, and everything he touches, and every word he says. I love all his looks, and all his actions, and him entirely and altogether. There now!”

“And why?”

“Nay; you are making a jest of it; it is exceedingly ill-natured! It’s no jest to me!” said the young lady, scowling^①,

and turning her face to the fire.

“I'm very far from jesting, Miss Catherine,” I replied. “You love Mr Edgar because he is handsome, and young, and cheerful^②, and rich, and loves you. The last, however, goes for nothing: you would love him without that, probably; and with it you Wouldn't, unless he possessed the four former attractions^③.”

“No, to be sure not: I should only pity him—hate him, perhaps, if he were ugly, and a clown.”

“But there are several other handsome, rich young men in the world: handsomer, possibly, and richer than he is. What should hinder you from loving them?”

“If there be any, they are out of my way! I've seen none like Edgar.”

“You may see some; and he won't always be handsome^④, and young, and may not always be rich.”

“He is now; and I have only to do with the present. I wish you would speak rationally.”

“Well, that settles it: if you have only to do with the present, marry Mr Linton.”

“I don't want your permission for that—I shall marry

① scowl [skaʊl]

vi.

怒视;生气地皱眉 (CET6)

② cheerful ['tʃiəfʊl]

adj.

欢乐的,使人感到愉快的 (CET4)

③ attractions [ə'trækʃən]

n.

吸引,吸引力,诱惑力 (CET4)

④ handsome ['hænsəm]

adj.

英俊的,清秀的,端庄的 (CET4)

him: and yet you have not told me whether I'm right."

"Perfectly right; if people be right to marry only for the present. And now, let us hear what you are unhappy about. Your brother will be pleased; the old lady and gentleman will not object, I think; you will escape from a disorderly, comfortless home into a wealthy, respectable one; and you love Edgar, and Edgar loves you. All seems smooth and easy: where is the obstacle?"

"Here! and here!" replied Catherine, striking one hand on her forehead, and the other on her breast: "in whichever place the soul lives. In my soul and in my heart, I'm convinced I'm wrong!"

"That's very strange! I cannot make it out."

"It's my secret. But if you will not mock at me, I'll explain it: I can't do it distinctly: but I'll give you a feeling of how I feel."

She seated herself by me again: her countenance grew sadder and graver^①, and her clasped hands trembled^②. "Nelly, do you never dream queer dreams?" she said, suddenly, after some minutes' reflection^③.

"Yes, now and then," I answered.

"And so do I. I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas: they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the colour of my mind. And this is one; I'm going to

tell it—but take care not to smile at any part of it.”

“Oh! don’t, Miss Catherine!” I cried. “We’re dismal enough without conjuring up ghosts and visions to perplex^④ us. Come, come, be merry and like yourself! Look at little Hareton! he’s dreaming nothing dreary. How sweetly he smiles in his sleep!”

“Yes; and how sweetly his father curses in his solitude! You remember him, I dare say, when he was just such another as that chubby thing: nearly as young and innocent. However, Nelly, I shall oblige you to listen: it’s not long; and I’ve no power to be merry tonight.”

“I won’t hear it, I won’t hear it!” I repeated hastily.

I was superstitious about dreams then, and am still; and Catherine had an unusual gloom in her aspect, that made me dread something from which I might shape a prophecy, and foresee a fearful catastrophe. She was vexed, but she did not proceed. Apparently taking up another subject, she recommenced in a short time.

“If I were in heaven, Nelly, I should be extremely miserable.”

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|---------------------------|-----|-----------------------|
| ① grave [greiv] | n. | 坟墓, 死亡 (CET4) |
| ② tremble ['trembl] | vi. | 发抖, 颤抖; 焦虑, 担忧 (CET4) |
| ③ reflection [ri'flekʃən] | n. | 映像, 倒影; 反映, 表达 (CET4) |
| ④ perplex [pə'pleks] | vt. | 使迷惑, 使混乱 (CET6) |

“Because you are not fit to go there,” I answered. “All sinners would be miserable^① in heaven.”

“But it is not for that. I dreamt once that I was there.”

“I tell you I won’t hearken to your dreams, Miss Catherine! I’ll go to bed,” I interrupted again.

She laughed, and held me down; for I made a motion to leave my chair.

“This is nothing,” cried she: “I was only going to say that heaven did not seem to be my home; and I broke my heart with weeping to come back to earth; and the angels were so angry that they flung me out into the middle of the heath on the top of Wuthering Heights; where I woke sobbing for joy. That will do to explain my secret, as well as the other. I’ve no more business to marry Edgar Linton than I have to be in heaven; and if the wicked man in there had not brought Heathcliff so low, I shouldn’t have thought of it. It would degrade me to marry Heathcliff now; so he shall never know how I love him: and that, not because he’s handsome, Nelly, but because he’s more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton’s is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.”

Ere this speech ended, I became sensible of Heathcliff’s presence. Having noticed a slight movement, I turned my head, and saw him rise from the bench, and steal out noiselessly. He had listened till he heard Catherine say it

would degrade her to marry him, and then he stayed to hear no further. My companion, sitting on the ground, was prevented by the back of the settle from remarking his presence^② or departure^③; but I started, and bade her hush!

“Why?” she asked, gazing nervously round.

“Joseph is here,” I answered, catching opportunely the roll of his cart-wheels up the road; “and Heathcliff will come in with him. I’m not sure whether he were not at the door this moment.”

“Oh, he couldn’t overhear me at the door!” said she. “Give me Hareton, while you get the supper, and when it is ready ask me to sup with you. I want to cheat my uncomfortable conscience^④, and be convinced^⑤ that Heathcliff has no notion of these things. He has not, has he? He does not know what being in love is?”

“I see no reason that he should not know, as well as you,” I returned; “and if you are his choice, he will be the most unfortunate creature that ever was born! As soon as you become Mrs Linton, he loses friend, and love, and all! Have

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|-------------------------|------|---------------------|
| ① miserable ['mizərəbl] | adj. | 悲惨的, 不幸的, 可怜的(CET6) |
| ② presence ['prezəns] | n. | 出席, 到场, 存在(CET4) |
| ③ departure [di'pɑ:tʃə] | n. | 离开, 离去(CET4) |
| ④ conscience ['kɒnʃəns] | n. | 良心(CET6) |
| ⑤ convinced [kən'vinst] | adj. | 确信的, 有坚定信仰的(CET6) |

you considered how you'll bear the separation, and how he'll be deserted in the world? Because, Miss Catherine—”

“He quite deserted! we separated!” she exclaimed, with an accent of indignation. “Who is to separate us, pray? They'll meet the fate of Milo! Not as long as I live, Ellen: for no mortal creature. Every Linton on the face of the earth might melt into nothing, before I could consent to forsake Heathcliff. Oh, That's not what I intend—That's not what I mean! I shouldn't be Mrs Linton were such a price demanded! He'll be as much to me as he has been all his lifetime. Edgar must shake off his antipathy, and tolerate him, at least. He will, when he learns my true feelings towards him. Nelly, I see now, you think me a selfish wretch; but did it never strike you that if Heathcliff and I married, we should be beggars? whereas, if I marry Linton, I can aid Heathcliff to rise, and place him out of my brother's power.”

“With your husband's money, Miss Catherine?” I asked. “You'll find him not so pliable as you calculate^① upon: and, though I'm hardly a judge, I think That's the worst motive you've given yet for being the wife of young Linton.”

“It is not,” retorted she; “it is the best! The others were the satisfaction of my whims: and for Edgar's sake, too, to satisfy him. This is for the sake of one who comprehends^② in his person my feelings to Edgar and myself. I cannot express it; but surely you and everybody have a notion that there is or

should be an existence^③ of yours beyond you. What were the use of my creation, if I were entirely contained here? My great miseries in this world have been Heathcliff's miseries, and I watched and felt each from the beginning: my great thought in living is himself. If all else perished, and he remained, I should still continue to be; and if all else remained, and he were annihilated, the universe would turn to a mighty stranger: I should not seem a part of it. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath^④: a source of little visible delight, but necessary. Nelly, I am Heathcliff! He's always, always in my mind: not as a pleasure, any more than I am always a pleasure to myself, but as my own being. So don't talk of our separation again: it is impracticable; and—”

She paused, and hid her face in the folds of my gown; but I jerked it forcibly away. I was out of patience with her folly!

“If I can make any sense of your nonsense, miss,” I said, “it only goes to convince me that you are ignorant of

① calculate ['kælkjuleit]

vt. vi. 计算, 估计(CET4)

② comprehend [ˌkɒmpri'hend]

vt. 理解, 领会; 包括(CET6)

③ existence [ig'zistəns]

n. 存在; 生存, 生活方式(CET4)

④ beneath [bi'ni:θ]

prep. 在……的下方, 在……底下
(CET6)

the duties you undertake in marrying; or else that you are a wicked, unprincipled girl. But trouble me with no more secrets: I'll not promise to keep them."

"You'll keep that?" she asked eagerly.

"No, I'll not promise," I repeated.

She was about to insist, when the entrance^① of Joseph finished our conversation; and Catherine removed her seat to a corner, and nursed Hareton, while I made the supper. After it was cooked, my fellow-servant and I began to quarrel who should carry some to Mr Hindley; and we didn't settle it till all was nearly cold. Then we came to the agreement that we would let him ask, if he wanted any; for we feared particularly to go into his presence^② when he had been some time alone. "Und hah isn't that nowt comed in frough th' field, be this time? What is he abaht? girt eedle seeght!" demanded the old man, looking round for Heathcliff.

"I'll call him," I replied. "He's in the barn, I've no doubt."

I went and called, but got no answer. On returning, I whispered to Catherine that he had heard a good part of what she said, I was sure; and told how I saw him quit the kitchen just as she complained^③ of her brother's conduct regarding him. She jumped up in a fine fright, flung Hareton on to the settle, and ran to seek for her friend herself; not taking leisure^④ to consider why she was so flurried, or how her talk

would have affected him. She was absent such a while that Joseph proposed we should wait no longer. He cunningly conjectured they were staying away in order to avoid hearing his protracted blessing. They were “ill enough for only fahl manners” , he affirmed. And on their behalf he added that night a special prayer to the usual quarter of an hour's supplication before meat, and would have tacked another to the end of the grace, had not his young mistress^⑤ broken in upon him with a hurried command that he must run down the road, and wherever Heathcliff had rambled, find and make him re-enter directly!

“I want to speak to him, and I must, before I go upstairs,” she said. “And the gate is open: he is somewhere out of hearing; for he would not reply, though I shouted at the top of the fold as loud as I could.”

Joseph objected at first; she was too much in earnest, however, to suffer contradiction; and at last he placed his hat on his head, and walked grumbling forth. Meantime, Catherine paced up and down the floor, exclaiming:

“I wonder where he is—I wonder where he can be?”

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|-----------------------|---------|---------------------|
| ① entrance ['entrəns] | n. | 入口；进入，入学(CET4) |
| ② presence ['prezəns] | n. | 出席，到场，存在(CET4) |
| ③ complain[kəm'plein] | vt.&vi. | 抱怨，诉苦，投诉(CET4) |
| ④ leisure ['leɪzə] | n. | 空闲时间，闲暇；悠闲，安逸(CET4) |
| ⑤ mistress ['mɪstrɪs] | n. | 主妇，女主人；情妇(CET4) |

What did I say, Nelly? I've forgotten. Was he vexed at my bad humour this afternoon? Dear! tell me what I've said to grieve him? I do wish He'd come. I do wish he would!"

"What a noise for nothing!" I cried, though rather uneasy myself. "What a trifle scares you! It's surely no great cause of alarm that Heathcliff should take a moonlight saunter on the moors, or even lie too sulky to speak to us in the hay-loft. I'll engage^① he's lurking there. See if I don't ferret him out!"

I departed to renew my search; its result was disappointment, and Joseph's quest ended in the same.

"Yon lads gets war un war!" observed he on re-entering. "He's left th' yate ut t' full swing, and Miss's pony has trodden dahn two rigs uh corn, un plotted through, raight o'er intuh t' meadow! Hahsomdiver, t' maister'ull play t' devil tomorn, and he'll do weel. He's patience ittsehn wi'sich careless, offald craters—patience ittsehn he is! Bud he'll nut be soa allus—yah's see, all on ye! Yah mum'nt drive him aht uf his heead for nowt!"

"Have you found Heathcliff, you ass?" interrupted Catherine. "Have you been looking for him, as I ordered?"

"Aw sud more likker look for th' horse," he replied. "It 'ud be tuh more sense. Bud, Aw can look for norther horse nur man uf a neeght loike this—as black as t' chimbley! und Hathecliff's noan t' chap to coom at maw whistle—happen

he'll be less hard uh hearing wi'ye!"

It was a very dark evening for summer: the clouds appeared inclined to thunder^②, and I said we had better all sit down; the approaching rain would be certain to bring him home without further trouble. However, Catherine would not be persuaded into tranquillity. She kept wandering to and fro, from the gate to the door, in a state of agitation which permitted no repose; and at length took up a permanent situation on one side of the wall, near the road: where, heedless of my expostulations and the growling thunder, and the great drops that began to splash around her, she remained, calling at intervals, and then listening, and then crying outright. She beat Hareton, or any child, at a good passionate fit of crying.

About midnight, while we still sat up, the storm came rattling over the Heights in full fury. There was a violent^③ wind, as well as thunder, and either one or the other split a tree off at the corner of the building: a huge bough fell across the roof, and knocked down a portion of the east chimney-stack, sending a clatter of stones and soot into the kitchen fire. We thought a bolt had fallen in the middle of us; and Joseph swung on to his knees beseeching the Lord

① engage [in'geɪdʒ]

vt.

吸引；雇，聘(CET4)

② thunder ['θʌndə]

n.

雷声，隆隆的响声(CET6)

③ violent ['vaɪələnt]

adj.

暴力引起的，粗暴的(CET4)

to remember the patriarchs Noah and Lot, and, as in former times, spare the righteous, though He smote the ungodly. I felt some sentiment that it must be a judgment on us also. The Jonah, in my mind, was Mr Earnshaw; and I shook the handle of his den that I might ascertain if he were yet living. He replied audibly enough, in a fashion which made my companion vociferate, more clamorously than before, that a wide distinction might be drawn between saints like himself and sinners like his master. But the uproar passed away in twenty minutes, leaving us all unharmed; excepting Cathy, who got thoroughly drenched for her obstinacy in refusing^① to take shelter, and standing bonnetless and shawlless to catch as much water as she could with her hair and clothes. She came in and lay down on the settle, all soaked as she was, turning her face to the back, and putting her hands before it.

“Well, miss!” I exclaimed, touching her shoulder; “you are not bent on getting your death, are you? Do you know what o’clock it is? Half past twelve. Come, come to bed! there’s no use waiting longer on that foolish boy: he’ll be gone to Gimmetton, and he’ll stay there now. He guesses we shouldn’t wait for him till this late hour: at least, he guesses that only Mr Hindley would be up; and He’d rather avoid having the door opened by the master^②.”

“Nay, nay, he’s noan at Gimmerton,” said Joseph.
“Aw’s niver wonder, bud he’s at t’bothom uf a bog-hoile.

This visitation worn't for nowt, and I wod hev ye to look out, miss—yah muh be t' next. Thank Hiven for all! All warks together for gooid to them as is choozen, and piked out fro' th' rubbidge! Yah know whet t' Scripture ses.” And he began quoting several texts, referring us to the chapters^③ and verses where we might find them.

I, having vainly begged the wilful girl to rise and remove her wet things, left him preaching and her shivering, and betook myself to bed with little Hareton, who slept as fast as if everyone had been sleeping round him. I heard Joseph read on a while afterwards; then I distinguished his slow step on the ladder, and then I dropped asleep.

Coming down somewhat later than usual, I saw, by the sunbeams piercing the chinks of the shutters, Miss Catherine still seated near the fireplace. The house door was ajar, too; light entered from its unclosed windows; Hindley had come out, and stood on the kitchen hearth, haggard and drowsy.

“What ails you, Cathy?” he was saying when I entered: “you look as dismal as a drowned whelp. Why are you so damp and pale^④, child?”

① refuse [ri'fju:z]

vt.&vi

拒绝，回绝；废物，垃圾(CET4)

② master ['ma:stə]

n.

主人(CET4)

③ chapter ['tʃæptə]

n.

章，回，篇(CET4)

④ pale [peil]

adj.

苍白的，灰白的(CET4)

“I’ve been wet,” she answered reluctantly, “and I’m cold, That’s all.”

“Oh, she is naughty!” I cried, perceiving the master to be tolerably sober. “She got steeped in the shower of yesterday evening, and there she has sat the night through, and I couldn’t prevail^① on her to stir.”

Mr Earnshaw stared at us in surprise. “The night through,” he repeated. “What kept her up? not fear of the thunder, surely? That was over hours since.”

Neither of us wished to mention Heathcliff’s absence, as long as we could conceal it; so I replied, I didn’t know how she took it into her head to sit up; and she said nothing. The morning was fresh and cool; I threw back the lattice, and presently the room filled with sweet scents from the garden; but Catherine called peevishly to me, “Ellen, shut the window. I’m starving!” And her teeth chattered as she shrunk closer to the almost extinguished embers. “She’s ill,” said Hindley, taking her wrist; “I suppose That’s the reason she would not go to bed. Damn it! I don’t want to be troubled with more sickness here. What took you into the rain!”

“Running after t’ lads, as usual!” croaked Joseph, catching an opportunity, from our hesitation, to thrust in his evil tongue. “If I war yah, maister, I’d just slam t’ boards i’ their faces all on’em, gentle and simple^②! Never a day ut yah’re off, but yon cat o’Linton comes sneaking hither; and

Miss Nelly, shoo's a fine lass! shoo sits watching for ye i' t' kitchen; and as yah're in at one door, he's out at t' other; and, then, wer grand lady goes a coorting of her side! It's bonny behaviour, lurking amang t' fields, after twelve o't' night, wi' that fahl, flaysome divil of a gipsy, Heathcliff! They think I'm blind; but I'm noan: nowt ut t' soar!—I seed young Linton boath coming and going, and I seed yah' (directing his discourse to me), “yah gooid fur nowt, slattenly witch! nip up and bolt into th' house, t' minute yah heard t' maister's horse fit clatter up t' road.”

“Silence, eavesdropper!” cried Catherine; “none of your insolence^③ before me! Edgar Linton came yesterday by chance, Hindley; and it was I who told him to be off: because I knew you would not like to have met him as you were.”

“You lie, Cathy, no doubt,” answered her brother, “and you are a confounded simpleton! But never mind Linton at present: tell me, were you not with Heathcliff last night? Speak the truth, now. You need not be afraid of harming him: though I hate him as much as ever, he did me a good turn a short time since, that will make my conscience tender

① prevail [pri'veil]

vi.

说服, 劝说; 盛行, 流行(CET4)

② simple ['simpl]

adj.

简单的; 朴素的(CET4)

③ insolence ['insələnt]

adj.

侮慢的, 无礼的 (CET6)

of breaking his neck. To prevent it, I shall send him about his business, this very morning; and after he's gone, I'd advise you all to look sharp: I shall only have the more humour for you.

"I never saw Heathcliff last night," answered Catherine, beginning to sob bitterly: "and if you do turn him out of doors, I'll go with him. But, perhaps, you'll never have an opportunity^①: perhaps he's gone." Here she burst into uncontrollable grief, and the remainder of her words were inarticulate.

Hindley lavished on her a torrent of scornful abuse, and bade her get to her room immediately^②, or she shouldn't cry for nothing! I obliged her to obey; and I shall never forget what a scene she acted when we reached her chamber: it terrified me. I thought she was going mad, and I begged Joseph to run for the doctor. It proved the commencement of delirium: Mr Kenneth, as soon as he saw her, pronounced her dangerously ill; she had a fever. He bled her, and he told me to let her live on whey and water gruel, and take care she did not throw herself downstairs or out of the window; and then he left: for he had enough to do in the parish, where two or three miles was the ordinary distance between cottage and cottage^③.

Though I cannot say I made a gentle nurse, and Joseph and the master were no better; and though our patient was

as wearisome and headstrong as a patient could be, she weathered it through. Old Mrs Linton paid us several visits, to be sure, and set things to rights, and scolded and ordered us all; and when Catherine was convalescent, she insisted on conveying her to Thrushcross Grange: for which deliverance we were very grateful. But the poor dame had reason to repent of her kindness: she and her husband both took the fever, and died within a few days of each other.

Our young lady returned to us, saucier and more passionate, and haughtier than ever. Heathcliff had never been heard of since the evening of the thunder-storm; and one day I had the misfortune, when she had provoked me exceedingly, to lay the blame of his disappearance on her: where indeed it belonged, as she well knew. From that period, for several months, she ceased to hold any communication with me, save in the relation of a mere servant. Joseph fell under a ban also: he would speak his mind, and lecture her all the same as if she were a little girl; and she esteemed herself a woman, and our mistress, and thought that her recent illness gave her a claim to be treated with consideration. Then the doctor had said that she would not bear crossing much; she

① opportunity [ˌɒpə'tju:niti]

n.

时机, 机会(CET4)

② immediately [i'mi:diətli]

adv.

立即, 马上(CET4)

③ cottage ['kɒtɪdʒ]

n.

小屋, 村舍(CET4)

ought to have her own way; and it was nothing less than murder in her eyes for anyone to presume^① to stand up and contradict her.

From Mr Earnshaw and his companions she kept aloof; and tutored by Kenneth, and serious threats of a fit that often attended her rages, her brother allowed her whatever she pleased to demand, and generally avoided aggravating her fiery temper. He was rather too indulgent in humouring her caprices; not from affection, but from pride: he wished earnestly to see her bring honour^② to the family by an alliance with the Lintons, and as long as she let him alone she might trample us like slaves, for aught he cared! Edgar Linton, as multitudes have been before and will be after him, was infatuated; and believed himself the happiest man alive on the day he led her to Gimmerton Chapel, three years subsequent^③ to his father's death.

Much against my inclination, I was persuaded to leave Wuthering Heights and accompany her here. Little Hareton was nearly five years old, and I had just begun to teach him his letters. We made a sad parting; but Catherine's tears were more powerful than ours. When I refused to go, and when she found her entreaties did not move me, she went lamenting to her husband and brother. The former offered me munificent wages; the latter ordered me to pack up: he wanted no women in the house, he said, now that there was

no mistress; and as to Hareton, the curate should take him in hand, by and by. And so I had but one choice left: to do as I was ordered. I told the master he got rid of all decent people only to run to ruin a little faster; I kissed Hareton goodbye; and since then he has been a stranger: and it's very queer to think it, but I've no doubt he has completely forgotten all about Ellen Dean, and that he was ever more than all the world to her, and she to him!

At this point of the housekeeper's story, she chanced to glance towards the timepiece over the chimney; and was in amazement on seeing the minute hand measure half past one. She would not hear of staying a second longer: in truth, I felt rather disposed^④ to defer the sequel of her narrative, myself. And now that she is vanished to her rest, and I have meditated for another hour or two, I shall summon courage to go, also, in spite of aching laziness of head and limbs.

① presume [pri'zju:m]

vt. 以为, 假定

vi. 冒昧地做某事(CET6)

② honour ['ɒnə]

n. 尊重, 敬重(CET4)

③ subsequent ['sʌbsɪkwənt]

adj. 随后的, 继……之后的(CET6)

④ disposed [dis'pəʊzd]

adj. 乐意……的, 有……倾向的(CET4)

佳句赏析

1. Poor Hareton was squalling and kicking in his father's arms with all his might, and redoubled his yells when he carried him upstairs and lifted him over the banister.

> 可怜的哈里顿在他父亲怀里拚命又喊又踢，当他把哈里顿抱上楼，而且把他举到栏杆外面的时候，他更加倍地喊叫。我一边嚷着他会把孩子吓疯，一边跑去救他。

* when 在这里引导的是一个状语从句。

2. not because he's handsome, Nelly, but because he's more myself than I am. Whatever our souls are made of, his and mine are the same; and Linton's is as different as a moonbeam from lightning, or frost from fire.

> 那并不是因为他漂亮，耐莉，而是因为他比我更像我自己。不论我们的灵魂是什么做成的，他的和我的是一模一样的；而林惇的灵魂就如月光和闪电，或者霜和火，完全不同。

* whatever 解释为不管什么，任何……的事物，凡是……的东西。

3. My love for Linton is like the foliage in the woods: time will change it, I'm well aware, as winter changes the trees. My love for Heathcliff resembles the eternal rocks beneath: a source of little visible delight, but necessary.

> 我对林惇的爱像是树林中的叶子：我完全晓得，在冬天变化树木的时候，时光便会变化叶子。我对希刺克厉夫的爱恰似下面的恒久不变的岩石：虽然看起来它给你的愉快并不多，可是这点愉快却是必需的。

4. Little Hareton was nearly five years old, and I had just begun to teach him his letters.

> 小哈里顿差不多五岁了时我才开始教他认字。

* 主语 +had+ 过去分词，表示在过去某一时刻或动作以前完成了的动作，也可以说过去的时间关于过去的动作。即“过去的过去”。



名句大搜索

1. 在凡是灵魂存在的地方——在我的灵魂里，而且在我的心里，我感到我是错了！
2. 但是没法把凯瑟琳劝得平静下来。她一直在大门和屋门之间来回徘徊，激动得一刻也不肯休息，终于在靠近路上一面墙边站住不动。
3. 要付这么一个代价，我可不作林惇夫人！
4. “辛德雷先生，请接受我的警告吧。
如果你不爱惜你自己，就可怜可怜这不幸的孩子吧！”
5. “我爱他脚下的地，他头上的天，他所碰过的每一样东西，以及他说出的每一个字。我爱他所有的表情和所有的动作，还有整个的完完全全的他。好了吧！”
6. 而如果我嫁给林惇，我就能帮助希刺克厉夫高升，并且把他安置在我哥哥无权过问的位置上。

Chapter 4 Devil Is Coming Back

第四章 魔鬼现身

中文导读

数年后，希刺克厉夫突然出现在画眉山庄，这时他已经长成一个潇洒富有的青年。凯瑟琳见到了他时欣喜若狂，由于他经常出入画眉山庄，使得伊莎贝拉疯狂地迷恋上了他。

为了复仇，他整夜整夜地和辛德雷打牌、喝酒，慢慢地使他破了产，最后将整个庄园抵给了希刺克厉夫。

伊莎贝拉因为单相思坐卧不宁，不顾嫂子的肺腑之劝，希刺克厉夫对这潮水般的爱慕非但没有拒绝，反而陷入了一种阴险的沉思中。

希刺克厉夫的归来将所有人都卷入了一场不可知的痛苦漩涡当中，命运的列车隆隆向前，谁都逃不开。

Chapter 4

A charming introduction to a hermit's life! Four weeks' torture, tossing, and sickness! Oh! these bleak winds and bitter northern skies, and impassable roads, and dilatory country surgeons! And, oh, this dearth of the human physiognomy! and, worse than all, the terrible intimation of Kenneth that I need not expect to be out of doors till spring!

Mr Heathcliff has just honoured me with a calls About seven days ago he sent me a brace of grouse—the last of the season. Scoundrel! He is not altogether guiltless in this illness of mine; and that I had a great mind to tell him. But, alas! how could I offend a man who was charitable enough to sit at

my bedside a good hour, and talk on some other subject than pills and draughts, blisters and leeches? This is quite an easy interval. I am too weak to read; yet I feel as if I could enjoy something interesting. Why not have up Mrs Dean to finish her tale? I can recollect its chief incidents^① as far as she had gone. Yes: I remember her hero had run off, and never been heard of for three years; and the heroine was married. I'll ring: she'll be delighted to find me capable of talking cheerfully. Mrs Dean came.

“It wants twenty minutes, sir, to taking the medicine,” she commenced.

“Away, away with it!” I replied; “I desire to have—”

“The doctor says you must drop the powders.”

“With all my heart! Don't interrupt me. Come and take your seat here. Keep your fingers from that bitter phalanx of vials^②. Draw your knitting out of your pocket—that will do—now continue the history of Mr Heathcliff, from where you left off, to the present day. Did he finish his education on the Continent, and come back a gentleman? or. did he get a sizar's place at college, or escape^③ to America, and earn honours by drawing blood from his foster-country? or make

① incident ['insɪdənt]

n.

发生的事, 小插曲; 事故(CET4)

② vial ['vaɪəl]

n.

小瓶, 小玻璃瓶(CET6)

③ escape [is'keɪp]

vi.

逃脱, 逃跑; 漏出, 泄漏(CET4)

a fortune more promptly on the English highways?”

“He may have done a little in all these vocations, Mr Lockwood; but I couldn’t give my word for any. I stated before that I didn’t know how he gained his money; neither am I aware of the means he took to raise his mind from the savage ignorance into which it was sunk: but, with your leave, I’ll proceed in my own fashion, if you think it will amuse and not weary you. Are you feeling better this morning?”

“Much.”

“That’s good news. I got Miss Catherine and myself to Thrushcross Grange; and, to my agreeable disappointment, she behaved infinitely better than I dared expect. She seemed almost over fond of Mr Linton; and even to his sister she showed plenty of affection. They were both very attentive to her comfort, certainly. It was not the thorn bending to the honeysuckles, but the honeysuckles embracing the thorn. There were no mutual^① concessions; one stood erect, and the others yielded: and who can be ill-natured and bad-tempered when they encounter neither opposition nor indifference^②? I observed that Mr Edgar had a deeprooted fear of ruffling her humour. He concealed it from her; but if ever he heard me answer sharply, or saw any other servant grow cloudy at some imperious order of hers, he would show his trouble by a frown of displeasure that never darkened on his own account.

He many a time spoke sternly to me about my pertness; and averred that the stab of a knife could not inflict a worse pang than he suffered at seeing his lady vexed. Not to grieve a kind master, I learned to be less touchy; and, for the space of half a year, the gunpowder lay as harmless as sand, because no fire came near to explode it. Catherine had seasons of gloom and silence now and then: they were respected with sympathizing silence by her husband, who ascribed^③ them to an alteration in her constitution, produced by her perilous illness; as she was never subject to depression of spirits before. The return of sunshine was welcomed by answering sunshine from him. I believe I may assert that they were really in possession of deep and growing happiness. It ended. Well, we must be for ourselves in the long run; the mild and generous are only more justly selfish than the domineering; and it ended when circumstances caused each to feel that the ones interest was not the chief consideration in the other's thoughts. On a mellow evening in September, I was coming from the garden with a heavy basket of apples which I had been gathering. It had got dusk^④, and the moon looked over the high wall of the court,

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|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ① mutual ['mju:tʃuəl] | adj. 相互的,彼此的;共同的,共有的(CET6) |
| ② indifference [in'difərəns] | n. 不关心,不在乎(CET6) |
| ③ ascribe [əs'kraɪb] | vt. 把……归于(CET6) |
| ④ dusk [dʌsk] | n. 黄昏,傍晚(CET4) |

causing undefined shadows to lurk in the corners of the numerous projecting portions of the building. I set my burden on the house steps by the kitchen door, and lingered to rest, and drew in a few more breaths of the soft, sweet air; my eyes were on the moon, and my back to the entrance, when I heard a voice behind me say—

“Nelly, is that you?”

It was a deep voice, and foreign in tone; yet there was something in the manner of pronouncing my name which made it sound familiar. I turned about to discover who spoke, fearfully; for the doors were shut, and I had seen nobody on approaching the steps. Something stirred in the porch; and, moving nearer, I distinguished a tall man dressed in dark clothes, with dark face and hair. He leant against the side, and held his fingers on the latch as if intending to open for himself. “Who can it be?” I thought. “Mr Earnshaw? Oh, no! The voice has no resemblance to his.”

“I have waited here an hour,” he resumed^①, while I continued staring; “and the whole of that time all round has been as still as death. I dared not enter. You do not know me? Look, I’m not a stranger!”

A ray fell on his features; the cheeks were sallow, and half covered with black whiskers; the brows lowering, the eyes deep set and singular^②. I remembered the eyes.

“What!” I cried, uncertain whether to regard him as a

worldly visitor, and I raised my hands in amazement. What! you come back? Is it really you? Is it?”

“Yes, Heathcliff,” he replied, glancing from me up to the windows, which reflected a score of glittering moons, but showed no lights from within. “Are they at home? where is she? Nelly, you are not glad! you needn’t be so disturbed^③. Is she here? Speak! I want to have one word with her—your mistress. Go, and say some person from Gimmerton desires to see her.”

“How will she take it?” I exclaimed. “What will she do? The surprise bewilders me—it will put her out of her head! And you are Heathcliff! But altered! Nay, there’s no comprehending it. Have you been for a soldier?”

“Go and carry my message,” he interrupted impatiently. “I’m in hell till you do!”

He lifted the latch, and I entered; but when I got to the parlour^④ where Mr and Mrs Linton were, I could not persuade myself to proceed. At length, I resolved on making an excuse to ask if they would have the candles lighted, and I

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|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ① resume [ri'zju:m] | vt.&vi. 重新开始, 恢复
n. 摘要(CET6) |
| ② singular ['sɪŋɡjələ] | vt. vi. 单数的; 突出的, 卓越的, 非凡的(CET4) |
| ③ disturbed [dis'tə:bd] | adj. 扰乱(CET4) |
| ④ parlour ['pa:lə] | n. 客厅, 接待室(CET6) |

opened the door.

They sat together in a window whose lattice lay back against the wall, and displayed, beyond the garden trees and the wild green park, the valley of Gimmerton, with a long line of mist winding nearly to its top (for very soon after you pass the chapel, as you may have noticed, the sough that runs from the marshes joins a beck which follows the bend of the glen). Wuthering Heights rose above this silvery vapour; but our old house was invisible^①; it rather dips down on the other side. Both the room and its occupants, and the scene they gazed on, looked wondrously peaceful. I shrank reluctantly from performing my errand; and was actually going away leaving it unsaid, after having put my question about the candles, when a sense of my folly compelled me to return, and mutter—“A person from Gimmerton wishes to see you, ma’am.”

“What does he want?” asked Mrs Linton.

“I did not question him,” I answered.

“Well, close the curtains, Nelly,” she said; “and bring up tea. I’ll be back again directly.”

She quitted the apartment; Mr Edgar inquired^②, carelessly, who it was.

“Someone mistress does not expect,” I replied. “That Heathcliff—you recollect him, sir,—who used to live at Mr Earnshaw’s.”

“What! the gipsy—the ploughboy?” he cried. “Why did you not say so to Catherine?”

“Hush! you must not call him by those names, master,” I said. “She’d be sadly grieved to hear you. She was nearly heartbroken when he ran off. I guess his return will make a jubilee to her.”

Mr Linton walked to a window on the other side of the room that overlooked the court. He unfastened it and leant out. I suppose they were below, for he exclaimed quickly—“Don’t stand there, love! Bring the person in, if it be anyone particular^③.” Ere long I heard the click of the latch, and Catherine flew upstairs, breathless and wild; too excited to show gladness: indeed, by her face, you would rather have surmised an awful calamity.

“Oh, Edgar, Edgar!” she panted, flinging her arms round his neck. “Oh Edgar, darling! Heathcliff’s coming back!” And she tightened her embrace to a squeeze.

“Well, well,” cried her husband crossly, “don’t strangle^④ me for that! He never struck me as such a marvellous treasure. There is no need to be frantic!”

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| ① invisible [in'vizəbl] | adj. | 看不见的, 暗藏的(CET6) |
| ② inquire [in'kwaɪə] | vt. & vi. | 打听, 询问(CET4) |
| ③ particular [pə'tɪkjʊlə] | adj. | 特定的, 某一的; 特殊的(CET4) |
| ④ strangle ['stræŋɡl] | vt. | 扼死; 使窒息(CET6) |

“I know you didn’t like him,” she answered, repressing a little the intensity of her delight. “Yet, for my sake, you must be friends now. Shall I tell him to come up?”

“Here?” he said, “into the parlour?”

“Where else?” she asked.

He looked vexed, and suggested the kitchen^① as a more suitable place for him. Mrs Linton eyed him with a droll expression—half angry, half laughing at his fastidiousness.

“No,” she added after a while; “I cannot sit in the kitchen. Set two tables here, Ellen: one for your master and Miss Isabella, being gentry; the other for Heathcliff and myself, being of the lower orders. Will that please you, dear? Or must I have a fire lighted elsewhere? If so, give directions. I’ll run down and secure my guest. I’m afraid the joy is too great to be real!”

She was about to dart off again; but Edgar arrested her.

“You bid him step up,” he said, addressing me! “and, Catherine, try to be glad, without being absurd! the whole household^② need not witness the sight of your welcoming a runaway servant as a brother.”

I descended and found Heathcliff waiting under the porch, evidently anticipating an invitation to enter. He followed my guidance without waste of words, and I ushered him into the presence of the master and mistress, whose flushed cheeks betrayed signs of warm talking. But the lady’s

glowed with another feeling when her friend appeared at the door: she sprang forward, took both his hands, and led him to Linton; and then she seized Linton's reluctant fingers and crushed them into his. Now fully revealed by the fire and candlelight, I was amazed, more than ever, to behold the transformation of Heathcliff. He had grown a tall, athletic, well-formed man; beside whom, my master seemed quite slender^③ and youth-like. His upright carriage suggested the idea of his having been in the army. His countenance was much older in expression and decision of feature than Mr Linton's; it looked intelligent, and retained no marks of former degradation. A half-civilized ferocity lurked yet in the depressed brows and eyes full of black fire, but it was subdued; and his manner was even dignified: quite divested of roughness, though too stern for grace. My master's surprise equalled^④ or exceeded mine: he remained for a minute at a loss how to address the ploughboy, as he had called him. Heathcliff dropped his slight hand, and stood looking at him coolly till he chose to speak.

“Sit down, sir,” he said, at length. “Mrs Linton, recalling

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|--------------------------|------|------------------|
| ① kitchen ['kitʃɪn] | n. | 厨房(CET4) |
| ② household ['haʊshəʊld] | n. | 同住在一所房子里的人(CET6) |
| ③ slender ['slendə] | adj. | 苗条的, 修长的(CET6) |
| ④ equal ['i:kwəl] | vt. | 等于(CET4) |

old times, would have me give you a cordial reception; and, of course, I am gratified when anything occurs to please her.”

“And I also,” answered Heathcliff, “especially if it be anything in which I have a part. I shall stay an hour or two willingly.”

He took a seat opposite Catherine, who kept her gaze fixed on him as if she feared he would vanish were she to remove it. He did not raise his to her often: a quick glance now and then sufficed; but it flashed back, each time more confidently, the undisguised delight he drank from hers. They were too much absorbed in their mutual joy to suffer embarrassment. Not so Mr Edgar: he grew pale with pure annoyance: a feeling that reached its climax^① when his lady rose, and stepping across the rug, seized Heathcliff's hands again, and laughed like one beside herself.

“I shall think it a dream tomorrow!” she cried. “I shall not be able to believe that I have seen, and touched, and spoken to you once more. And yet, cruel Heathcliff! you don't deserve this welcome. To be absent and silent for three years, and never to think of me!”

“A little more than you have thought of me,” he murmured. “I heard of your marriage, Cathy, not long since; and, while waiting in the yard below, I meditated this plan:— just to have one glimpse^② of your face, a stare of surprise, perhaps, and pretended pleasure; afterwards settle my score

with Hindley; and then prevent the law by doing execution on myself.

“Your welcome has put these ideas out of my mind; but beware of meeting me with another aspect next time! Nay, you’ll not drive me off again. You were really sorry for me, were you? Well, there was cause. I’ve fought through a bitter life since I last heard your voice; and you must forgive^③ me, for I struggled only for you!”

“Catherine, unless we are to have cold tea, please to come to the table,” interrupted Linton, striving to preserve his ordinary tone, and a due measure of politeness. “Mr Heathcliff will have a long walk, wherever he may lodge tonight; and I’m thirsty.”

She took her post before the urn; and Miss Isabella came, summoned by the bell; then, having handed their chairs forward, I left the room. The meal hardly endured ten minutes. Catherine’s cup was never filled: she could neither eat nor drink. Edgar had made a slop in his saucer, and scarcely swallowed a mouthful. Their guest did not protract his stay that evening above an hour longer. I asked, as he departed, if he went to Gimmerton?

① climax ['klaɪmæks]

n.

顶点, 极点; 高潮(CET6)

② glimpse [ɡlɪmps]

n.

一瞥, 一看 (CET6)

③ forgive [fə'ɡɪv]

vt.&vi.

原谅, 饶恕; 免除(CET4)

“No, to Wuthering Heights,” he answered: “Mr Earnshaw invited me, when I called this morning.”

Mr Earnshaw invited him! and he called on Mr Earnshaw! I pondered this sentence painfully, after he was gone. Is he turning out a bit of a hypocrite, and coming into the country to work mischief under a cloak? I mused: I had a presentiment in the bottom of my heart that he had better have remained away.

About the middle of the night, I was wakened from my first nap by Mrs Linton gliding into my chamber, taking a seat on my bedside, and pulling me by the hair to rouse^① me.

“I cannot rest, Ellen,” she said, by way of apology. “And I want some living creature to keep me company in my happiness! Edgar is sulky, because I’m glad of a thing that does not interest him: he refuses to open his mouth, except to utter pettish, silly^② speeches; and he affirmed I was cruel and selfish for wishing to talk when he was so sick and sleepy. He always contrives to be sick at the least cross!”

I gave a few sentences of commendation^③ to Heathcliff, and he, either for a headache or a pang of envy, began to cry: so I got up and left him.”

“What use is it praising Heathcliff to him?” I answered. “As lads they had an aversion to each other, and Heathcliff would hate just as much to hear him praised: it’s human nature. Let Mr Linton alone about him, unless you would like

an open quarrel between them.”

“But does it not show great weakness?” pursued she. “I’m not envious: I never feel hurt at the brightness of Isabella’s yellow hair and the whiteness of her skin, at her dainty elegance, and the fondness all the family exhibit for her. Even you, Nelly, if we have a dispute sometimes, you back Isabella at once; and I yield like a foolish mother: I call her a darling, and flatter her into a good temper^④. It pleases her brother to see us cordial, and that pleases me. But they are very much alike: they are spoiled children, and fancy the world was made for their accommodation; and though I humour both, I think a smart chastisement might improve them, all the same.”

“You’re mistaken, Mrs Linton,” said I. “They humour you: I know what there would be to do if they did not. You can well afford to indulge their passing whims as long as their business is to anticipate all your desires. You may, however, fall out, at last, over something of equal consequence to both sides; and then those you term weak are very capable of being as obstinate as you.”

① rouse [rauz]

vt.&vi 醒来, 唤醒(CET4)

② silly ['sili]

adj. 蠢的, 傻的; 糊涂的, 可笑的 (CET4)

③ commendation [,kɒmə'n'deɪʃən]

n. 奖品, 表扬; 推荐(CET6)

④ temper ['tempə]

n. 脾气, 性情, 心境(CET4)

“And then we shall fight to the death, shan’t we, Nelly?” she returned, laughing. “No! I tell you, I have such faith in Linton’s love, that I believe I might kill him, and he Wouldn’t wish to retaliate.”

I advised her to value him the more for his affection^①.

“I do,” she answered, “but he needn’t resort^② to whining for trifles. It is childish; and, instead of melting into tears because I said that Heathcliff was now worthy of anyone’s regard, and it would honour the first gentleman in the country to be his friend, he ought to have said it for me, and been delighted from sympathy^③. He must get accustomed to him, and he may as well like him: considering how Heathcliff has reason to object to him, I’m sure he behaved excellently!”

“What do you think of his going to Wuthering Heights?” I inquired. “He is reformed in every respect, apparently: quite a Christian: offering the right hand of fellowship to his enemies all around!”

“He explained it,” she replied. “I wondered as much as you. He said he called to gather information concerning me from you, supposing you resided there still; and Joseph told Hindley, who came out and fell to questioning him of what he had been doing, and how he had been living; and finally, desired him to walk in. There were some persons sitting at cards; Heathcliff joined them; my brother lost some money to

him, and, finding him plentifully supplied, he requested that he would come again in the evening: to which he consented. Hindley is too reckless to select his acquaintance prudently: he doesn't trouble himself to reflect on the causes he might have for mistrusting one whom he has basely injured. But Heathcliff affirms his principal reason for resuming a connection with his ancient persecutor is a wish to install himself in quarters at walking distance from the Grange, and an attachment to the house where we lived together; and likewise a hope that I shall have more opportunities of seeing him there than I could have if he settled in Gimmerton. He means to offer liberal payment for permission to lodge at the Heights; and doubtless my brother's covetousness will prompt him to accept the terms: he was always greedy^④; though what he grasps with one hand he flings away with the other."

"It's a nice place for a young man to fix his dwelling in!" said I. "Have you no fear of the consequences, "Mrs Linton?"

"None for my friend," she replied: "his strong head will keep him from danger; a little for Hindley: but he can't be made morally^⑤ worse than he is; and I stand between him

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|------------------------|------|---------------------|
| ① affection [ə'fekʃən] | n. | 喜爱, 爱(CET4) |
| ② resort [ri'zɔ:t] | v. | 求助, 凭借, 诉诸(CET6) |
| ③ sympathy ['sɪmpəθi] | n. | 同情心, 同情(CET4) |
| ④ greedy ['gri:di] | adj. | 贪吃的, 贪婪的, 贪心的(CET4) |
| ⑤ morally ['mɔ:rəli] | adv. | 道德上, 有道德地(CET6) |

and bodily harm. The event of this evening has reconciled me to God and humanity! I had risen in angry rebellion against Providence. Oh, I've endured^① very, very bitter misery, Nelly! If that creature knew how bitter, He'd be ashamed to cloud its removal with idle petulance. It was kindness for him which induced me to bear it alone: had I expressed the agony I frequently felt, he would have been taught to long for its alleviation as ardently as I. However, it's over, and I'll take no revenge on his folly; I can afford to suffer anything hereafter! Should the meanest thing alive slap me on the cheek, I'd not only turn the other, but, I'd ask pardon for provoking it; and, as a proof, I'll go make my peace with Edgar instantly. Good night! I'm an angel!"

In this self-complacent conviction she departed; and the success of her fulfilled resolution was obvious^② on the morrow: Mr Linton had not only abjured his peevishness (though his spirits seemed still subdued by Catherine's exuberance of vivacity), but he ventured no objection to her taking Isabella with her to Wuthering Heights in the afternoon; and she rewarded him with such a summer of sweetness and affection in return, as made the house a paradise for several days; both master and servants profiting from the perpetual sunshine.

Heathcliff—Mr Heathcliff I should say in future—used the liberty of visiting at Thrushcross Grange cautiously, at

first: he seemed estimating how far its owner would bear his intrusion. Catherine, also, deemed it judicious to moderate her expressions of pleasure in receiving him; and he gradually established his right to be expected. He retained a great deal of the reserve for which his boyhood was remarkable; and that served to repress all startling demonstrations of feeling. My master's uneasiness experienced a lull, and further circumstances diverted it into another channel for a space.

His new source^③ of trouble sprang from the not anticipated misfortune of Isabella Linton evincing a sudden and irresistible attraction towards the tolerated guest. She was at that time a charming young lady of eighteen; infantile in manners, though possessed of keen wit, keen feelings, and a keen temper, too, if irritated. Her brother, who loved her tenderly, was appalled at this fantastic preference. Leaving aside the degradation of an alliance with a nameless man, and the possible fact that his property, in default of heirs male, might pass into such a one's power, he had sense to comprehend Heathcliff's disposition: to know that, though his exterior was altered, his mind was unchangeable and unchanged. And he dreaded that mind: it revolted him: he

① endure [in'djuə]

vt. & vi

忍受, 忍耐, 容忍(CET6)

② obvious ['ɒvviəs]

adj.

明显的, 显而易见的(CET4)

③ source [sɔ:s]

n.

来源, 出处, 原因(CET4)

shrank forebodingly from the idea of committing Isabella to his keeping. He would have recoiled still more had he been aware that her attachment rose unsolicited, and was bestowed where it awakened no reciprocation of sentiment; for the minute he discovered its existence, he laid the blame on Heathcliff's deliberate designing.

We had all remarked, during some time, that Miss Linton fretted and pined over something. She grew cross and wearisome; snapping at and teasing Catherine continually, at the imminent risk of exhausting her limited patience. We excused her, to a certain extent, on the plea of ill-health: she was dwindling and fading before our eyes. But one day, when she had been peculiarly wayward, rejecting her breakfast, complaining that the servants did not do what she told them; that the mistress would allow her to be nothing in the house, and Edgar neglected^① her; that she had caught a cold with the doors being left open, and we let the parlour fire go out on purpose to vex her, with a hundred yet more frivolous accusations, Mrs Linton peremptorily insisted that she should get to bed; and, having scolded her heartily, threatened to send for the doctor. Mention^② of Kenneth caused her to exclaim, instantly, that her health was perfect, and it was only Catherine's harshness which made her unhappy.

“How can you say I am harsh, you naughty^③ fondling?” cried the mistress, amazed at the unreasonable assertion. “You

are surely losing your reason. When have I been harsh, tell me?”

“Yesterday,” sobbed Isabella, “and now!”

“Yesterday!” said her sister-in-law. “On what occasion?”

“In our walk along the moor: you told me to ramble where I pleased, while you sauntered on with Mr Heathcliff!”

“And That’s your notion of harshness?” said Catherine, laughing. “It was no hint that your company was superfluous: we didn’t care whether you kept with us or not; I merely thought Heathcliffs talk would have nothing entertaining for your ears.

“Oh no,” wept the young lady; “you wished me away, because you knew I liked to be there!”

“Is she sane?” asked Mrs Linton, appealing to me. “I’ll repeat our conversation, word for word, Isabella; and you point out any charm^④ it could have had for you.”

“I don’t mind the conversation,” she answered: “I wanted to be with—”

“Well!” said Catherine, perceiving her hesitate to complete the sentence.

① neglect [ni'glekt]

vt.

疏忽, 忽略, 遗漏(CET6)

② mention ['menʃən]

vt.

提到, 说起 n 提及, 说起(CET6)

③ naughty ['nɔ:ti]

adj.

顽皮的, 不听话的(CET6)

④ charm [tʃɑ:m]

n.

魅力, 吸引力; 魔力, 魔法(CET4)

“With him: and I won’t be always sent off!” she continued, kindling up. “You are a dog in the manger, Cathy, and desire no one to be loved but yourself!”

“You are an impertinent little monkey!” exclaimed^① Mrs Linton, in surprise. “But I’ll not believe this idiocy! It is impossible that you can covet the admiration of Heathcliff—that you consider him an agreeable person! I hope I have misunderstood you, Isabella?”

“No, you have not,” said the infatuated girl. “I love him more than ever you loved Edgar; and he might love me, if you would let him!”

“I Wouldn’t be you for a kingdom, then!” Catherine declared emphatically: and she seemed to speak sincerely. “Nelly, help me to convince her of her madness. Tell her what Heathcliff is: an unreclaimed creature, without refinement, without cultivation: an arid wilderness of furze and whinstone. I’d as soon put that little canary into the park on a winter’s day, as recommend you to bestow your heart on him! It is deplorable ignorance of his character, child, and nothing else, which makes that dream enter your head. Pray, don’t imagine that he conceals^② depths of benevolence and affection beneath a stern exterior! He’s not a rough diamond—a pearl-containing oyster of a rustic: he’s a fierce, pitiless, wolfish man. I never say to him, “Let this or that enemy alone, because it would be ungenerous or cruel to

harm them” ; I say, “Let them alone, because I should hate them to be wronged” : and He’d crush you like a sparrow’s egg, Isabella, if he found you a troublesome charge. I know he couldn’t love a Linton; and yet He’d be quite capable of marrying your fortune and expectations! avarice is growing with him a besetting sin. There’s my picture: and I’m his friend—so much so, that had he thought seriously to catch you, I should, perhaps, have held my tongue, and let you fall into his trap.”

Miss Linton regarded her sister-in-law with indignation.

“For shame! for shame!” she repeated angrily, “you are worse than twenty foes, you poisonous^③ friend!”

“Ah! you won’t believe me, then?” said Catherine. “You think I speak from wicked selfishness?”

“I’m certain you do,” retorted Isabella; “and I shudder^④ at you!”

“Good!” cried the other. “Try for yourself, if that be your spirit: I have done, and yield the argument to your saucy insolence.”

“And I must suffer for her egotism!” she sobbed, as Mrs

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|--------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| ① exclaim [iks'kleim] | vt. & vi. | 呼喊, 惊叫, 大声说 (CET6) |
| ② conceals [kən'si:l] | vt. | 隐藏, 隐瞒, 遮住 (CET4) |
| ③ poisonous ['pɔɪzənəs] | adj. | 有毒的, 引起中毒的 (CET4) |
| ④ shudder ['ʃʌdə] | vt. & vi. | 战栗, 发抖 (CET4) |

Linton left the room. “All, all is against me; she has blighted my single consolation. But she uttered falsehoods, didn’t she? Mr Heathcliff is not a fiend: he has an honourable soul^①, and a true one, or how could he remember her?”

“Banish him from your thoughts, miss,” I said. “He’s a bird of bad omen: no mate for you. Mrs Linton spoke strongly, and yet I Can’t contradict her. She is better acquainted with his heart than I, or anyone besides; and she would never represent him as worse than he is. Honest people don’t hide their deeds. How has he been living? how has he got rich? why is he staying at Wuthering Heights, the house of a man whom he abhors? They say Mr Earnshaw is worse and worse since he came. They sit up all night together continually, and Hindley has been borrowing money on his land, and does nothing but play and drink: I heard only a week ago—it was Joseph who told me—I met him at Gimmerton: ‘Nelly,’ he said, ‘we’s hae a crahnr’s ’quest enah, at ahr folks. One on ’em’s a’most gotten his finger cut off wi’ hauding t’other froo’ sticking hisselsn loike a cawlf. That’s maister, yah know, ‘ut’ s soa up uh going tuh t’ grand ’sizes. He’s noan feard uh t’ bench uh judges^②, norther Paul, nur Peter, nur John, nur Matthew, nor noan on ’em, nut he! He fair likes—he langs to set his brazened face agean ’em! And yon bonny lad Heathcliff, yah mind, he’s a rare ’un! He can girn a laugh as weel’s onybody at a raight divil’s jest^③.

Does he niver say nowt of his fine living amang us, when he goas tuh t' Grange? This is t' way on't:—up at sundahn; dice, brandy, cloised shutters, und can'le-lught till next day at nooin: then, t foil gangs banning un raving to his cham'er, makking dacent fowks dig thur fingers i' thur lugs fur varry shaume; un' the knave, wah he carn cahnt his brass, un' ate, un' sleep, un' off to his neighbour's tuh gossip wi' t' wife.”

I' course, he tells Dame Catherine hah hor father's goold runs intuh his pocket, and her father's son gallops dahn t' Broad road, while he flees afore to oppen t' pikes? “Now, Miss Linton, Joseph is an old rascal, but no liar; and, if his account of Heathcliff's conduct^④ be true, you would never think of desiring such a husband, would you?”

“You are leagued with the rest, Ellen!” she replied. “I'll not listen to your slanders. What malevolence you must have to wish to convince me that there is no happiness in the world!”

Whether she would have got over this fancy if left to herself or persevered in nursing it perpetually, I cannot say: she had little time to reflect. The day after, there was a justice-

① soul [səul]

n.

灵魂, 热情, 感情(CET4)

② judge [dʒʌdʒ]

n.

法官; 裁判员, 评判员 (CET4)

③ jest [dʒest]

n.

说笑话, 开玩笑(CET6)

④ conduct [kən'dʌkt]

n.

行为(CET4)

meeting at the next town; my master was obliged to attend; and Mr Heathcliff, aware of his absence, called rather earlier than usual. Catherine and Isabella were sitting in the library, on hostile^① terms, but silent. The latter alarmed at her recent indiscretion, and the disclosure she had made of her secret feelings in a transient fit of passion; the former, on mature consideration, really offended with her companion; and, if she laughed again at her pertness, inclined to make it no laughing matter to her. She did laugh as she saw Heathcliff pass the window. I was sweeping the hearth, and I noticed a mischievous smile on her lips. Isabella, absorbed in her meditations, or a book, remained till the door opened; and it was too late to attempt an escape, which she would gladly have done had it been practicable.

“Come in, That’s right!” exclaimed the mistress gaily, pulling a chair to the fire. “Here are two people sadly in need of a third to thaw the ice between them; and you are the very one we should both of us choose. Heathcliff, I’m proud to show you, at last, somebody that dotes on you more than myself. I expect you to feel flattered. Nay, it’s not Nelly; don’t look at her! My poor little sister-in-law is breaking her heart by mere contemplation^② of your physical and moral beauty. It lies in your own power to be Edgar’s brother!

“No, no, Isabella, you shan’t run off,” she continued, arresting¹, with feigned playfulness, the confounded girl, who

had risen indignantly. “We were quarrelling like cats about you, Heathcliff; and I was fairly beaten in protestations of devotion and admiration: and, moreover, I was informed that if I would but have the manners to stand aside, my rival, as she will ha’e herself to be, would shoot a shaft into your soul that would fix you for ever, and send my image into eternal oblivion!”

“Catherine!” said Isabella, calling up her dignity, and disdaining to struggle from the tight grasp that held her. “I’d thank you to adhere to the truth and not slander me, even in joke! Mr Heathcliff, be kind enough to bid this friend of yours release me: she forgets that you and I are not intimate acquaintances; and what amuses her is painful to me beyond expression.”

As the guest answered nothing, but took his seat, and looked thoroughly indifferent what sentiments she cherished concerning him, she turned and whispered an earnest appeal for liberty to her tormentor.

“By no means!” cried Mrs Linton in answer. “I won’t be named a dog in the manger again. You shall stay: now then! Heathcliff, why don’t you evince satisfaction at my pleasant

① hostile [ˈhɒstail]

adj. 怀有敌意的, 不友善的(CET6)

② contemplation [ˌkɒntəmˈpleɪʃən]

n. 注视, 凝视; 沉思(CET6)

news? Isabella swears that the love Edgar has for me is nothing to that she entertains for you. I'm sure she made some speech of the kind; did she not, Ellen?"



佳句赏析

1. one for your master and Miss Isabella, being gentry; the other for Heathcliff and myself, being of the lower orders.

> 在这儿摆两张桌子吧，艾伦，一张给你主人和伊莎贝拉小姐用，他们是有门第的上等人；另一张给希刺克厉夫和我自己，我们是属于下等阶级的。

* one...the other...通常表示一方面……另一方面……。

2. In this self-complacent conviction she departed; and the success of her fulfilled resolution was obvious on the morrow

> 她就怀着这样自我陶醉的信心走了，第二天她显然已成功地实现了自己的决心。

* 前半句是一个倒装句，状语提前。

3. and He'd crush you like a sparrow's egg, Isabella, if he found you a troublesome charge.

> 伊莎贝拉，如果他发现你是一个麻烦的负担，他会把你当作麻雀蛋似的捏碎。

4. Heathcliff—Mr Heathcliff I should say in future—used the liberty of visiting at Thrushcross Grange cautiously, at

first: he seemed estimating how far its owner would bear his intrusion.

> 希刺克厉夫——以后我要说希刺克厉夫先生了——起初倒还是谨慎地使用着拜访画眉田庄的自由权利，他仿佛在掂量田庄主人将怎样看待他的光临。

* at first 是一个词组，刚开始的意思，first 一般为第一的意思，也表示首先。



名句大搜索

1. 幸福完结了。唉，到头来我们总归是为了自己；温和慷慨的人不过比傲慢霸道的人自私得稍微公平一点罢了，等到种种情况使得两个人都感觉到一方的利益并不是对方思想中主要关心的事物时，幸福就完结了。
2. 他十分笔挺的仪表使人想到他一定进过军队，他的面容在表情和神色上都比林惇先生显得老成果断多了：那副面容看起来很有才智，并没有留下从前低贱的痕迹。
3. 他们是惯坏了的孩子，幻想这世界就是为了他们的方便才存在的。虽然我依着他们俩，可我又想狠狠的惩罚他们一下也许会把他们变好。
4. 啊，这荒凉的风，严寒的北方天空，难走的路，慢腾腾的乡下大夫！

5. 她如现出阳光重返的神气，他这边也就现出阳光重返来表示欢迎。我相信我可以说他们真的得到深沉的、与日俱增的幸福了。

6. 一种半开化的野性还潜伏在那凹下的眉毛和那充满了黑黑的火焰的眼睛里，但是已经被克制住了。

Chapter 5 To Talk With You

第五章 互诉衷肠

中文导读

伊莎贝拉受希刺克厉夫的引诱与其私奔，殊不知自己只是希刺克厉夫复仇棋盘上的一粒棋子，她没有体会到新娘应得的快乐，饱受肉体和精神上的折磨，最终不堪忍受，写了一封长信给丁耐莉希望得到她的帮助。

丁耐莉赶往呼啸山庄，目睹了伊莎贝拉的悲惨生活，并告知希刺克厉夫，他心爱的凯瑟琳重病在床，即将临产，希刺克厉夫心如刀绞，于是趁林惇远行时前往画眉山庄看望凯瑟琳。

两个相爱的人在经历了许许多多的磨难、耻辱和死亡之后，流淌着热泪互诉了衷肠。

本章的对话你来我往，丝丝入扣，是两个苦恋之人表白心迹的惊鸿一瞥，是全书的出彩之处。

Chapter 5

Another week over—and I am so many days nearer health, and spring! I have now heard all my neighbour's history, at different sittings, as the housekeeper could spare time from more important occupations. I'll continue it in her own words, only a little condensed^①. She is, on the whole, a very fair narrator, and I don't think I could improve her style.

In the evening, she said, the evening of my visit to the Heights, I knew, as well as if I saw him, that Mr Heathcliff was about the place; and I shunned going out, because I still carried his letter in my pocket, and didn't want to be threatened or teased any more. I had made up my mind not

to give it till my master went somewhere, as I could not guess how its receipt would affect Catherine. The consequence was, that it did not reach her before the lapse of three days. The fourth was Sunday, and I brought it into her room after the family were gone to church. There was a manservant left to keep the house with me, and we generally made a practice of locking the doors during the hours of service; but on that occasion the weather was so warm and pleasant that I set them wide open, and, to fulfil^② my engagement, as I knew who would be coming, I told my companion that the mistress wished very much for some oranges, and he must run over to the village and get a few, to be paid for on the morrow. He departed, and I went upstairs.

Mrs Linton sat in a loose, white dress, with a light shawl over her shoulders, in the recess of the open window, as usual. Her thick, long hair had been partly removed at the beginning of her illness, and now she wore it simply combed in its natural tresses over her temples and neck. Her appearance was altered, as I had told Heathcliff; but when she was calm, there seemed unearthly beauty in the change. The flash of her eyes had been succeeded by a dreamy and melancholy softness; they no longer gave the impression^③ of

① condense [kən'dens]

vt. vi. 使变稠或变浓(CET6)

② fulfil [fʊl'fɪl]

vt. 执行, 遵守, 履行(CET4)

③ impression [im'preʃən]

n. 印象, 感想; 想法, 看法, 感觉(CET4)

looking at the objects around her: they appeared always to gaze beyond, and far beyond—you would have said out of this world.

Then the paleness of her face—its haggard aspect^① having vanished as she recovered flesh—and the peculiar expression arising from her mental state, though painfully suggestive of their causes, added to the touching interest which she awakened; and—invariably to me, I know, and to any person who saw her, I should think—refuted more tangible proofs of convalescence, and stamped her as one doomed to decay.

A book lay spread on the sill before her, and the scarcely perceptible wind fluttered its leaves at intervals. I believe Linton had laid it there: for she never endeavoured to divert herself with reading, or occupation of any kind, and he would spend many an hour in trying to entice her attention to some subject which had formerly been her amusement. She was conscious^② of his aim, and in her better moods endured his efforts placidly, only showing their uselessness by now and then suppressing a wearied sigh, and checking him at last with the saddest of smiles and kisses. At other times, she would turn petulantly away, and hide her face in her hands, or even push him off angrily; and then he took care to let her alone, for he was certain of doing no good.

Gimmerton chapel bells were still ringing; and the full,

mellow flow of the beck in the valley came soothingly on the ear. It was a sweet substitute for the yet absent murmur of the summer foliage, which drowned that music about the Grange when the trees were in leaf. At Wuthering Heights it always sounded on quiet days following a great thaw or a season of steady rain. And of Wuthering Heights Catherine was thinking as she listened: that is, if she thought or listened at all; but she had the vague^③, distant look I mentioned before, which expressed no recognition of material things either by ear or eye.

“There’s a letter for you, Mrs Linton,” I said, gently inserting it in one hand that rested on her knee. “You must read it immediately, because it wants an answer. Shall I break the seal?”

“Yes,” she answered, without altering the direction^④ of her eyes. I opened it—it was very short. “Now” , I continued, “read it.” She drew away her hand, and let it fall. I replaced it in her lap, and stood waiting till it should please her to glance down; but that movement was so long delayed that at last I resumed:

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|-------------------------|-------------|------------------------|
| ① aspect ['æspekt] | n. | 方面, 方位, 朝向(CET4) |
| ② conscious ['kɒnʃəs] | adj. | 神志清醒的; 知道的, 注意到的(CET4) |
| ③ vague [veɪg] | adj. | 模糊地, 不具体的, 不精确的(CET6) |
| ④ direction [di'rekʃən] | n. | 方向, 趋向(CET4) |

“Must I read it, ma’am? It is from Mr Heathcliff.”

There was a start and a troubled gleam of recollection, and a struggle to arrange her ideas. She lifted the letter, and seemed to peruse it; and when she came to the signature she sighed: yet still I found she had not gathered its import, for, upon my desiring to hear her reply, she merely pointed to the name, and gazed at me with mournful and questioning eagerness.

“Well, he wishes to see you,” said I, guessing her need of an interpreter. “He’s in the garden by this time, and impatient to know what answer I shall bring.”

As I spoke, I observed a large dog lying on the sunny grass beneath raise its ears as if about to bark, and then smoothing them back, announce, by a wag of the tail, that someone approached^① whom it did not consider a stranger. Mrs Linton bent forward, and listened breathlessly. The minute after a step traversed the hall; the open house was too tempting for Heathcliff to resist walking in: most likely he supposed that I was inclined to shirk my promise^②, and so resolved to trust to his own audacity. With straining eagerness Catherine gazed towards the entrance of her chamber. He did not hit the right room directly, she motioned me to admit him, but he found it out ere I could reach the door, and in a stride or two was at her side, and had her grasped in his arms.

He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some five

minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before, I dare say: but then my mistress had kissed him first, and I plainly saw that he could hardly bear, for downright agony, to look into her face! The same conviction had stricken him as me, from the instant he beheld her, that there was no prospect of ultimate recovery there—she was fated, sure to die.

“Oh, Cathy! Oh, my life! how can I bear it?” was the first sentence he uttered, in a tone that did not seek to disguise his despair. And now he stared at her so earnestly that I thought the very intensity of his gaze would bring tears into his eyes; but they burned with anguish: they did not melt.

“What now?” said Catherine, leaning back, and returning his look with a suddenly clouded brow: her humour was a mere vane for constantly varying caprices. “You and Edgar have broken my heart, Heathcliff! And you both came to bewail the deed to me, as if you were the people to be pitied! I shall not pity you, not I. You have killed me—and thriven on it, I think. How strong you are! How many years do you mean to live after I am gone?”

Heathcliff had knelt on one knee to embrace^③ her; he attempted to rise, but she seized his hair, and kept him down.

① approach [ə'prəʊtʃ]

vt.&vi. 接近, 走近, 靠近(CET4)

② promise ['prɒmɪs]

n. 允诺, 答应(CET4)

③ embrace [im'breɪs]

n. 拥抱, 怀抱(CET4)

“I wish I could hold you,” she continued bitterly, “till we were both dead! I shouldn’t care what you suffered. I care nothing for your sufferings. Why shouldn’t you suffer? I do! Will you forget me? Will you be happy when I am in the earth? Will you say twenty years hence, “That’s the grave of Catherine Earnshaw. I loved her long ago, and was wretched to lose her; but it is past. I’ve loved many others since: my children are dearer to me than she was; and at death, I shall not rejoice that I am going to her: I shall be sorry that I must leave them!” Will you say so, Heathcliff?”

“Don’t torture me till I am as mad as yourself,” cried he, wrenching his head free, and grinding his teeth.

The two, to a cool spectator, made a strange and fearful picture. Well might Catherine deem that heaven would be a land of exile to her, unless with her mortal body she cast away her moral^① character also.

Her present countenance had a wild vindictiveness in its white cheek, and a bloodless lip and scintillating eye; and she retained in her closed fingers a portion of the locks she had been grasping^②. As to her companion, while raising himself with one hand, he had taken her arm with the other; and so inadequate was his stock of gentleness to the requirements of her condition, that on his letting go I saw four distinct impressions left blue in the colourless skin.

“Are you possessed with a devil,” he pursued savagely,

“to talk in that manner to me when you are dying? Do you reflect that all those words will be branded on my memory^③, and eating deeper eternally after you have left me? You know you lie to say I have killed you: and, Catherine, you know that I could as soon forget you as my existence! Is it not sufficient for your infernal selfishness, that while you are at peace I shall writhe in the torments of hell?”

“I shall not be at peace,” moaned Catherine, recalled to a sense of physical weakness by the violent, unequal throbbing of her heart, which beat visibly and audibly under this excess of agitation. She said nothing further till the paroxysm was over; then she continued, more kindly—

“I’m not wishing you greater torment than I have, Heathcliff. I only wish us never to be parted: and should a word of mine distress you hereafter, think I feel the same distress underground, and for my own sake, forgive^④ me! Come here and kneel down again! You never harmed me in your life. Nay, if you nurse anger, that will be worse to remember than my harsh words! Won’t you come here again? Do!”

① moral ['mɔ:rəl]

adj. 道德上的, 有道德的(CET4)

② grasp [gra:sp]

vt. 抓住, 抓紧; 理解, 领会(CET6)

③ memory ['meməri]

n. 记忆力, 记性; 记忆中的事物, 回忆(CET4)

④ forgive [fə'giv]

vt.&vi 原谅, 饶恕 (CET4)

Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion. She bent round to look at him; he would not permit it: turning abruptly, he walked to the fireplace, where he stood, silent, with his back towards us. Mrs Linton's glance followed him suspiciously: every movement woke a new sentiment in her.

After a pause and a prolonged gaze, she resumed; addressing me in accents of indignant disappointment—

“Oh, you see, Nelly, he would not relent a moment to keep me out of the grave. That is how I'm loved! Well, never mind. That is not my Heathcliff. I shall love mine yet; and take him with me: he's in my soul. And”, added she, musingly, “the thing that irks me most in this shattered prison, after all. I'm tired, tired of being enclosed here. I'm wearying to escape into that glorious world, and to be always there: not seeing it dimly through tears, and yearning for it through the walls of an aching heart; but really with it, and in it. Nelly, you think you are better and more fortunate than I; in full health and strength: you are sorry for me—very soon that will be altered. I shall be sorry for you. I shall be incomparably beyond and above you all. I wonder he won't be near me!” She went on to herself. “I thought he wished it. Heathcliff, dear! you should not be sullen now. Do come to me, Heathcliff.”

In her eagerness she rose and supported herself on the arm of the chair. At that earnest appeal he turned to her, looking absolutely desperate. His eyes, wide and wet, at last flashed fiercely on her; his breast heaved convulsively. An instant they held asunder, and then how they met I hardly saw, but Catherine made a spring, and he caught her, and they were locked in an embrace from which I thought my mistress would never be released^① alive: in fact, to my eyes, she seemed directly insensible. He flung himself into the nearest seat, and on my approaching hurriedly to ascertain^② if she had fainted, he gnashed at me, and foamed like a mad dog, and gathered her to him with greedy jealousy. I did not feel as if I were in the company of a creature of my own species: it appeared that he would not understand, though I spoke to him; so I stood off, and held my tongue, in great perplexity.

A movement of Catherine's relieved me a little presently: she put up her hand to clasp his neck, and bring her cheek^③ to his as he held her; while he, in return, covering her with frantic caresses, said wildly—

“You teach me now how cruel you've been—cruel and false. Why did you despise me? Why did you betray your

① released [ri'li:s]

vt.

释放, 放开; 发布, 发行(CET4)

② ascertain [æsa'tein]

vt.

弄清, 确定, 查明(CET6)

③ cheek [tʃi:k]

n.

脸颊, 脸蛋(CET4)

own heart, Cathy? I have not one word of comfort. You deserve this. You have killed yourself. Yes, you may kiss me, and cry; and ring out my kisses and tears: they'll blight you—they'll damn you. You loved me—then what right had you to leave me? What right—answer me—for the poor fancy you felt for Linton? Because misery and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict^① would have parted us, you, of your own will, did it. I have not broken your heart—you have broken it; and in breaking it, you have broken mine. So much the worse for me, that I am strong. Do I want to live? What kind of living will it be when you—oh, God! would you like to live with your soul in the grave?"

"Let me alone. let me alone," sobbed Catherine. "If I have done wrong, I'm dying for it. It is enough! You left me too: but I won't upbraid you! I forgive you. Forgive me!"

"It is hard to forgive, and to look at those eyes, and feel those wasted hands," he answered. "Kiss me again; and don't let me see your eyes! I forgive what you have done to me. I love my murderer—but yours! How can I?"

They were silent—their faces hid against each other, and washed by each other's tears. At least, I suppose the weeping was on both sides; as it seemed Heathcliff could weep on a great occasion like this.

I grew very uncomfortable, meanwhile; for the afternoon wore fast away, the man whom I had sent off returned from

his errand, and I could distinguish, by the shine of the westering sun up the valley, a concourse thickening outside Gimmerton chapel porch^②.

“Service is over,” I announced. “My master will be here in half an hour.”

Heathcliff groaned a curse, and strained^③ Catherine closer: she never moved.

Ere long I perceived a group of the servants^④ passing up the road towards the kitchen wing. Mr Linton was not far behind; he opened the gate himself and sauntered slowly up, probably enjoying the lovely afternoon that breathed as soft as summer.

“Now he is here,” I exclaimed. “For Heaven’s sake, hurry down! You’ll not meet anyone on the front stairs. Do be quick; and stay among the trees till he is fairly in.”

“I must go, Cathy,” said Heathcliff, seeking to extricate himself from his companion’s arms. “But if I live, I’ll see you again before you are asleep. I won’t stray five yards from your window.”

“You must not go!” she answered, holding him as firmly as her strength allowed. “You shall not, I tell you.”

① inflict [in'flikt]

vt.

把……强加给, 使承受, 遭受(CET6)

② porch [pɔ:tʃ]

n.

门廊(CET4)

③ strain [streɪn]

adj.

用力拉紧(CET6)

④ servant ['sə:vənt]

n.

仆人, 佣人(CET4)

“For one hour,” he pleaded earnestly.

“Not for one minute,” she replied.

“I must—Linton will be up immediately,” persisted^①
the alarmed intruder.

He would have risen, and unfixed her fingers by the act—she clung fast, gasping^②: there was mad resolution in her face.

“No!” she shrieked. “Oh, don’t, don’t go. It is the last time! Edgar will not hurt us. Heathcliff, I shall die! I shall die!”

“Damn the fool! There he is,” cried Heathcliff, sinking back into his seat. “Hush, my darling! Hush, hush, Catherine! I’ll stay. If he shot me so, I’d expire with a blessing on my lips.”

And there they were fast again. I heard my master mounting the stairs—the cold sweat ran from my forehead: I was horrified.

“Are you going to listen to her ravings?” I said passionately. “She does not know what she says. Will you ruin her, because she has not wit to help herself? Get up! You could be free instantly. That is the most diabolical deed that ever you did. We are all done for—master, mistress, and servant.

I wrung my hands, and cried out; Mr Linton hastened his step at the noise. In the midst of my agitation, I was

sincerely glad to observe that Catherine's arms had fallen relaxed^③, and her head hung down.

“She's fainted or dead,” I thought: “so much the better. Far better that she should be dead, than lingering a burden and a misery-maker to all about her.”

Edgar sprang to his unbidden guest, blanched^④ with astonishment and rage. What he meant to do, I cannot tell; however, the other stopped all demonstrations, at once, by placing the lifeless looking form in his arms.

“Look there!” he said; “unless you be a fiend, help her first—then you shall speak to me!”

He walked into the parlour, and sat down. Mr Linton summoned me, and with great difficulty, and after resorting to many means, we managed to restore her to sensation^⑤; but she was all bewildered; she sighed, and moaned, and knew nobody. Edgar, in his anxiety for her, forgot her hated friend. I did not. I went, at the earliest opportunity, and besought him to depart; affirming that Catherine was better, and he should hear from me in the morning how she passed the night.

① **persist** [pə'sist]

vt.&vi. 坚持, 固执(CET4)

② **gasp** [ga:sp]

vi. 喘气, 喘息, 倒抽气(CET6)

③ **relaxed** [ri'lækst]

adj. 轻松地, 自在的, 随便的(CET4)

④ **blanch** [blæntʃ]

vt. 使变白, 使变苍白(CET6)

⑤ **sensation** [sen'seɪʃən]

n. 感觉, 感受; 知觉; 激动, 轰动(CET4)

“I shall not refuse to go out of doors,” he answered; “but I shall stay in the garden: and, Nelly, mind you keep your word to-morrow. I shall be under those larch trees. Mind! or I pay another visit, whether Linton be in or not.

He sent a rapid glance through the half-open door of the chamber, and, ascertaining that what I stated was apparently true, delivered the house of his luckless presence.



佳句赏析

1. He neither spoke nor loosed his hold for some five minutes, during which period he bestowed more kisses than ever he gave in his life before.

> 有五分钟左右，他没说话，也没放松他的拥抱，在这段时间我敢说给予的吻比他有生以来所给的还多。

* neither...nor... 表示“既不……也不……”。其含义是否定的，可连接任意两个并列的成份。

2. Heathcliff went to the back of her chair, and leant over, but not so far as to let her see his face, which was livid with emotion.

> 希刺克厉夫走到她椅子背后，向前探身，让她看不见他那因激动而变得发青的脸。

* So far as 只能用于否定句中。

3. Because misery and degradation, and death, and nothing that God or Satan could inflict would have parted us, you, of your own will, did it.

> 因为悲惨、耻辱和死亡，以及上帝或撒旦所能给的一切打击和痛苦都不能把我们分开，而你，却出于你自己的心意，这样作了。

* that 引导定语从句，修饰 “misery and degradation, and death, and nothing” ; of one's own will 出于自己的意愿。

4. He sent a rapid glance through the half-open door of the chamber, and, ascertaining that what I stated was apparently true, delivered the house of his luckless presence.

> 他急急地向卧房的半开的门里投去一瞥，证实了我所说的是真实的，这不吉利的人才离开了这所房子。

* that 是连词，在这里引导的是名词性从句。



名句大搜索

1. 她明白他的目的，在她心情较好时，就温和地听他摆布；只是时不时地压下一声疲倦的叹息，表示这些是没有用的，到最后就用最悲惨的微笑和亲吻来制止他。
2. 在一个冷静的旁观者看来，这两个人形成了一幅奇异而可怕的图画。凯瑟琳很有理由认为天堂对于她就是流放之地，除非她的精神也随同她的肉体一起抛开。
3. 当你得到安息的时候，我却要在地狱的折磨里受煎熬，这还不够使你那狠毒的自私心得到满足吗？
4. 钟还在响着；山谷里那涨满了的水溪传来的潺潺流水声非常悦耳。

5. 她的性子不过是她那时常变动的精神状态的风向标而已。

6. 他们沉默着——脸紧贴着，用彼此的眼泪冲洗着。

Chapter 6 The Girl Is Growing Up

第六章 少女初长成

中文导读

是夜，凯瑟琳在昏迷中生出一个小女孩后，便死去了，林惇和希刺克厉夫都陷入了深深的悲痛中不能自拔，希刺克厉夫整天守在陵园，为凯瑟琳守夜。

伊莎贝拉忍受不了丈夫的虐待，逃到了伦敦附近，在那儿生了一个儿子，取名林惇。几个月后，辛德雷死了，希刺克厉夫成为呼啸山庄的主人，他将辛德雷的儿子哈里顿培养成一个粗野无礼、没有教养的野小子。

十二年后，凯瑟琳长成一个美丽的少女，这天，她将自己打扮成一个阿拉伯商人前往彭尼斯托崖，却因迷失方向误入呼啸山庄，在这里认识了哈里顿，丁耐莉紧随着来到山庄。

凯瑟琳、辛德雷的死亡并未结束一切，从本章开始，下一代的恩怨情仇卷来一场更为密集、更为纠结的风暴。

Chapter 6

That Friday made the last of our fine days for a month. In the evening, the weather broke: the wind shifted from south to northeast, and brought rain first, and then sleet and snow. On the morrow^① one could hardly imagine that there had been three weeks of summer: the primroses and crocuses were hidden under wintry drifts^②; the larks were silent, the young leaves of the early trees smitten and blackened. And dreary, and chill, and dismal, that morrow did creep over! My master kept his room; I took possession of the lonely parlour, converting it into a nursery: and there I was, sitting with the moaning doll of a child laid on my knee; rocking it to and

fro, and watching, meanwhile, the still driving flakes build up the uncurtained window, when the door opened, and some person entered, out of breath and laughing! My anger was greater than my astonishment for a minute. I supposed it one of the maids, and I cried—

“Have done! How dare you show your giddiness here? What would Mr Linton say if he heard you?”

“Excuse me!” answered a familiar voice; “but I know Edgar is in bed, and I cannot stop myself.”

With that the speaker came forward to the fire, panting and holding her hand to her side.

“I have run the whole way from Wuthering Heights!” she continued, after a pause; “except where I’ve flown. I couldn’t count the number of falls I’ve had. Oh, I’m aching all over! Don’t be alarmed! There shall be an explanation as soon as I can give it; only just have the goodness to step out and order the carriage^③ to take me on to Gimmerton, and tell a servant to seek up a few clothes in my wardrobe.”

The intruder was Mrs Heathcliff. She certainly seemed in no laughing predicament: her hair streamed on her

① **morrow** ['mɒrəu]

n.

次日, 翌日, 明日 (CET6)

② **drift** [drift]

n.

漂移, 漂流; 趋势, 动向 (CET4)

③ **carriage** ['kærɪdʒ]

n.

四轮马车; 车辆; 车厢 (CET4)

shoulders, dripping with snow and water; she was dressed in the girlish dress she commonly wore, befitting her age more than her position: a low frock with short sleeves, and nothing on either head or neck. The frock was of light silk, and clung to her with wet, and her feet were protected merely by thin slippers; add to this a deep cut under one ear, which only the cold prevented from bleeding profusely, a white face scratched and bruised, and a frame hardly able to support itself, through fatigue; and you may fancy my first fright was not much allayed when I had had leisure to examine her.

“My dear young lady,” I exclaimed, “I’ll stir nowhere, and hear nothing, till you have removed every article of your clothes, and put on dry things; and certainly you shall not go to Gimmerton tonight, so it is needless to order the carriage.”

“Certainly, I shall,” she said; “walking or riding: yet I’ve no objection to dress myself decently. And—ah, see how it flows down my neck now! The fire does make it smart.”

She insisted on my fulfilling her directions, before she would let me touch her; and not till after the coachman had been instructed to get ready, and a maid set to pack up some necessary attire, did I obtain her consent^① for binding the wound and helping to change her garments.

“Now, Ellen,” she said, when my task was finished and she was seated in an easy chair on the hearth, with a cup of tea before her, you sit down opposite^② me, and

put poor Catherine's baby away: I don't like to see it! You Mustn't think I care little for Catherine, because I behaved so foolishly on entering: I've cried, too, bitterly—yes, more than anyone else has reason to cry. We parted unreconciled, you remember, and I shan't forgive myself. But, for all that, I was not going to sympathize with him—the brute^③ beast! Oh, give me the poker! This is the last thing of his I have about me.” She slipped the gold ring from her third finger, and threw it on the floor. “I'll smash it!” she continued, striking it with childish spite, “and then I'll burn it!” and she took and dropped the misused article^④ among the coals. “There! he shall buy another, if he gets me back again. He'd be capable of coming to seek me, to tease Edgar. I dare not stay, lest that notion should possess his wicked head! And besides, Edgar has not been kind, has he? And I won't come suing for his assistance; nor will I bring him into more trouble. Necessity compelled me to seek shelter here; though, if I had not learned he was out of the way, I'd have halted at the kitchen, washed my face, warmed myself, got you to bring what I wanted, and departed again to anywhere out of the reach of my accursed—of that incarnate goblin! Ah! he was in such

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|----------------------|--------------|----------------------|
| ① consent [kən'sent] | n. | 准许, 同意, 赞成(CET4) |
| ② opposite ['ɒpəzɪt] | prep. | 对面的; 相反的, 对立的(CET4) |
| ③ brute [bru:t] | adj. | 无理性的, 无思想的(CET6) |
| ④ article ['ɑ:tɪkl] | n. | 物品, 物件; 文章; 条款(CET4) |

a fury! If he had caught me! It's a pity Earnshaw is not his match in strength: I Wouldn't have run till I'd seen him all but demolished^①, had Hindley been able to do it!"

"Well, don't talk so fast, miss!" I interrupted; "you'll disorder the handkerchief^② I have tied round your face, and make the cut bleed again. Drink your tea, and take breath, and give over laughing: laughter is sadly out of place under this roof, and in your condition!"

"An undeniable truth," she replied. "Listen to that child! It maintains a constant wail—send it out of my hearing for an hour; I shan't stay any longer."

I rang the bell, and committed it to a servant's care; and then I inquired what had urged her to escape from Wuthering Heights in such an unlikely plight, and where she meant to go, as she refused remaining with us.

"I ought, and I wish to remain," answered she, "to cheer Edgar and take care of the baby, for two things, and because the Grange is my right home. But I Bell you he Wouldn't let me! Do you think he could bear to see me grow fat and merry; and could bear to think that we were tranquil, and not resolve on poisoning our comfort? Now, I have the satisfaction of being sure that he detests me, to the point of its annoying him seriously to have me within earshot or eyesight:

I notice, when I enter his presence, the muscles of his countenance are involuntarily distorted into an expression

of hatred; partly arising from his knowledge of the good causes I have to feel that sentiment^③ for him, and partly from original aversion. It is strong enough to make me feel pretty certain that he would not chase me over England, supposing I contrived a clear escape; and therefore I must get quite away. I've recovered from my first desire to be killed by him: I'd rather He'd kill himself! He has extinguished^④ my love effectually, and so I'm at my ease. I can recollect yet how I loved him; and can dimly imagine that I could still be loving him, if—no, no! Even if he had doted on me, the devilish nature would have revealed its existence somehow. Catherine had an awfully perverted taste to esteem him so dearly, knowing him so well. Monster! would that he could be blotted out of creation, and out of my memory!”

“Hush, hush! He's a human being,” I said. “Be more charitable: there are worse men than he is yet!”

“He's not a human being,” she retorted; “and he has no claim on my charity. I gave him my heart, and he took and pinched it to death, and flung it back to me. People feel

① **demolish** [di'mɒlɪʃ]

vt. 摧毁;推翻;拆毁(尤指大建筑物)(CET6)

② **handkerchief** ['hæŋkətʃɪf]

n. 手帕, 纸巾(CET4)

③ **sentiment** ['sentɪmənt]

n. 态度, 观点(CET6)

④ **extinguish** [ɪks'tɪŋgwɪʃ]

vt. 使熄灭, 扑灭; 使……不复存在(CET6)

with their hearts, Ellen: and since he has destroyed mine, I have not power to feel for him: and I would not, though he groaned from this to his dying day, and wept tears of blood for Catherine! No, indeed, indeed, I Wouldn't!" And here Isabella began to cry; but, immediately^① dashing the water from her lashes, she recommenced. "You asked, what has driven me to flight at last? I was compelled to attempt it, because I had succeeded in rousing his rage a pitch above his malignity. Pulling out the nerves with red-hot pincers requires more coolness than knocking on the head. He was worked up to forget the fiendish prudence he boasted of, and proceeded to murderous violence. I experienced pleasure in being able to exasperate him; the sense of pleasure woke my instinct of self-preservation, so I fairly broke free; and if ever I come into his hands again he is welcome to a signal revenge."

"Yesterday, you know, Mr Earnshaw should have been at the funeral. He kept himself sober for the purpose—tolerably sober: not going to bed mad at six o'clock and getting up drunk at twelve. Consequently he rose, in suicidal low spirits, as fit for the church as for a dance; and instead, he sat down by the fire and swallowed^② gin or brandy by tumblerfuls."

"Heathcliff—I shudder to name him! has been a stranger in the house from last Sunday till today. Whether the angels have fed him, or his kin beneath, I cannot tell; but he has not eaten a meal with us for nearly a week. He has

just come home at dawn, and gone upstairs to his chamber; locking himself in—as if anybody dreamt of coveting his company! There he has continued, praying like a Methodist: only the deity he implored in senseless dust and ashes^③; and God, when addressed, was curiously confounded with his own black father! After concluding these precious orisons—and they lasted generally till he grew hoarse and his voice was strangled in his throat—he would be off again; always straight down to the Grange! I wonder Edgar did not send for a constable, and give him into custody! For me, grieved as I was about Catherine, it was impossible to avoid regarding this season of deliverance from degrading oppression^④ as a holiday.”

“I recovered spirits sufficient to hear Joseph’s eternal lectures without weeping, and to move up and down the house less with the foot of a frightened thief than formerly. You Wouldn’t think that I should cry at anything Joseph could say; but he and Hareton are detestable companions. I’d rather sit with Hindley, and hear his awful talk, than with “the little maister’ and his staunch supporter, that odious old man!

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|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| ① immediately [i'mi:diətli] | adv. 立即,马上;直接地 (CET4) |
| ② swallow ['swɒləu] | vt. 吞,咽(CET6) |
| ③ ash [æʃ] | n. 灰;灰烬,废墟;骨灰 (CET4) |
| ④ oppression [ə'preʃən] | n. 压迫,压制;压抑,郁闷 (CET6) |

When Heathcliff is in, I'm often obliged to seek the kitchen and their society, or starve among the damp uninhabited chambers; when he is not, as was the case this week, I establish a table and chair at one corner of the house fire, and never mind how Mr Earnshaw may occupy himself; and he does not interfere with my arrangements."

He is quieter now than he used to be, if no one provokes him: more sullen and depressed, and less furious. Joseph affirms he's sure he's an altered man: that the Lord has touched his heart, and he is saved "so as by fire". I'm puzzled to detect^① signs of the favourable change: but it is not my business.

"Yester-evening I sat in my nook reading some old books till late on towards twelve. It seemed so dismal to go upstairs, with the wild snow blowing outside, and my thoughts continually reverting to the kirkyard and the new-made grave! I dared hardly lift my eyes from the page before me, that melancholy scene so instantly^② usurped its place. Hindley sat opposite, his head leant on his hand; perhaps meditating on the same subject. He had ceased drinking at a point below irrationality, and had neither stirred nor spoken during two or three hours. There was no sound through the house but the moaning wind, which shook the windows every now and then, the faint crackling of the coals, and the click of my snuffers as I removed at intervals the long wick

of the candle. Hareton and Joseph were probably fast asleep in bed. It was very, very sad: and while I read I sighed, for it seemed as if all joy had vanished from the world, never to be restored^③.”

“The doleful silence was broken at length by the sound of the kitchen latch: Heathcliff had returned from his watch earlier than usual; owing, I suppose, to the sudden storm. That entrance was fastened, and we heard him coming round to get in by the other. I rose with an irrepressible expression of what I felt on my lips, which induced my companion, who had been staring towards the door, to turn and look at me.”

“I’ll keep him out five minutes,” he exclaimed. “You won’t object?”

“No, you may keep him out the whole night for me,” I answered. “Do! put the key in the lock, and draw the bolts.”

“Earnshaw accomplished this ere his guest reached the front; he then came and brought his chair to the other side of my table, leaning over it, and searching in my eyes, a sympathy with the burning hate that gleamed from his: as he both looked and felt like an assassin, he couldn’t exactly find

① detect [di'tekt]

vt.

发现, 发觉, 查明(CET4)

② instantly ['instəntli:]

adv.

立刻, 立即; 马上 (CET6)

③ restore [ri'stɔ:]

vt.

归还; 交还; 使恢复 (CET4)

that; but he discovered enough to encourage^① him to speak.

“You and I” , he said, “have each a great debt to settle with the man out yonder! If we were neither of us cowards, we might combine to discharge it. Are you as soft as your brother? Are you willing to endure to the last, and not once attempt a repayment?”

“I’m weary of enduring now,” I replied; “and I’d be glad of a retaliation that Wouldn’t recoil on myself; but treachery and violence are spears pointed at both ends: they wound those who resort^② to them worse than their enemies.”

“Treachery and violence are a just return for treachery and violence!” cried Hindley. “Mrs Heathcliff, I’ll ask you to do nothing; but sit still and be dumb. Tell me now, can you? I’m sure you would have as much pleasure as I in witnessing the conclusion^③ of the fiend’s existence; he’ll be your death unless you overreach him; and he’ll be my ruin. Damn the hellish villain! He knocks at the door as if he were master here already! Promise to hold your tongue, and before that clock strikes—it wants three minutes of one—you’re a free woman!”

“He took the implements which I described to you in my letter from his breast, and would have turned down the candle. I snatched it away, however, and seized his arm.

“I’ll not hold my tongue!” I said; “you Mustn’t touch him. Let the door remain shut, and be quiet!”

“No! I’ve formed my resolution, and by God I’ll execute it!” cried the desperate being. “I’ll do you a kindness in spite of yourself, and Hareton justice! And you needn’t trouble your head to screen me; Catherine is gone. Nobody alive would regret me, or be ashamed, though I cut my throat this minute—and it’s time to make an end!”

“I might as well have struggled with a bear, or reasoned with a lunatic. The only resource left me was to run to a lattice and warn his intended victim of the fate which awaited him.

“You’d better seek shelter somewhere else tonight!” I exclaimed in a rather triumphant tone. “Mr Earnshaw has a mind to shoot you, if you persist in endeavouring^④ to enter.”

“You’d better open the door, you—” he answered, addressing me by some elegant term that I don’t care to repeat.

“I shall not meddle in the matter,” I retorted again. “Come in and get shot, if you please! I’ve done my duty.”

“With that I shut the window and returned to my place by the fire; having too small a stock of hypocrisy at my command^⑤ to pretend any anxiety for the danger that

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|----------------------------|-----|---------------------------|
| ① encourage [in'kʌrɪdʒ] | vt. | 鼓励, 激励 (CET4) |
| ② resort [ri'zɔ:t] | vt. | 求助于或诉诸某事物 (CET6) |
| ③ conclusion [kən'klu:ʒən] | n. | 结束, 结尾; 信念, 意见, 结论 (CET6) |
| ④ endeavour [in'devə] | v. | 尽力, 竭力 (CET4) |
| ⑤ command [kə'mɑ:nd] | n. | 命令; 指挥, 控制 (CET4) |

menaced him. Earnshaw swore passionately at me: affirming that I loved the villain yet; and calling me all sorts of names for the base spirit I evinced. And I, in my secret heart (and conscience never reproached me), thought what a blessing it would be for him should Heathcliff put him out of misery; and what a blessing for me should he send Heathcliff to his right abode! As I sat nursing these reflections^①, the casement behind me was banged on to the floor by a blow from the latter individual, and his black countenance liked blighting through. The stanchions stood too close to suffer his shoulders to follow, and I smiled, exulting in my fancied security. His hair and clothes were whitened with snow, and his sharp cannibal teeth, revealed by cold and wrath, gleamed through the dark.

“Isabella, let me in, or I’ll make you repent!” he “girmed” , as Joseph calls it.

“I cannot commit murder,” I replied. “Mr Hindley stands sentinel with a knife and loaded pistol.”

“Let me in by the kitchen door,” he said.

“Hindley will be there before you,” I answered: “and That’s a poor love of yours that cannot bear a shower of snow! We were left at peace on our beds as long as the summer moon shone, but the moment a blast of winter returns, you must run for shelter! Heathcliff, if I were you, I’d go stretch^② myself over her grave and die like a faithful

dog. The world is surely not worth living in now, is it? You had distinctly^③ impressed on me the idea that Catherine was the whole joy of your life: I Can't imagine how you think of surviving her loss."

"He's there, is he?" exclaimed my companion^④, rushing to the gap. "If I can get my arm out I can hit him!"

I'm afraid, Ellen, you'll set me down as really wicked; but you don't know all, so don't judge. I Wouldn't have aided or abetted an attempt on even his life for anything. Wish that he were dead, I must; and therefore I was fearfully disappointed, and unnerved by terror for the consequences of my taunting speech, when he flung himself on Earnshaw's weapon and wrenched it from his grasp.

"The charge, exploded, and the knife, in springing back, closed into its owners wrist. Heathcliff pulled it away by main force, slitting up the flesh as it passed on, and thrust it dripping into his pocket. He then took a stone, struck down the division between two windows, and sprang in. His adversary had fallen senseless with excessive pain and the flow of blood, that gushed from an artery or a large vein.

① reflection [ri'flekʃən]

n. 思考, 回忆, 沉思(CET6)

② stretch [stretʃ]

vt.&vi. 伸展;拉紧;延伸(CET4)

③ distinct [dis'tɪŋkt]

adv. 截然不同的,完全分开的(CET4)

④ companion [kəm'pænjən]

n. 同伴,伙伴(CET6)

The ruffian kicked and trampled on him, and dashed his head repeatedly against the flags, holding me with one hand, meantime, to prevent me summoning Joseph. He exerted preterhuman self-denial in abstaining from finishing him completely; but getting out of breath he finally desisted, and dragged the apparently inanimate body on to the settle. There he tore off the sleeve of Earnshaw's coat, and bound up the wound with brutal roughness; spitting and cursing during the operation as energetically as he had kicked before. Being at liberty, I lost no time in seeking the old servant; who, having gathered by degrees the purport of my hasty tale, hurried below, gasping, as he descended the steps two at once. "What is there to do, now? what is there to do, now?"

"There's this to do," thundered Heathcliff, "that your master's mad; and should he last another month, I'll have him to an asylum. And how the devil did you come to fasten me out, you toothless hound? Don't stand muttering and mumbling there. Come, I'm not going to nurse him. Wash that stuff^① away; and mind the sparks of your candle—it is more than half brandy!"

"And so, ye've been murthering on him?" exclaimed Joseph, lifting his hands and eyes in horror. "If iver I seed a seeght loike this! May the Lord—"

Heathcliff gave him a push on to his knees in the middle of the blood, and flung a towel to him; but instead

of proceeding to dry it up, he joined his hands and began a prayer, which excited my laughter from its odd phraseology. I was in the condition of mind to be shocked at nothing: in fact, I was as reckless as some malefactors show themselves at the foot of the gallows.

“Oh, I forgot you,” said the tyrant. “You shall do that. Down with you. And you conspire^② with him against me, do you, viper? There, that is work fit for you!”

He shook me till my teeth rattled, and pitched me beside Joseph, who steadily concluded his supplications and then rose, vowing he would set off for the Grange directly. Mr Linton was a magistrate, and though he had fifty wives dead, he should inquire into this. He was so obstinate in his resolution, that Heathcliff deemed it expedient to compel^③ from my lips a recapitulation of what had taken place; standing over me, heaving with malevolence, as I reluctantly delivered the account in answer to his questions. It required a great deal of labour to satisfy the old man that Heathcliff was not the aggressor; especially with my hardly wrung replies. However, Mr Earnshaw soon convinced him that he was alive still; Joseph hastened to administer a dose of spirits,

① stuff [stʌf]

n. 东西, 塞满某物(CET6)

② conspire [kən'spaɪə]

vi. 密谋, 搞阴谋; (事件等)巧合(CET6)

③ compel [kəm'pel]

vt. 强迫, 使不得不(CET4)

and by their succour his master presently regained motion and consciousness. Heathcliff, aware that his opponent was ignorant of the treatment received while insensible, called him deliriously intoxicated; and said he should not notice his atrocious conduct further, but advised him to get to bed. To my joy, he left us, after giving this judicious counsel, and Hindley stretched himself on the hearthstone. I departed to my own room, marvelling that I had escaped so easily.

“This morning, when I came down, about half an hour before noon, Mr Earnshaw was sitting by the fire, deadly sick; his evil genius, almost as gaunt and ghastly, leant against the chimney. Neither appeared inclined to dine, and, having waited till all was cold on the table, I commenced alone. Nothing hindered me from eating heartily, and I experienced a certain sense of satisfaction and superiority, as, at intervals, I cast a look towards my silent companions, and felt the comfort of a quiet conscience within me. After I had done, I ventured^① on the unusual liberty^② of drawing near the fire, going round Earnshaw’s seat, and kneeling in the corner beside him.

Heathcliff did not glance my way, and I gazed up, and contemplated his features almost as confidently as if they had been turned to stone. His forehead, that I once thought so manly, and that I now think so diabolical, was shaded with a heavy cloud; his basilisk eyes were nearly quenched by sleeplessness, and weeping, perhaps, for the lashes were wet

then; his lips devoid of their ferocious sneer, and sealed in an expression of unspeakable sadness. Had it been another, I would have covered my face in the presence of such grief. In his case, I was gratified; and, ignoble as it seems to insult^③ a fallen enemy, I couldn't miss this chance of sticking in a dart: his weakness was the only time when I could taste the delight of paying wrong for wrong.

“Fie, fie, miss!” I interrupted. “One might suppose you had never opened a Bible in your life. If God afflict your enemies, surely that ought to suffice you. It is both mean and presumptuous to add your torture to His!”

“In general I'll allow that it would be, Ellen,” she continued ; but what misery laid on Heathcliff could content me, unless I have a hand in it? I'd rather he suffered less, if I might cause his sufferings and he might know that I was the cause. O, I owe him so much. On only one condition can I hope to forgive him. It is, if I may take an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; for every wrench of agony return a wrench: reduce him to my level. As he was the first to injure, make him the first to implore^④ pardon; and then—why then, Ellen,

① venture ['ventʃə]

vt. 敢于, 冒险(CET6)

② liberty ['libəti]

n. 自由, 自主 (CET4)

③ insult [in'sʌlt]

vt. 侮辱, 冒犯 (CET6)

④ implore [im'plɔ:]

vt. 恳求或乞求某人(CET4)

I might show you some generosity. But it is utterly impossible I can ever be revenged, and therefore I cannot forgive him. Hindley wanted some water, and I handed him a glass, and asked him how he was.

“Not as ill as I wish,” he replied. “But leaving out my arm, every inch of me is as sore as if I had been fighting with a legion of imps!”

“Yes, no wonder,” was my next remark. “Catherine used to boast that she stood between you and bodily harm: she meant that certain persons would not hurt you for fear of offending her. It’s well people don’t really rise from their grave, or, last night, she might have witnessed a repulsive scene! Are not you bruised and cut over your chest and shoulders?”

“I Can’t say,” he answered: “but what do you mean? Did he dare to strike me when I was down?”

“He trampled on you and kicked you, and dashed you on the ground,” I whispered. “And his mouth watered to tear you with his teeth; because he’s only half a man—not so much.”

Mr Earnshaw looked up, like me, to the countenance of our mutual foe; who, absorbed in his anguish, seemed insensible^① to anything around him: the longer he stood, the plainer his reflections revealed their blackness through his features.

“Oh, if God would but give me strength to strangle him in my last agony, I’d go to hell with joy,” groaned the impatient^② man, writhing to rise, and sinking back in despair, convinced of his inadequacy for the struggle.

“Nay, it’s enough that he has murdered one of you,” I observed aloud. “At the Grange, everyone knows your sister would have been living now, had it not been for Mr Heathcliff. After all, it is preferable to be hated than loved by him. When I recollect how happy we were—how happy Catherine was before he came—I’m fit to curse^③ the day.”

Most likely, Heathcliff noticed more the truth of what was said, than the spirit of the person who said it. His attention was roused, I saw, for his eyes rained down tears among the ashes, and he drew his breath in suffocating sighs. I stared full at him, and laughed scornfully. The clouded windows of hell flashed a moment towards me; the fiend which usually looked out, however, was so dimmed^④ and drowned that I did not fear to hazard another sound of derision.

“Get up, and begone out of my sight,” said the mourner.

① insensible [in'sensəbl]

adj. 无知觉的,无感觉的 (CET6)

② impatient [im'peiʃənt]

adj. 不耐烦的,急躁的;热切的(CET4)

③ curse [kə:s]

vi.&vt. 诅咒;骂 (CET6)

④ dim [dim]

v. 暗淡的,昏暗的,不明亮的 (CET4)

I guessed he uttered those words, at least, though his voice was hardly intelligible.

“I beg your pardon,” I replied. “But I loved Catherine too; and her brother requires attendance, which, for her sake, I shall supply. Now that she’s dead, I see her in Hindley: Hindley has exactly her eyes, if you had not tried to gouge them out, and made them black and red; and her—”

“Get up, wretched idiot, before I stamp you to death!” he cried, making a movement that caused me to make one also.

“But then,” I continued, holding myself ready to flee; “if poor Catherine had trusted you, and assumed the ridiculous, contemptible, degrading title of Mrs Heathcliff, she would soon have presented a similar picture! She Wouldn’t have borne your abominable behaviour quietly: her detestation and disgust must have found voice.”

The back of the settle and Earnshaw’s person interposed between me and him: so instead of endeavouring to reach me, he snatched a dinner knife from the table and flung it at my head. It struck beneath my ear, and stopped the sentence I was uttering; but, pulling it out, I sprang to the door and delivered another; which I hope went a little deeper than his missile^①.

The last glimpse^② I caught of him was a furious rush on his part, checked by the embrace of his host; and both fell

locked together on the hearth. In my flight through the kitchen I bid Joseph speed to his master; I knocked over Hareton, who was hanging a litter of puppies from a chair back in the doorway; and, blest as a soul escaped from purgatory, I bounded, leaped, and flew down the steep^③ road; then, quitting its windings, shot direct across the moor, rolling over banks, and wading through marshes: precipitating myself, in fact, towards the beacon light of the Grange. And far rather would I be condemned to a perpetual dwelling in the infernal regions, than, even for one night, abide beneath the roof of Wuthering Heights again.”

Isabella ceased speaking, and took a drink of tea; then she rose, and bidding me put on her bonnet, and a great shawl I had brought, and turning a deaf ear to my entreaties for her to remain another hour, she stepped on to a chair, kissed Edgar's and Catherine's portraits^④, bestowed a similar salute on me, and descended to the carriage, accompanied by Fanny, who yelped wild with joy at recovering her mistress. She was driven away, never to revisit the neighbourhood: but a regular correspondence was established between her and my master when things were more settled. I believe her

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| ① missile ['misail] | n. | 导弹, 投射物(CET6) |
| ② glimpse [glimps] | n. | 瞥见, 一瞥, 一看(CET4) |
| ③ steep [sti:p] | vt. | 陡的, 急剧升降的 (CET6) |
| ④ portrait ['pɔ:trit] | n. | 肖像, 画像; 生动的描写 (CET6) |

new abode was in the south, near London; there she had a son born, a few months subsequent to her escape. He was christened Linton, and, from the first, she reported him to be an ailing, peevish creature.

Mr Heathcliff, meeting me one day in the village, inquired where she lived. I refused to tell. He remarked that it was not of any moment, only she must beware of coming to her brother: she should not be with him, if he had to keep her himself. Though I would give no information, he discovered, through some of the other servants, both her place of residence and the existence of the child. Still he didn't molest her: for which forbearance she might thank his aversion, I suppose. He often asked about the infant, when he saw me; and on hearing its name, smiled grimly, and observed:

“They wish me to hate it too, do they?”

“I don't think they wish you to know anything about it,” I answered.

“But I'll have it,” he said, “when I want it. They may reckon on that!”

Fortunately, its mother died before the time arrived; some thirteen years after the decease of Catherine, when Linton was twelve, or a little more.

On the day succeeding Isabella's unexpected visit, I had no opportunity of speaking to my master: he shunned conversation, and was fit for discussing nothing. When I

could get him to listen, I saw it pleased him that his sister had left her husband; whom he abhorred with an intensity which the mildness of his nature would scarcely^① seem to allow. So deep and sensitive was his aversion, that he refrained from going anywhere where he was likely to see or hear of Heathcliff. Grief, and that together, transformed him into a complete hermit: he threw up his office of magistrate, ceased even to attend church, avoided the village on all occasions, and spent a life of entire seclusion^② within the limits of his park and grounds; only varied by solitary rambles on the moors, and visits to the grave of his wife, mostly at evening, or early morning before other wanderers were abroad. But he was too good to be thoroughly unhappy long. He didn't pray for Catherine's soul to haunt him. Time brought resignation, and a melancholy sweeter than common joy. He recalled her memory with ardent, tender love, and hopeful aspiring to the better world; where he doubted not she was gone.

And he had earthly consolation^③ and affections also. For a few days, I said, he seemed regardless of the puny successor to the departed: the coldness melted as fast as snow in April, and ere the tiny thing could stammer a word or

① scarcely ['skeəsli]

adv. 仅仅;几乎不;决不 (CET4)

② seclusion [si'klu:ʒən]

n. 隔绝, 隔离, 隐居 (CET6)

③ consolation [kənsə'leiʃən]

n. 安慰, 慰问 (CET6)

totter a step, it wielded a despot's sceptre in his heart. It was named Catherine; but he never called it the name in full, as he had never called the first Catherine short; probably because Heathcliff had a habit of doing so.

The little one was always Cathy; it formed to him a distinction^① from the mother, and yet a connection with her; and his attachment sprang from its relation to her, far more than from its being his own.

I used to draw a comparison between him and Hindley Earnshaw, and perplex myself to explain satisfactorily why their conduct was so opposite in similar circumstances. They had both been fond husbands, and were both attached to their children; and I could not see how they shouldn't both have taken the same road, for good or evil. But, I thought in my mind, Hindley, with apparently^② the stronger head, has shown himself sadly the worse and the weaker man. When his ship struck, the captain abandoned his post; and the crew, instead of trying to save her, rushed into riot and confusion, leaving no hope for their luckless vessel. Linton, on the contrary, displayed the true courage of a loyal and faithful soul: he trusted God; and God comforted him. One hoped, and the other despaired: they chose their own lots, and were righteously doomed to endure^③ them. But you'll not want to hear my moralizing, Mr Lockwood: you'll judge as well as I can, all these things: at least, you'll think you will, and That's

the same. The end of Earnshaw was what might have been expected; it followed fast on his sister's: there was scarcely six months between them. We, at the Grange, never got a very succinct account of his state preceding it; all that I did learn, was on occasion of going to aid in the preparations for the funeral. Mr Kenneth came to announce the event to my master.

“Well, Nelly,” said he, riding into the yard one morning, too early not to alarm me with an instant presentiment of bad news, “it’s yours and my turn to go into mourning at present. Who’s given us the slip now, do you think?”

“Who?” I asked in a flurry.

“Why, guess!” he returned, dismounting, and slinging his bridle on a hook by the door. “And nip up the corner of your apron: I’m certain you’ll need it.”

“Not Mr Heathcliff, surely?” I exclaimed.

“What! would you have tears for him?” said the doctor. “No, Heathcliff’s a tough young fellow: he looks blooming today. I’ve just seen him. He’s rapidly regaining flesh since he lost his better half.”

“Who is it then, Mr Kenneth?” I repeated impatiently.

① distinction [dis'tɪŋkʃən]

n. 区别, 明显差别, 特征(CET4)

② apparently [ə'pærəntli]

adv. 显然地; 表面上, 似乎(CET6)

③ endure [in'djuə]

vt. & vi. (长时间地)忍受, 忍耐, 容忍(CET4)

“Hindley Earnshaw! Your old friend Hindley,” he replied, “and my wicked gossip: though he’s been too wild for me this long while. There! I said we should draw water. But cheer up. He died true to his character: drunk as a lord. Poor lad! I’m sorry, too. One Can’t help missing an old companion: though he had the worst tricks with him that ever man imagined, and has done me many a rascally turn. He’s barely twenty-seven, it seems; That’s your own age: who would have thought you were born in one year?”

I confess^① this blow was greater to me than the shock of Mrs Linton’s death: ancient associations^② lingered round my heart; I sat down in the porch and wept as for a blood relation, desiring Kenneth to get another servant to introduce him to the master. I could not hinder myself from pondering on the question— “Had he had fair play?” Whatever I did, that idea would bother me: it was so tiresomely pertinacious that I resolved on requesting leave to go to Wuthering Heights, and assist in the last duties to the dead. Mr Linton was extremely reluctant to consent, but I pleaded eloquently for the friendless condition in which he lay; and I said my old master and foster-brother had a claim on my services as strong as his own. Besides, I reminded him that the child Hareton was his wife’s nephew, and, in the absence of nearer kin, he ought to act as its guardian; and he ought to and must inquire how the property^③ was

left, and look over the concerns of his brother-in-law. He was unfit for attending to such matters then, but he bid me speak to his lawyer; and at length permitted me to go. His lawyer had been Earnshaw's also: I called at the village, and asked him to accompany me. He shook his head, and advised that Heathcliff should be let alone; affirming, if the truth were known, Hareton would be found little else than a beggar. "His father died in debt," he said; "the whole property is mortgaged, and the sole chance for the natural heir is to allow him an opportunity of creating some interest in the creditor's heart, that he may be inclined to deal leniently towards him."

When I reached the Heights, I explained that I had come to see everything carried on decently; and Joseph, who appeared in sufficient distress, expressed satisfaction at my presence. Mr Heathcliff said he did not perceive that I was wanted; but I might stay and order the arrangements for the funeral, if I chose.

"Correctly," he remarked, "that fool's body should be buried at the crossroads, without ceremony of any kind. I happened to leave him ten minutes yesterday afternoon,

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| ① confess [kən'fes] | vt. 承认, 供认(CET6) |
| ② association [əsəʊsi'eɪʃən] | n. 联想; 协会, 社团;
交往, 友情(CET6) |
| ③ property ['prɒpəti] | n. 财产; 资产; 所有物 (CET4) |

and in that interval^① he fastened the two doors of the house against me, and he has spent the night in drinking himself to death deliberately! We broke in this morning, for we heard him snorting like a horse; and there he was, laid over the settle; flaying and scalping would not have wakened him. I sent for Kenneth, and he came; but not till the beast had changed into carrion: he was both dead and cold, and stark; and so you'll allow it was useless making more stir about him!”

The old servant confirmed this statement^②, but muttered: “Aw'd rayther He'd goan hisselsn furt' doctor! Aw sud uh taen tent uh t' maister better nur him—un he warn't deead when Aw left, nowt uh t' soar!”

I insisted on the funeral being respectable. Mr Heathcliff said I might have my own way there too; only, he desired me to remember that the money for the whole affair came out of his pocket. He maintained a hard, careless deportment, indicative of neither joy nor sorrow; if anything, it expressed a flinty gratification at a piece of difficult work successfully executed. I observed once, indeed, something like exultation in his aspect: it was just when the people were bearing the coffin from the house. He had the hypocrisy^③ to represent a mourner: and previous to following with Hareton, he lifted the unfortunate child on to the table and muttered, with peculiar gusto, “Now, my bonny lad, you are mine! And we'll

see if one tree won't grow as crooked as another, with the same wind to twist it!" The unsuspecting thing was pleased at this speech: he played with Heathcliff's whiskers, and stroked his cheek; but I divined its meaning, and observed tartly, "That boy must go back with me to Thrushcross Grange, sir. There is nothing in the world less yours than he is!"

"Does Linton say so?" he demanded.

"Of course—he has ordered me to take him," I replied.

"Well," said the scoundrel, "we'll not argue the subject now: but I have a fancy to try my hand at rearing a young one; so intimate^④ to your master that I must supply the place of this with my own, if he attempt to remove it. I don't engage to let Hareton go undisputed; but I'll be pretty sure to make the other come! Remember to tell him."

This hint was enough to bind our hands. I repeated its substance^⑤ on my return; and Edgar Linton, little interested at the commencement, spoke no more of interfering I'm not

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| ① interval ['intəvəl] | n. 间隔时间；幕间休息 (CET4) |
| ② statement ['steitmənt] | n. 声明, 陈述；结算单, 报表 (CET6) |
| ③ hypocrisy [hi'pɒkrəsi] | n. 伪善, 虚伪 (CET6) |
| ④ intimate ['intɪmɪt] | adj. 亲密的, 密切的 (CET6) |
| ⑤ substance ['sʌbstəns] | n. 物质；主旨要旨；实质本体 (CET6) |

aware that he could have done it to any purpose, had he been ever so willing.

The guest was now the master of Wuthering Heights: he held firm possession, and proved to the attorney—who, in his turn, proved it to Mr Linton—that Earnshaw had mortgaged every yard of land he owned, for cash to supply his mania for gaming; and he, Heathcliff, was the mortgagee. In that manner Hareton, who should now be the first gentleman in the neighbourhood, was reduced to a state of complete dependence on his father's inveterate enemy; and lives in his own house as a servant, deprived of the advantage^① of wages, and quite unable to right himself, because of his friendlessness, and his ignorance that he has been wronged.

The twelve years, continued Mrs Dean, following that dismal period, were the happiest of my life: my greatest troubles in their passage rose from our little lady's trifling illnesses, which she had to experience in common with all children, rich and poor. For the rest, after the first six months, she grew like a larch, and could walk and talk too, in her own way, before the heath blossomed^② a second time over Mrs Linton's dust. She was the most winning thing that ever brought sunshine into a desolate house: a real beauty in face, with the Earnshaws' handsome dark eyes, but the Lintons' fair skin and small features, and yellow curling hair. Her spirit^③ was high, though not rough, and qualified by a heart sensitive

and lively to excess in its affections. That capacity for intense attachments reminded me of her mother: still she did not resemble her; for she could be soft and mild as a dove, and she had a gentle voice and pensive expression: her anger was never furious; her love never fierce^④: it was deep and tender. However, it must be acknowledged, she had faults to foil her gifts. A propensity to be saucy was one; and a perverse will, that indulged children invariably acquire, whether they be good-tempered or cross. If a servant chanced to vex her, it was always—“I shall tell papa!” And if he reproved her, even by a look, you would have thought it a heart-breaking business: I don’t believe he ever did speak a harsh word to her. He took her education entirely on himself, and made it an amusement. Fortunately, curiosity and a quick intellect urged her into an apt scholar: she learned rapidly and eagerly, and did honour to his teaching.

Till she reached the age of thirteen, she had not once been beyond the range of the park by herself. Mr Linton would take her with him a mile or so outside, on rare

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|---------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ① advantage [əd'vɑ:ntɪdʒ] | n. 有利条件, 有利因素, 优势 (CET4) |
| ② blossom ['blɒsəm] | n. (果树的) 花; 花丛, 花簇 (CET6) |
| ③ spirit ['spɪrɪt] | n. 精神, 心灵; 情绪, 心情 (CET4) |
| ④ fierce [fɪəs] | adj. 凶猛的, 凶狠的; 强烈的, 极度的 (CET6) |

occasions; but he trusted her to no one else. Gimmerton was an unsubstantial name in her ears; the chapel, the only building she had approached or entered, except her own home.

Wuthering Heights and Mr Heathcliff did not exist for her: she was a perfect recluse; and, apparently^①, perfectly contented. Sometimes, indeed, while surveying the country from her nursery window, she would observe:

“Ellen, how long will it be before I can walk to the top of those hills? I wonder what lies on the other side—is it the sea?”

“No, Miss Cathy,” I would answer; “it is hills again, just like these.”

“And what are those golden rocks like when you stand under them?” she once asked.

The abrupt descent of Penistone Crag particularly attracted her notice; especially when the setting sun shone on it and the topmost heights, and the whole extent of landscape^② besides lay in shadow. I explained that they were bare masses of stone, with hardly enough earth in their clefts to nourish a stunted tree.

“And why are they bright so long after it is evening here?” she pursued.

“Because they are a great deal higher up than we are,” replied I; “you could not climb them, they are too high and

steep. In winter the frost^③ is always there before it comes to us; and deep into summer I have found snow under that black hollow on the north-east side!”

“Oh, you have been on them!” she cried gleefully. “Then I can go, too, when I am a woman. Has papa been, Ellen?”

“Papa would tell you, miss,” I answered hastily, “that they are not worth the trouble of visiting. The moors, where you ramble with him, are much nicer; and Thrushcross Park is the finest place in the world.”

“But I know the park, and I don’t know those,” she murmured to herself. “And I should delight to look round me from the brow of that tallest point: my little pony Minny shall take me some time.” One of the maids mentioning^④ the Fairy Cave, quite turned her head with a desire to fulfil this project: she teased Mr Linton about it; and he promised she should have the journey when she got older. But Miss Catherine measured her age by months, and, “Now, am I old enough to go to Penistone Crag?” was the constant question in her mouth. The road thither wound close by Wuthering Heights. Edgar had not the heart to pass it; so she received as constantly the answer, Not yet, love: not yet.

① apparently [ə'pærəntli]

adv. 显然地, 表面上, 似乎(CET4)

② landscape ['lændskeip]

n. 风景, 景色(CET4)

③ frost [frɒst]

n. 霜; 霜冻, 严寒天气 (CET4)

④ mention ['menʃən]

vt. 提到, 说起(CET6)

I said Mrs Heathcliff lived above a dozen years after quitting her husband. Her family were of a delicate constitution: she and Edgar both lacked the ruddy health that you will generally meet in these parts. What her last illness was, I am not certain: I conjecture, they died of the same thing, a kind of fever, slow at its commencement, but incurable, and rapidly consuming life to wards the close. She wrote to inform her brother of the probable conclusion^① of a four months' indisposition under which she had suffered, and entreated him to come to her, if possible; for she had much to settle, and she wished to bid him adieu, and deliver Linton safely into his hands. Her hope was, that Linton might be left with him, as he had been with her: his father, she would fain convince^② herself, had no desire to assume the burden of his maintenance or education. My master hesitated not a moment in complying with her request: reluctant as he was to leave home at ordinary calls, he flew to answer this; commending Catherine to my peculiar vigilance, in his absence, with reiterated orders that she must not wander out of the park, even under my escort: he did not calculate on her going unaccompanied.

He was away three weeks. The first day or two, my charge sat in a corner of the library, too sad for either reading or playing: in that quiet state she caused me little trouble; but it was succeeded by an interval of impatient fretful weariness;

and being too busy, and too old then, to run up and down amusing her, I hit on a method by which she might entertain herself.

I used to send her on her travels round the grounds—now on foot, and now on a pony; indulging her with a patient audience^③ of all her real and imaginary adventures, when she returned.

The summer shone in full prime; and she took such a taste for this solitary rambling that she often contrived to remain out from breakfast till tea; and then the evenings were spent in recounting her fanciful tales. I did not fear her breaking bounds; because the gates were generally locked, and I thought she would scarcely^④ venture forth alone, if they had stood wide open. Unluckily, my confidence proved misplaced. Catherine came to me, one morning, at eight o'clock, and said she was that day an Arabian merchant, going to cross the desert with his caravan; and I must give her plenty of provision for herself and beasts: a horse, and three camels, personated by a large hound and a couple of pointers. I got together good store of dainties, and slung them

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| ① conclusion [kən'klu:ʒən] | n. 结束, 结尾; 信念, 意见(CET6) |
| ② convince [kən'vins] | vt. 使相信; 使明白(CET6) |
| ③ audience ['ɔ:djəns] | n. 观众, 听众, 读者(CET4) |
| ④ scarcely ['skeəsli] | adv. 仅仅, 几乎不(CET6) |

in a basket on one side of the saddle; and she sprang up as gay as a fairy, sheltered by her wide-brimmed hat and gauze veil from the July sun, and trotted off with a merry laugh, mocking my cautious counsel to avoid galloping, and come back early. The naughty thing never made her appearance at tea. One traveller, the hound, being an old dog and fond of its ease, returned; but neither Cathy, nor the pony, nor the two pointers were visible in any direction: I dispatched emissaries down this path, and that path, and at last went wandering in search of her myself. There was a labourer working at a fence^① round a plantation, on the borders of the grounds. I inquired of him if he had seen our young lady.

“I saw her at morn,” he replied; “she would have me to cut her a hazel switch, and then she leapt her Galloway over the hedge yonder, where it is lowest, and galloped out of sight.”

You may guess how I felt at hearing this news. It struck me directly she must have started for Penistone Crag. “What will become of her?” I ejaculated, pushing through a gap which the man was repairing, and making straight to the high road.

I walked as if for a wager, mile after mile, till a turn brought me in view of the Heights; but no Catherine could I detect^② far or near. The Crag lies about a mile and a half beyond Mr Heathcliff’s place, and that is four from the

Grange, so I began to fear night would fall ere I could reach them. “And what if she should have slipped in clambering among them?” I reflected, “and been killed, or broken some of her bones?” My suspense was truly painful; and, at first, it gave me delightful relief to observe, in hurrying by the farmhouse, Charlie, the fiercest of the pointers, lying under a window, with swelled head and bleeding ear. I opened the wicket and ran to the door, knocking vehemently for admittance. A woman whom I knew, and who formerly lived at Gimmerton, answered: she had been servant there since the death of Mr Earnshaw.

“Ah,” said she, “you are come a seeking your little mistress! don’t be frightened. She’s here safe: but I’m glad it isn’t the master.”

“He is not at home then, is he?” I panted, quite breathless with quick walking and alarm.

“No, no,” she replied: “both he and Joseph are off, and I think they won’t return this hour or more. Step in and rest you a bit.”

I entered, and beheld my stray lamb seated on the hearth, rocking herself in a little chair that had been her mother’s when a child. Her hat was hung against the wall, and

① fence [fens]

n.

栅栏, 篱笆, 围墙(CET4)

② detect [di'tekt]

vt.

发现, 发觉, 查明(CET6)

she seemed perfectly at home, laughing and chattering, in the best spirits imaginable, to Hareton—now a great, strong lad of eighteen—who stared at her with considerable curiosity and astonishment: comprehending precious little of the fluent succession of remarks and questions which her tongue never ceased pouring forth.

“Very well, miss!” I exclaimed, concealing^① my joy under an angry countenance. “This is your last ride, till papa comes back. I’ll not trust you over the threshold again, you naughty^②, naughty girl!” “Aha, Ellen!” she cried gaily, jumping up and running to my side. “I shall have a pretty story to tell tonight: and so you’ve found me out. Have you ever been here in your life before?”

“Put that hat on, and home at once,” said I. “I’m dreadfully grieved at you, Miss Cathy: you’ve done extremely^③ wrong. It’s no use pouting and crying: that won’t repay the trouble I’ve had, scouring the country after you. To think how Mr Linton charged me to keep you in; and you stealing off so! it shows you are a, cunning little fox, and nobody will put faith in you any more.

“What have I done?” sobbed she, instantly checked. “Papa charged me nothing: he’ll not scold me, Ellen—he’s never cross, like you!”

“Come, come!” I repeated. “I’ll tie the riband. Now, let us have no petulance. Oh, for shame! You thirteen years old,

and such a baby!”

This exclamation was caused by her pushing the hat from her head, and retreating to the chimney out of my reach.

“Nay,” said the servant, “don’t be hard on the bonny lass, Mrs Dean. We made her stop: sHe’d fain have ridden forwards, afeard you should be uneasy. But Hareton offered to go with her, and I thought he should: it’s a wild road over the hills.”

Hareton, during the discussion, stood with his hands in his pockets, too awkward to speak; though he looked as if he did not relish my intrusion.

“How long am I to wait?” I continued, disregarding the woman’s interference. “It will be dark in ten minutes. Where is the pony, Miss Cathy? And where is Phoenix? I shall leave you, unless you be quick; so please yourself.”

“The pony is in the yard,” she replied, “and Phoenix is shut in there. He’s bitten—and so is Charlie. I was going to tell you all about it; but you are in a bad temper, and don’t deserve^④ to hear.”

① conceal [kən'si:l]

vt. 隐藏, 隐瞒, 遮住(CET6)

② naughty ['nɔ:ti]

adj. 顽皮的; 不听话的(CET6)

③ extreme [iks'tri:m]

adj. 尽头的, 末端的; 极度的, 极端的(CET4)

④ deserve [di'zə:v]

vt. 应受, 应得, 值得(CET6)

I picked up her hat, and approached to reinstate it; but perceiving that the people of the house took her part, she commenced capering round the room; and on my giving chase^①, ran like a mouse over and under and behind the furniture, rendering it ridiculous for me to pursue. Hareton and the woman laughed, and she joined them, and waxed more impertinent still; till I cried, in great irritation:

Well, Miss Cathy, if you were aware whose house this is, You'd be glad enough to get out.

"It's your father's, isn't it?" said she, turning to Hareton. "Nay," he replied, looking down, and blushing bashfully.

He could not stand a steady gaze from her eyes, though they were just his own.

"Whose then—your master's?" she asked.

He coloured deeper, with a different feeling, muttered an oath, and turned away.

"Who is his master?" continued the tiresome girl, appealing to me. "He talked about 'our house', and 'our folk'. I thought he had been the owner's son. And he never said, Miss; he should have done, shouldn't he, if he's a servant?"

Hareton grew black as a thunder cloud, at this childish speech. I silently shook my questioner, and at last succeeded in equipping^② her for departure.

"Now, get my horse," she said, addressing her unknown

kinsman as she would one of the stable-boys at the Grange. “And you may come with me. I want to see where the goblin-hunter rises in the marsh^③, and to hear about the fairishes, as you call them: but make haste! What’s the matter? Get my horse.” I say.

“I’ll see thee damned before I be thy servant!” growled the lad.

“You’ll see me what?” asked Catherine in surprise. “Damned—thou saucy witch!” he replied.

There, Miss Cathy! you see you have got into pretty company, I interposed. “Nice words to be used to a young lady! Pray don’t begin to dispute with him. Come, let us seek for Minny ourselves, and begone.”

“But, Ellen,” cried she, staring, fixed in astonishment^④, “how dare he speak so to me? Mustn’t he be made to do as I ask him? You wicked creature, I shall tell papa what you said.—Now, then!”

Hareton did not appear to feel this threat; so the tears sprang into her eyes with indignation. “You bring the pony,” she exclaimed, turning to the woman, “and let my dog free this moment!”

① chase [tʃeɪs]

vt. 追捕, 追逐(CET6)

② equip [iˈkwɪp]

vt. 装备, 配备(CET4)

③ marsh [mɑːʃ]

n. 沼泽, 湿地(CET6)

④ astonishment [əˈstɒnɪʃmənt]

n. 惊讶, 惊奇(CET6)

“Softly, miss,” answered the addressed: “you’ll lose nothing by being civil. Though Mr Hareton, there, be not the master’s son, he’s your cousin; and I was never hired to serve you.”

“He my cousin!” cried Cathy, with a scornful laugh.

“Yes, indeed,” responded her reprover.

“Oh, Ellen! don’t let them say such things,” she pursued^①, in great trouble. “Papa is gone to fetch my cousin from London: my cousin is a gentleman’s son. That my” — she stopped, and wept outright; upset at the bare notion of relationship with such a clown.

“Hush, hush!” I whispered, “people can have many cousins, and of all sorts, Miss Cathy, without being any the worse for it; only they needn’t keep their company, if they be disagreeable and bad.”

“He’s not—he’s not my cousin, Ellen!” she went on, gathering^② fresh grief from reflection, and flinging herself into my arms for refuge from the idea.

I was much vexed at her and the servant for their mutual revelations; having no doubt of Linton’s approaching arrival, communicated by the former, being reported to Mr Heathcliff; and feeling as confident that Catherine’s first thought on her father’s return, would be to seek an explanation of the latter’s assertion concerning her rude-bred kindred. Hareton, recovering from his disgust at being taken

for a servant, seemed moved by her distress^③; and, having fetched the pony round to the door, he took, to propitiate her, a fine crooked-legged terrier whelp from the kennel, and putting it into her hand bid her wisht, for he meant nought. Pausing in her lamentations, she surveyed him with a glance^④ of awe and horror, then burst forth anew.

I could scarcely refrain from smiling at this antipathy to the poor fellow; who was a well-made, athletic youth, good-looking in features, and stout and healthy, but attired in garments befitting his daily occupations of working on the farm, and lounging among the moors after rabbits and game. Still, I thought I could detect in his physiognomy a mind owning better qualities than his father ever possessed. Good things lost amid a wilderness of weeds, to be sure, whose rankness far overtopped their neglected growth; yet, notwithstanding, evidence of a wealthy soil, that might yield luxuriant crops under other and favourable circumstances. Mr Heathcliff, I believe, had not treated him physically ill, thanks to his fearless nature, which offered no temptation to that course of oppression: it had none of the timid susceptibility that would have given zest to ill-treatment,

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| ① pursue [pə'sju:] | vt. 追捕, 追击; 追求 (CET6) |
| ② gathering ['gæðərɪŋ] | n. 聚集, 集会 (CET4) |
| ③ distress [dis'tres] | n. 悲痛, 痛苦; 贫困, 窘迫 (CET6) |
| ④ glance [gl:ns] | n. 一瞥 (CET4) |

in Heathcliff's judgment^①. He appeared to have bent his malevolence on making him a brute: he was never taught to read or write; never rebuked for any bad habit which did not annoy his keeper; never led a single step towards virtue, or guarded by a single precept against vice. And from what I heard, Joseph contributed much to his deterioration, by a narrow-minded partiality which prompted him to flatter and pet him, as a boy, because he was the head of the old family.

And as he had been in the habit of accusing^② Catherine Earnshaw and Heathcliff, when children, of putting the master past his patience, and compelling him to seek solace in drink by what he termed their "offalld ways", so at present he laid the whole burden of Hareton's faults on the shoulders of the usurper of his property. If the lad swore, he Wouldn't correct him: nor however culpably he behaved. It gave Joseph satisfaction, apparently, to watch him go the worst lengths: he allowed that he was ruined: that his soul was abandoned^③ to perdition; but then, he reflected that Heathcliff must answer for it. Hareton's blood would be required at his hands; and there lay immense consolation in that thought. Joseph had instilled into him a pride of name, and of his lineage; he would, had he dared, have fostered hate between him and the present owner of the Heights: but his dread of that owner amounted to superstition; and he confined his feelings regarding him to muttered innuendoes and private

comminations. I don't pretend to be intimately acquainted with the mode of living customary in those days at Wuthering Heights: I only speak from hearsay; for I saw little. The villagers affirmed Mr Heathcliff was near, and a cruel hard landlord to his tenants; but the house, inside, had regained its ancient aspect of comfort under female management, and the scenes of riot common in Hindley's time were not now enacted within its walls. The master was too gloomy to seek companionship with any people, good or bad; and he is yet.

This, however, is not making progress with my story. Miss Cathy rejected the peace offering of the terrier, and demanded^④ her own dogs, Charlie and Phoenix. They came limping, and hanging their heads; and we set out for home, sadly out of sorts, every one of us. I could not wring from my little lady how she had spent the day; except that, as I supposed, the goal of her pilgrimage was Penistone Crag; and she arrived without adventure to the gate of the farmhouse, when Hareton happened to issue forth, attended by some canine followers, who attacked her train. They had a smart battle, before their owners could separate them: that ormed an introduction. Catherine told Hareton who she was, and where she was going;

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| ① judgment ['dʒʌdʒmənt] | n. 判断 (CET4) |
| ② accuse [ə'kju:z] | vt. 指责, 谴责, 控告(CET6) |
| ③ abandon [ə'bændən] | vt. 离弃, 丢弃; 遗弃, 抛弃(CET6) |
| ④ demand [di'ma:nd] | vt. 要求, 需要; 查问(CET4) |

and asked him to show her the way: finally, beguiling him to accompany^① her. He opened the mysteries of the Fairy Cave, and twenty other queer places. But, being in disgrace, I was not favoured with a description of the interesting objects she saw. I could gather, however, that her guide had been a favourite till she hurt his feelings by addressing him as a servant; and Heathcliff's housekeeper hurt hers by calling him her cousin. Then the language he had held to her rankled in her heart; she who was always “love”, and “darling”, and “queen”, and “angel”, with everybody at the Grange, to be insulted so shockingly by a stranger! She did not comprehend it; and hard work I had to obtain a promise that she would not lay the grievance before her father. I explained how he objected to the whole household at the Heights, and how sorry he would be to find she had been there; but I insisted most on the fact, that if she revealed my negligence of his orders, he would perhaps be so angry, that I should have to leave; and Cathy couldn't bear that prospect^②: she pledged her word, and kept it, for my sake. After all, she was a sweet little girl.

① accompany [ə'kʌmpəni]

vt. 陪伴,陪同; 伴随……同时发生(CET4)

② prospect ['prɒspekt]

n. 景象,景色; 前景;前途(CET6)

佳句赏析

1. He was away three weeks. The first day or two, my charge sat in a corner of the library, too sad for either reading or playing: in that quiet state she caused me little trouble.

> 他走了有三个星期。头一两天我所负责照顾的小家伙坐在书房的一个角落里，难过得既不读书也不玩，在那样安静的情况中她并没给我添什么麻烦。

* either...or... 意为“或者……或者……；不是……就是……”之意。表示两者之一，连接句子中两个并列的成分。

2. One traveller, the hound, being an old dog and fond of its ease, returned; but neither Cathy, nor the pony, nor the two pointers were visible in any direction

> 不过其中有一个旅行者，就是那只大猎狗，那只喜欢舒服的老狗，倒回来了；可是不论是凯瑟琳、小马，或是那两只小猎狗都没有一点影子。

* neither...nor... 既不……也不…… 其含义是否定的，可连接任意两个并列的成分。

3. Hareton did not appear to feel this threat; so the tears sprang into her eyes with indignation.

> 看来哈里顿对于这威吓并不感觉什么；于是她气得眼泪都涌到眼睛里来了。

* appear to 解释为看来像是（看来似乎）。

4. Catherine told Hareton who she was, and where she was going; and asked him to show her the way: finally, beguiling him to accompany her.

> 凯瑟琳告诉哈里顿她是谁，她要到哪儿去；并且请他指给她走哪条路，最后诱惑他陪她去。

* who、where 作代词，分别表示谁、哪里，常常引导特殊疑问句。



名句大搜索

1. 盘尼斯吞岩的陡坡特别引起了她的注意；尤其是当落日照在岩石上和最高峰，而其余的整个风景都藏在阴影中的时候。
2. 好东西埋没在一片荒草中，当然野草蔓生以后，就盖过了它们的不被重视的成长；但是，尽管如此，既已证明是一块肥沃的土地，在其他有利的情况下，它就会有丰富的收成。
3. 主人过去是心情阴郁得无法和任何人来往的；不论是好人或坏人；他现在仍然如此。
4. 在那些年里我最大的烦恼也只是我们小姐生些无所谓的小毛病，这是她和所有的孩子，无论贫富，都得经历的。
5. 正是盛夏季节；她是那样地喜欢自己游荡，经常是在吃罢

早饭到吃茶这段时间想方设法在外面留连；到晚上就讲她的荒诞离奇的故事。

6. 她像个仙女似的快活得跳起来，她的宽边帽子和面纱遮着七月的太阳，她嘲笑着我要她谨慎小心，不要骑得太快和还要早些回来的劝告，就欢快地大笑着骑上马飞奔而去了。

Chapter 7 Phenom Express Love

第七章 飞鸿传情

中文导读

埃德加的归来带回了伊莎贝拉的死讯，同时带回了妹妹和希刺克厉夫的孩子小林惇，小凯瑟琳对这个小她半岁的新来客喜欢得不得了。不幸的是，希刺克厉夫很快得到了这一消息，向埃德加索要自己的儿子，在丁耐莉的陪同下，小林惇来到了呼啸山庄。

小凯瑟琳在无意中又一次来到呼啸山庄，情窦初开的小凯瑟琳和小林惇互生好感，偷偷通过频繁的书信来寄托情思，这一切被熟谙世事的丁耐莉识破，为了避免小凯瑟琳卷入上一代的恩怨中，她将所有的信件都付之一炬。

Chapter 7

We had sad work with little Cathy that day; she rose in high glee, eager to join her cousin, and such passionate tears and lamentations followed the news of his departure, that Edgar himself was obliged to soothe her, by affirming^① he should come back soon: he added, however, “if I can get him” ; and there were no hopes of that. This promise poorly pacified her: but time was more potent; and though still at intervals she inquired of her father when Linton would return, before she did see him again his features had waxed so dim in her memory that she did not recognize him.

When I chanced to encounter the housekeeper of Wuthering Heights in paying business visits to Gimmerton, I

used to ask how the young master got on; for he lived almost as secluded as Catherine herself, and was never to be seen. I could gather from her that he continued in weak health, and was a tiresome inmate. She said Mr Heathcliff seemed to dislike him ever longer and worse, though he took some trouble to conceal it: he had an antipathy to the sound of his voice, and could not do at all with his sitting in the same room with him many minutes together. There seldom passed much talk between them: Linton learnt his lessons and spent his evenings in a small apartment they called the parlour: or else lay in bed all day: for he was constantly getting coughs, and colds, and aches, and pains of some sort.

“And I never knew such a faint-hearted creature,” added the woman; “nor one so careful of hisselsn. He will go on, if I leave the window open a bit late in the evening. Oh! it’s killing! a breath of night air! And he must have a fire in the middle of summer; and Joseph’s bacca pipe is poison; and he must always have sweets and dainties, and always milk, milk for ever—heeding naught^② how the rest of us are pinched in winter; and there he’ll sit, wrapped in his furred cloak in his chair by the fire, some toast^③ and water or other slop on the

① **affirm** [ə'fɜ:m]

vt. vi.

断言, 证实(CET4)

② **naught** [nɔ:t]

n.

零(CET6)

③ **toast** [təʊst]

n.

烤面包, 吐司(CET6)

hob to sip at; and if Hareton, for pity, comes to amuse him—”

“Hareton is not bad-natured, though he’s rough—they’re sure to part, one swearing and the other crying. I believe the master would relish Earnshaw’s thrashing him to a mummy, if he were not his son; and I’m certain he would be fit to turn him out of doors, if he knew half the nursing he gives hisselsn. But then, he won’t go into danger of temptation: he never enters the parlour, and should Linton show those ways in the house where he is, he sends him upstairs directly.”

I divined, from this account, that utter lack of sympathy^① had rendered young Heathcliff selfish and disagreeable, if he were not so originally; and my interest in him, consequently, decayed: though still I was moved with a sense of grief at his lot, and a wish that he had been left with us. Mr Edgar encouraged me to gain information: he thought a great deal about him, I fancy^②, and would have run some risk to see him; and he told me once to ask the housekeeper whether he ever came into the village? She said he had only been twice, on horseback, accompanying his father, and both times he pretended to be quite knocked up for three or four days afterwards. The housekeeper left, if I recollect rightly, two years after he came; and another, whom I did not know, was her successor: she lives there still.

Time wore on at the Grange in its former pleasant way, till Miss Cathy reached sixteen. On the anniversary of her

birth we never manifested any signs of rejoicing, because it was also the anniversary of my late mistress's death. Her father invariably spent that day alone in the library; and walked, at dusk, as far as Gimmerton kirkyard, where he would frequently prolong^③ his stay beyond midnight. Therefore Catherine was thrown on her own resources for amusement. This both of March was a beautiful spring day, and when her father had retired, my young lady came down dressed for going out, and said she had asked to have a ramble on the edge of the moors with me; and Mr Linton had given her leave, if we went only a short distance and were back within the hour.

“So make haste, Ellen!” she cried. I know where I wish to go; where a colony of moor game are settled: I want to see whether they have made their nests yet.

“That must be a good distance^④ up,” I answered; they don't breed on the edge of the moor.

“No, it's not,” she said. “I've gone very near with papa.”

I put on my bonnet and sallied out, thinking nothing more of the matter. She bounded before me, and returned to

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| ① sympathy ['sɪmpəθi] | n. | 同情心, 同情(CET4) |
| ② fancy ['fænsi] | n. | 设想, 空想, 幻想; 想象力 (CET4) |
| ③ prolong [prə'ləŋ] | vt. | 延长, 拉长, 拖延(CET4) |
| ④ distance ['dɪstəns] | n. | 距离, 间距(CET4) |

my side, and was off again like a young greyhound; and, at first, I found plenty of entertainment in listening to the larks singing far and near, and enjoying the sweet, warm sunshine; and watching her, my pet, and my delight^①, with her golden ringlets flying loose behind, and her bright cheek, as soft and pure in its bloom as a wild rose, and her eyes radiant with cloudless pleasure. She was a happy creature, and an angel, in those days. It's a pity she could not be content.

“Well,” said I, “where are your moor game, Miss Cathy? We should be at them: the Grange park fence is a great way off now.”

“Oh, a little farther—only a little farther, Ellen,” was her answer continually. “Climb to that hillock, pass that bank, and by the time you reach the other side I shall have raised the birds.”

But there were so many hillocks and banks to climb and pass, that, at length, I began to be weary, and told her we must halt, and retrace our steps. I shouted to her, as she had outstripped me a long way; she either did not hear or did not regard, for she still sprang on, and I was compelled to follow. Finally, she dived into a hollow^②; and before I came in sight of her again, she was two miles nearer Wuthering Heights than her own home; and I beheld a couple of persons arrest her, one of whom I felt convinced was Mr Heathcliff himself.

Cathy had been caught in the fact of plundering, or, at

least, hunting out the nests of the grouse. The Heights were Heathcliff's land, and he was reproving the poacher.

"I've neither taken any nor found any," she said, as I toiled to them, expanding her hands in corroboration of the statement. "I didn't mean to take them; but papa told me there were quantities up here, and I wished to see the eggs."

Heathcliff glanced at me with an ill-meaning smile, expressing his acquaintance with the party, and, consequently, his malevolence towards it, and demanded who "papa" was?

"Mr Linton of Thrushcross Grange," she replied. "I thought you did not know me, or you Wouldn't have spoken in that way."

"You suppose papa is highly esteemed and respected then?" he said sarcastically.

"And what are you?" inquired Catherine, gazing curiously on the speaker. "That man I've seen before is he your son?"

She pointed to Hareton, the other individual, who had gained nothing but increased bulk and strength by the addition of two years to his age: he seemed as awkward and rough as ever.

"Miss Cathy," I interrupted, "it will be three hours

① **delight** [di'lait]

n.

快乐, 高兴(CET6)

② **hollow** ['hələu]

n.

小山谷城; 洞, 孔(CET6)

instead of one that we are out, presently. We really must go back.”

“No, that man is not my son,” answered Heathcliff, pushing me aside. But I have one, and you have seen him before too; and, though your nurse is in a hurry, I think both you and she would be the better for a little rest. Will you just turn this nab of heath, and walk into my house? You’ll get home earlier for the ease; and you shall receive a kind welcome.

I whispered Catherine that she Mustn’t, on any account^①, accede to the proposal: it was entirely^② out of the question.

“Why?” she asked, aloud. “I’m tired of running, and the ground is dewy: I Can’t sit here. Let us go, Ellen. Besides, he says I have seen his son. He’s mistaken^③, I think; but I guess where he lives: at the farmhouse I visited in coming from Penistone Crag. Don’t you?”

“I do. Come, Nelly, hold your tongue—it will be a treat for her to look in on us. Hareton, get forwards with the lass. You shall walk with me, Nelly.”

“No, she’s not going to any such place,” I cried, struggling to release my arm, which he had seized: but she was almost at the doorstones already, scampering round the brow at full speed. Her appointed companion did not pretend^④ to escort her: he shied off by the roadside, and vanished.

“Mr Heathcliff, it’s very wrong,” I continued: “you

know you mean no good. And there she'll see Linton, and all will be told as soon as ever we return; and I shall have the blame.

"I want her to see Linton," he answered; "he's looking better these few days: it's not often he's fit to be seen. And we'll soon persuade her to keep the visit secret: where is the harm of it?"

"The harm of it is, that her father would hate me if he found I suffered her to enter your house; and I am convinced you have a bad design in encouraging her to do so," I replied.

"My design is as honest as possible. I'll inform you of its whole scope," he said. "That the two cousins may fall in love, and get married. I'm acting generously to your master: his young chit has no expectations, and should she second my wishes, she'll be provided for at once as joint successor with Linton."

"If Linton died," I answered, "and his life is quite uncertain, Catherine would be the heir."

"No, she would not," he said. "There is no clause in the will to secure it so: his property would go to me; but, to prevent disputes, I desire their union, and am resolved to

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| ① account [ə'kaunt] | n. 帐, 账户; 记述, 描述(CET6) |
| ② entirely [en'taiəli] | adv. 全部地; 完整地; 完全地 (CET4) |
| ③ mistaken [mi'steikən] | adj. (人)弄错的; 理解错误的 (CET4) |
| ④ pretend [pri'tend] | vt.&vi. 假装, 伪装(CET4) |

bring it about.”

“And I’m resolved she shall never approach^① your house with me again,” I returned, as we reached the gate, where Miss Cathy waited our coming.

Heathcliff bid me be quiet; and, preceding us up the path, hastened to open the door. My young lady gave him several looks, as if she could not exactly make up her mind what to think of him; but now he smiled when he met her eye, and softened his voice in addressing her; and I was foolish enough to imagine the memory of her mother might disarm him from desiring her injury. Linton stood on the hearth. He had been out walking in the fields, for his cap was on, and he was calling to Joseph to bring him dry shoes. He had grown tall of his age, still wanting some months of sixteen. His features were pretty yet, and his eye and complexion brighter than I remembered them, though with merely temporary^② lustre borrowed from the salubrious air and genial sun.

“Now, who is that?” asked Mr Heathcliff, turning to Cathy. “Can you tell?”

“Your son?” she said, having doubtfully surveyed, first one and then the other.

“Yes, yes,” answered he: “but is this the only time you have beheld him? Think! Ah! you have a short memory. Linton, don’t you recall your cousin, that you used to tease^③ us so with wishing to see?”

“What, Linton!” cried Cathy, kindling into joyful surprise at the name. “Is that little Linton? He’s taller than I am! Are you, Linton?”

The youth stepped forward, and acknowledged himself: she kissed him fervently, and they gazed with wonder at the change time had wrought in the appearance of each. Catherine had reached her full height; her figure was both plump and slender, elastic as steel, and her whole aspect sparkling with health and spirits. Linton’s looks and movements were very languid, and his form extremely slight; but there was a grace in his manner that mitigated these defects, and rendered him not unpleasing. After exchanging numerous^④ marks of fondness with him, his cousin went to Mr Heathcliff, who lingered by the door, dividing his attention between the objects inside and those that lay without: pretending, that is, to observe the latter, and really noting the former alone.

“And you are my uncle, then!” she cried, reaching up to salute him. “I thought I liked you, though you were cross at first. Why don’t you visit at the Grange with Linton? To live

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| ① approach [ə'prəʊtʃ] | vt.&vi 接近, 走近, 靠近(CET4) |
| ② temporary ['tempərərɪ] | adj. 临时的, 暂时的, 短时间的(CET6) |
| ③ tease [ti:z] | vt.&vi 取笑, 戏弄(CET6) |
| ④ numerous ['nju:mərəs] | adj. 很多的, 许多的(CET4) |

all these years such close neighbours, and never see us, is odd: what have you done so for?”

“I visited it once or twice too often before you were born,” he answered. There—damn it! If you have any kisses to spare, give them to Linton: they are thrown away on me.

“Naughty Ellen!” exclaimed Catherine, flying to attack^① me next with her lavish caresses. “Wicked Ellen! to try to hinder me from entering. But I’ll take this walk every morning in future: may I, uncle? and sometimes bring papa. Won’t you be glad to see us?”

“Of course!” replied the uncle, with a hardly suppressed grimace, resulting from his deep aversion to both the proposed visitors. “But stay,” he continued, turning towards the young lady. “Now I think of it, I’d better tell you. Mr Linton has a prejudice^② against me: we quarrelled^③ at one time of our lives, with unchristian ferocity; and, if you mention coming here to him, he’ll put a veto on your visits altogether. Therefore, you must not mention it, unless you be careless of seeing your cousin hereafter: you may come, if you will, but you must not mention it.”

“Why did you quarrel?” asked Catherine, considerably crest-fallen.

“He thought me too poor to wed his sister,” answered Heathcliff, “and was grieved that I got her: his pride was hurt, and he’ll never forgive it.”

“That’s wrong!” said the young lady: “some time, I’ll tell him so. But Linton and I have no share in your quarrel. I’ll not come here, then; he shall come to the Grange.”

“It will be too far for me,” murmured her cousin: “to walk four miles would kill me. No, come here, Miss Catherine, now and then: not every morning, but once or twice a week.”

The father launched^④ towards his son a glance of bitter contempt.

“I am afraid, Nelly, I shall lose my labour,” he muttered to me. “Miss Catherine, as the ninny calls her, will discover his value, and send him to the devil. Now, if it had been Hareton!—Do you know that, twenty times a day, I covet Hareton, with all his degradation? I’d have loved the lad had he been someone else. But I think he’s safe from her love. I’ll pit him against that paltry creature, unless it bestir itself briskly. We calculate it will scarcely last till it is eighteen. Oh, confound the vapid thing! He’s absorbed in drying his feet, and never looks at her.—Linton!”

“Yes, father,” answered the boy.

“Have you nothing to show your cousin anywhere

① **attack** [ə'tæk]

vt. & vi. 攻击, 袭击; 抨击, 辱骂(CET4)

② **prejudice** ['predʒʊdis]

n. 成见, 偏见, 歧视(CET6)

③ **quarrel** ['kwɔrəl]

n. 争吵, 不和, 口角(CET4)

④ **launched** [lɔ:ntʃ]

vt. 使船下水, 发动, 发出, 发射(CET6)

about? not even a rabbit or a weasel's nest? Take her into the garden, before you change your shoes; and into the stable^① to see your horse.

"Wouldn't you rather sit here?" asked Linton, addressing Cathy in a tone which expressed reluctance to move again.

"I don't know," she replied, casting a longing look to the door, and evidently eager to be active.

He kept his seat, and shrank closer to the fire. Heathcliff rose, and went into the kitchen, and from thence to the yard, calling out for Hareton. Hareton responded, and presently the two reentered. The young man had been washing himself, as was visible^② by the glow on his cheeks and his wetted hair.

"Oh, I'll ask you, uncle," cried Miss Cathy, recollecting the housekeeper's assertion. "That is not my cousin, is he?"

"Yes," he replied, "your mother's nephew. Don't you like him?"

Catherine looked queer.

"Is he not a handsome lad?" he continued.

The uncivil little thing stood on tiptoe, and whispered a sentence in Heathcliff's ear. He laughed; Hareton darkened: I perceived he was very sensitive to suspected slights, and had obviously a dim notion of his inferiority^③. But his master or guardian chased the frown by exclaiming:

"You'll be the favourite among us, Hareton! She says

you are a—What was it? Well, something very flattering. Here! you go with her round the farm. And behave like a gentleman, mind! Don't use any bad words; and don't stare when the young lady is not looking at you, and be ready to hide your face when she is; and, when you speak, say your words slowly, and keep your hands out of your pockets. Be off, and entertain her as nicely as you can.

He watched the couple walking past the window. Earnshaw had his countenance completely averted from his companion. He seemed studying the familiar landscape with a stranger's and an artist's interest. Catherine took a sly look at him, expressing small admiration. She then turned her attention to seeking out objects of amusement for herself, and tripped merrily on, lilting a tune^④ to supply the lack of conversation.

"I've tied his tongue," observed Heathcliff. "He'll not venture a single syllable, all the time! Nelly, you recollect me at his age—nay, some years younger. Did I ever look so stupid, so 'gaumless', as Joseph calls it?"

"Worse," I replied, "because more sullen with it."

"I've a pleasure in him," he continued, reflecting aloud.

① **stable** ['steɪbl]

adj. 稳定的, 安定的; 沉稳的(CET4)

② **visible** ['vɪzəbl]

adj. 看得见的, 可见的, 有形的(CET4)

③ **inferiority** [ɪn,fɪəri'ɔːrɪti]

n. 下等, 次级; 自卑情绪, 自卑感(CET6)

④ **tune** [tju:n]

n. 曲调, 曲子(CET4)

“He has satisfied my expectations. If he were a born fool I should not enjoy it half so much. But he’s no fool; and I can sympathize^① with all his feelings, having felt them myself. I know what he suffers now, for instance, exactly: it is merely a beginning of what he shall suffer, though.

And he’ll never be able to emerge from his bathos of coarseness and ignorance. I’ve got him faster than his scoundrel of a father secured^② me, and lower; for he takes a pride in his brutishness. I’ve taught him to scorn everything extra-animal as silly and weak. Don’t you think Hindley would be proud of his son, if he could see him? almost as proud as I am of mine. But there’s this difference; one is gold put to the use of paving-stones, and the other is tin polished to ape a service of silver. Mine has nothing valuable about it; yet I shall have the merit of making it go as far as such poor stuff can go. His had first-rate qualities, and they are lost: rendered worse than unavailing. I have nothing to regret; he would have more than any but I am aware of. And the best of it is, Hareton is damnably fond of me! You’ll own that I’ve outmatched Hindley there. If the dead villain could rise from his grave to abuse me for his offspring’s wrongs, I should have the fun of seeing the said offspring^③ fight him back again, indignant that he should dare to rail at the one friend he has in the world!”

Heathcliff chuckled a fiendish laugh at the idea. I made no reply, because I saw that he expected none. Meantime,

our young companion, who sat too removed from us to hear what was said, began to evince symptoms of uneasiness, probably repenting that he had denied himself the treat of Catherine's society for fear of a little fatigue. His father remarked the restless glances wandering to the window, and the hand irresolutely extended towards his cap^④.

"Get up, you idle boy!" he exclaimed, with assumed heartiness. "Away after them! they are just at the corner, by the stand of hives."

Linton gathered his energies, and left the hearth. The lattice was open, and, as he stepped out, I heard Cathy inquiring of her unsociable attendant, what was that inscription over the door? Hareton stared up, and scratched his head like a true clown.

"It's some damnable writing," he answered. "I cannot read it."

"Can't read it?" cried Catherine; "I can read it: it's English. But I want to know why it is there."

Linton giggled: the first appearance^⑤ of mirth he had

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| ① sympathize ['sɪmpəθaɪz] | n. | 同情, 支持 (CET6) |
| ② secure [si'kjʊə] | vt. | 牢固的, 可靠的; 有把握的 (CET4) |
| ③ offspring ['ɒfsprɪŋ] | n. | 子女, 子孙, 后代 (CET6) |
| ④ cap [kæp] | n. | 便帽; 帽子 (CET4) |
| ⑤ appearance [ə'piərəns] | n. | 出现, 显露, 露面 (CET4) |

exhibited^①.

“He does not know his letters,” he said to his cousin.
“Could you believe in the existence of such a colossal dunce?”

“Is he all as he should be?” asked Miss Cathy seriously;
“or is he simple: not right? I’ve questioned him twice now,
and each time he looked so stupid I think he does not
understand me. I can hardly understand him, I’m sure!”

Linton repeated his laugh, and glanced at Hareton
tauntingly; who certainly did not seem quite clear of
comprehension at that moment.

“There’s nothing the matter but laziness; is there,
Earnshaw?” he said. “My cousin fancies you are an idiot^②.
There you experience the consequence of scorning ‘book-
larning’, as you would say. Have you noticed, Catherine, his
frightful Yorkshire pronunciation?”

“Why, where the devil is the use on’t?” growled
Hareton, more ready in answering his daily companion. He
was about to enlarge further, but the two youngsters broke
into a noisy fit of merriment; my giddy miss being delighted
to discover that she might turn his strange talk to matter of
amusement.

“Where is the use of the devil in that sentence?” tittered
Linton. “Papa told you not to say any bad words, and you
Can’t open your mouth without one. Do try to behave like a
gentleman, now do!”

“If thou weren’t more a lass than a lad, I’d fell thee this minute, I would; pitiful lath of a crater!” retorted the angry boor, retreating, while his face burnt with mingled rage and mortification; for he was conscious of being insulted, and embarrassed how to resent it. Mr Heathcliff having overheard the conversation, as well as I, smiled when he saw him go; but immediately^③ afterwards cast a look of singular aversion on the flippant pair, who remained chattering in the doorway: the boy finding animation enough while discussing Hareton’s faults and deficiencies, and relating anecdotes of his goings-on; and the girl relishing his pert and spiteful sayings, without considering the ill nature they evinced: but I began to dislike, more than to compassionate Linton, and to excuse his father, in some measure, for holding him cheap.

We stayed till afternoon: I could not tear Miss Cathy away, before; but happily my master had not quitted his apartment, and remained ignorant^④ of our prolonged absence. As we walked home, I would fain have enlightened my charge on the characters of the people we had quitted; but she got it into her head that I was prejudiced against them.

“Aha!” she cried, “you take papa’s side, Ellen: you are

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| ① exhibited [ig'zibit] | vt.&vi | 陈列, 展览; 显示, 显出(CET4) |
| ② idiot ['idiət] | n. | 傻子, 笨蛋(CET6) |
| ③ immediately [I'mi:diətli] | adv. | 立即, 马上; 直接地(CET4) |
| ④ ignorant ['ignərənt] | adj. | 无知的, 愚昧的(CET6) |

partial, I know; or else you Wouldn't have cheated me so many years into the notion that Linton lived a long way from here. I'm really extremely angry; only I'm so pleased I can't show it! But you must hold your tongue about my uncle: he's my uncle, remember; and I'll scold^① papa for quarrelling with him.

And so she ran on, till I dropped endeavouring to convince her of her mistake. She did not mention the visit that night, because she did not see Mr Linton. Next day it all came out, sadly to my chagrin; and still I was not altogether sorry: I thought the burden of directing and warning would be more efficiently borne by him than me. But he was too timid in giving satisfactory reasons for his wish that she should shun connection with the household of the Heights, and Catherine liked good reasons for every restraint that harassed her petted will. "Papa!" she exclaimed, after the morning's salutations, "guess whom I saw yesterday, in my walk on the moors. Ah, papa, you started! you've not done right, have you, now? I saw—But listen, and you shall hear how I found you out; and Ellen, who is in league with you, and yet pretended to pity me so, when I kept hoping, and was always disappointed about Linton's coming back!"

She gave a faithful^② account of her excursion^③ and its consequences; and my master, though he cast more than one reproachful look at me, said nothing till she had concluded.

Then he drew her to him, and asked if she knew why he had concealed Linton's near neighbourhood from her. Could she think it was to deny her a pleasure that she might harmlessly enjoy?

“It was because you disliked Mr Heathcliff,” she answered.

“Then you believe I care more for my own feelings than yours, Cathy?” he said. “No, it was not because I disliked Mr Heathcliff, but because Mr Heathcliff dislikes me; and is a most diabolical man, delighting to wrong and ruin those he hates, if they give him the slightest opportunity. I knew that you could not keep up an acquaintance with your cousin, without being brought into contact with him; and I knew he would detest you on my account; so for your own good, and nothing else, I took precautions that you should not see Linton again. I meant to explain this some time as you grew older, and I'm sorry I delayed^④ it.”

“But Mr Heathcliff was quite cordial, papa,” observed Catherine, not at all convinced; “and he didn't object to our seeing each other: he said I might come to his house when I

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|--------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ① scold [skəuld] | vt.&vi. 责骂, 斥责(CET6) |
| ② faithful ['feɪθfʊl] | adj. 忠实的, 守信的; 可靠地, 忠贞的(CET6) |
| ③ excursion [ɪks'kɜːʃən] | n. 远足, 短途旅行(CET6) |
| ④ delay [di'lei] | n. 耽搁, 延误(CET4) |

pleased; only I must not tell you, because you had quarrelled with him, and would not forgive him for marrying aunt Isabella. And you won't. You are the one to be blamed: he is willing to let us be friends, at least; Linton and I; and you are not. My master, perceiving that she would not take his word for her uncle-in-law's evil disposition, gave a hasty sketch^① of his conduct to Isabella, and the manner in which Wuthering Heights became his property. He could not bear to discourse long upon the topic; for though he spoke little of it, he still felt the same horror and detestation of his ancient enemy that had occupied his heart ever since Mrs Linton's death. "She might have been living yet, if it had not been for him!" was his constant bitter reflection; and, in his eyes, Heathcliff seemed a murderer. Miss Cathy—conversant with no bad deeds except her own slight acts of disobedience, injustice, and passion, rising from hot temper and thoughtlessness, and repented of on the day they were committed—was amazed at the blackness of spirit that could brood on and cover revenge for years, and deliberately prosecute its plans without a visitation of remorse. She appeared so deeply impressed and shocked at this new view of human nature—excluded from all her studies and all her ideas till now—that Mr Edgar deemed it unnecessary to pursue the subject. He merely added:

"You will know hereafter, darling, why I wish you to avoid his house and family; now return to your old employments and

amusements, and think no more about them.”

Catherine kissed her father and sat down quietly to her lessons for a couple of hours, according to custom; then she accompanied^② him into the grounds, and the whole day passed as usual: but in the evening, when she had retired to her room, and I went to help her to undress, I found her crying, on her knees by the bedside.

“Oh, fie, silly child!” I exclaimed. “If you had any real griefs, You’d be ashamed to waste a tear on this little contrariety. You never had one shadow of substantial sorrow, Miss Catherine. Suppose, for a minute, that master and I were dead, and you were by yourself in the world: how would you feel then? Compare the present occasion with such an affliction^③ as that, and be thankful for the friends you have, instead of coveting more.”

“I’m not crying for myself, Ellen,” she answered, “it’s for him. He expected to see me again tomorrow, and there he’ll be so disappointed: and he’ll wait for me, and I shan’t come!”

“Nonsense,” said I, “do you imagine he has thought

① sketch [sketʃ]

n.

草图, 素描, 速写(CET6)

② accompany [ə'kʌmpəni]

vt.

陪伴, 陪同(CET6)

③ affliction [ə'flikʃən]

n.

苦恼, 折磨; 灾难, 祸害,
不幸的事 (CET6)

as much of you as you have of him? Hasn't he Hareton for a companion? Not one in a hundred would weep at losing a relation^① they had just seen twice, for two afternoons. Linton will conjecture how it is, and trouble himself no further about you."

"But may I not write a note to tell him why I cannot come?" she asked, rising to her feet. "And just send those books I promised to lend him? His books are not as nice as mine, and he wanted to have them extremely, when I told him how interesting they were. May I not, Ellen?"

"No, indeed! no, indeed!" replied I, with decision. "Then he would write to you, and there'd never be an end of it. No, Miss Catherine, the acquaintance must be dropped entirely: so papa expects, and I shall see that it is done."

"But how can one little note—" she recommenced, putting on an imploring^② countenance.

"Silence!" I interrupted. "We'll not begin with your little notes. Get into bed."

She threw at me a very naughty look, so naughty^③ that I would not kiss her good night at first: I covered her up, and shut her door, in great displeasure; but, repenting half way, I returned softly, and lo! there was miss standing at the table with a bit of blank paper before her and a pencil in her hand, which she guiltily slipped out of sight, on my entrance.

"You'll get nobody to take that, Catherine," I said, "if

you write it; and at present I shall put out your candle.” I set the extinguisher on the flame^④, receiving as I did so a slap on my hand, and petulant “Cross thing!” I then quitted her again, and she drew the bolt in one of her worst, most peevish humours.

The letter was finished and forwarded to its destination by a milk-fetcher who came from the village: but that I didn't learn till some time afterwards. Weeks passed on, and Cathy recovered her temper; though she grew wondrous fond of stealing off to corners by herself; and often, if I came near her suddenly while reading, she would start and bend over the book, evidently desirous to hide it; and I detected edges of loose paper sticking out beyond the leaves. She also got a trick of coming down early in the morning and lingering about the kitchen, as if she were expecting the arrival of something: and she had a small drawer in a cabinet in the library, which she would trifle over for hours, and whose key she took special care to remove when she left it. One day, as she inspected this drawer, I observed that the playthings, and trinkets which recently formed its contents, were transmuted into bits of folded paper. My curiosity and suspicions were aroused; I

① relation [ri'leiʃən]

n.

关系, 联系, 交往(CET4)

② implore [im'plɔ:]

vt.

恳求或乞求(某人)(CET6)

③ naughty ['nɔ:ti]

adj.

顽皮的, 不听话的(CET6)

④ flame [fleim]

n.

火焰, 火舌(CET4)

determined to take a peep at her mysterious^① treasures; so, at night, as soon as she and my master were safe upstairs, I searched and readily found among my house keys one that would fit the lock. Having opened, I emptied the whole contents into my apron, and took them with me to examine at leisure in my own chamber. Though I could not but suspect, I was still surprised to discover that they were a mass of correspondence—daily almost, it must have been—from Linton Heathcliff: answers to documents forwarded by her. The earlier dated were embarrassed^② and short; gradually, however, they expanded into copious love letters, foolish, as the age of the writer rendered natural, yet with touches here and there which I thought were borrowed from a more experienced source. Some of them struck me as singularly odd compounds of ardour and flatness; commencing in strong feeling, and concluding in the affected, wordy way that a schoolboy might use to a fancied, incorporeal sweetheart. Whether they satisfied Cathy, I don't know; but they appeared very worthless trash to me. After turning over as many as I thought proper, I tied them in a handkerchief and set them aside, relocking the vacant drawer.

Following her habit, my young lady descended early, and visited the kitchen: I watched her go to the door, on the arrival of a certain little boy; and, while the dairymaid filled his can, she tucked something into his jacket pocket,

and plucked something out. I went round by the garden, and laid wait for the messenger; who fought valorously to defend his trust, and we spilt the milk between us; but I succeeded in abstracting^③ the epistle; and, threatening serious consequences if he did not look sharp home, I remained under the wall and perused Miss Cathy's affectionate composition. It was more simple and more eloquent than her cousin's; very pretty and very silly. I shook my head, and went meditating into the house. The day being wet, she could not divert herself with rambling about the park; so, at the conclusion of her morning studies, she resorted to the solace of the drawer. Her father sat reading at the table; and I, on purpose, had sought a bit of work in some unripped fringes of the window curtain, keeping my eye steadily fixed on her proceedings. Never did any bird flying back to a plundered^④ nest which it had left brimful of chirping young ones, express more complete despair in its anguished cries and flutterings, than she by her single "Oh!" and the change that transfigured her late happy countenance. Mr Linton looked up.

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|----------------------------|--------|----------------------------|
| ① mysterious [mi'stiəriəs] | adj. | 神秘的, 难以理解的(CET4) |
| ② embarrassed [im'bærəst] | adj. | 局促不安的, 为难的, 尴尬的, 窘迫的(CET4) |
| ③ abstract ['æbstrækt] | adj. | 抽象的, 抽象派的(CET4) |
| ④ plunder ['plʌndə] | vt.&vi | 掠夺, 抢劫(CET6) |

“What is the matter, love? Have you hurt yourself?” he said.

His tone and look assured her he had not been the discoverer^① of the hoard.

“No, papa!” she gasped. “Ellen! Ellen! come upstairs—I’m sick!”

I obeyed her summons, and accompanied her out.

“Oh, Ellen! you have got them,” she commenced immediately, dropping on her knees, when we were enclosed alone. “Oh, give them to me, and I’ll never, never do so again! Don’t tell papa. You have not told papa, Ellen? say you have not? I’ve been exceedingly^② naughty, but I won’t do it any more!”

With a grave severity in my manner, I bid her stand up.

“So,” I exclaimed, “Miss Catherine, you are tolerably far on, it seems: you may well be ashamed of them! A fine bundle of trash you study in your leisure hours, to be sure: why, it’s good enough to be printed! And what do you suppose the master will think when I display it before him? I haven’t shown it yet, but you needn’t imagine I shall keep your ridiculous secrets. For shame! and you must have led the way in writing such absurdities: he would not have thought of beginning, I’m certain.”

“I didn’t! I didn’t!” sobbed Cathy fit to break her heart. “I didn’t once think of loving him till—”

“Loving!” cried I, as scornfully as I could utter the word. “Loving! Did anybody ever hear the like! I might just as well talk of loving the miller who comes once a year to buy our corn. Pretty loving, indeed! and both times together you have seen Linton hardly four hours in your life! Now here is the babyish trash. I’m going with it to the library; and we’ll see what your father says to such loving.”

She sprang at her precious epistles, but I held them above my head; and then she poured out further frantic entreaties that I would burn them—do anything rather than show them. And being really fully as inclined to laugh as scold—for I esteemed it all girlish vanity—I at length relented in a measure, and asked:

“If I consent to burn them, will you promise faithfully neither to send nor receive a letter again, nor a book (for I perceive you have sent him books), nor locks of hair, nor rings, nor playthings?”

“We don’t send playthings!” cried Catherine, her pride overcoming her shame^③.

“Nor anything at all, then, my lady,” I said. “Unless you will, here I go.”

① discoverer [dis'kʌvə]

n. 发现者 (CET4)

② exceedingly [ik'si:diŋli]

adv. 非常, 极其, 过分地 (CET4)

③ shame [ʃeɪm]

n. 羞愧, 羞耻, 惭愧 (CET4)

“I promise, Ellen!” she cried, catching my dress. “Oh, put them in the fire, do, do!”

But when I proceeded to open a place with the poker, the sacrifice was too painful to be borne. She earnestly supplicated that I would spare her one or two.

“One or two, Ellen, to keep for Linton’s sake!”

I unknotted the handkerchief, and commenced dropping them in from an angle, and the flame curled up the chimney^①.

“I will have one, you cruel wretch!” she screamed, darting her hand into the fire, and drawing forth some half consumed^② fragments, at the expense of her fingers.

“Very well—and I will have some to exhibit to papa!” I answered, shaking back the rest into the bundle, and turning anew to the door.

She emptied her blackened pieces into the flames, and motioned me to finish the immolation. It was done; I stirred up the ashes, and interred them under a shovelful of coals; and she mutely, and with a sense of intense injury, retired to her private apartment^③. I descended to tell my master that the young lady’s qualm of sickness was almost gone, but I judged it best for her to lie down a while. She Wouldn’t dine; but she reappeared at tea, pale, and red about the eyes, and marvellously subdued in outward aspect.

Next morning I answered the letter by a slip of paper,

inscribed, “Master Heathcliff is requested to send no more notes to Miss Linton, as she will not receive them.” And, thenceforth, the little boy came with vacant pockets.



① chimney ['tʃimni]

n.

烟囱, 烟筒(CET4)

② consumed [kən'sju:m]

adj.

消耗的(CET4)

③ apartment [ə'pɑ:tmənt]

n.

一套房间, 一户(CET6)

佳句赏析

1. On the anniversary of her birth we never manifested any signs of rejoicing, because it was also the anniversary of my late mistress's death.

> 她生日的那天，我们从来不露出任何欢乐的表示，因为这天也是我那已故的女主人的逝世纪念日。

* Because 因为，用于引导一个名词从句，相当于 that 或 the fact that 原因是……

2. His features were pretty yet, and his eye and complexion brighter than I remembered them, though with merely temporary¹ lustre borrowed from the salubrious air and genial sun.

> 他的相貌挺好看的，眼睛和气色也比我所记得的有精神些，虽然那仅仅是从有益健康的空气与和煦的阳光中借来的暂时的 光辉。

* 比较级与 than 连用，用于两者之间的比较。

3. If he were a born fool I should not enjoy it half so much. But he's no fool; and I can sympathize with all his feelings, having felt them myself.

> 如果他天生是个傻子，我就连一半乐趣也享受不到。

可是他不是傻子；我能够同情他所有的感受，因为我自己也感受过。

* if 引导虚拟语气从句, sympathize with...同情……

4. She sprang at her precious epistles, but I held them above my head; and then she poured out further frantic entreaties that I would burn them—do anything rather than show them.

> 她跳起来抢她的宝贝信，可是我把它高举在头顶上；然后她说出许多狂热的恳求，恳求我烧掉它们——随便怎么处置也比公开它们好。

* Rather than 是一个并列连词，用法比较复杂，表示是……而不是……，与其……不如……，它连接的并列成分可以是名词、代词、形容词、介词、动名词、不定式等等。



名句大搜索

1. 就是要这两个表亲相爱并结婚。我对你的主人是已经很慷慨了！他这年轻的小闺女并没有什么指望，要是她能促成我的愿望，跟林惇一同作了继承人，马上就有了依靠。
2. 要是哈里顿的话——别看哈里顿已被贬低，我一天倒有二十回羡慕他呢！这孩子如果是别人我都会爱上他了。不过我想他是得不到她的爱情的。
3. 任何鸟儿飞回它那先前离开时还充满着啾啾鸣叫的小雏，后来却被抢劫一空的巢里时，所发出的悲鸣与骚动，都比不上那一声简单的“啊！”
4. 真是个幸福的小东西，在那些日子里，她也是个天使。可惜她是不会知足的。
5. 凯瑟琳已经长得够高了；她的身材又丰满又苗条，像钢丝一样地有弹性，整个容貌由于健康而精神焕发。
6. 希刺克厉夫一想到这里就格格地发出一种魔鬼似的笑声。

Chapter 8 Hedgehog Fall In Love With Rose

第八章 刺猬爱上玫瑰

中文导读

焚信事件后，小凯瑟琳一直闷闷不乐，丁耐莉妥协了，决定让这对小情人相会，小林惇任性自私，体弱多病，小凯瑟琳虽然跟他多有摩擦，但还是对他悉心照顾。

由此开始，小凯瑟琳和小林惇总是偷偷约会，尽管每次见面都会争吵，仿佛是刺猬和玫瑰的爱情，不能靠近却又欲罢不能。

Chapter 8

Summer drew to an end, and early autumn: it was past Michaelmas, but the harvest was late that year, and a few of our fields were still uncleared. Mr Linton and his daughter would frequently walk out among the reapers; at the carrying of the last sheaves, they stayed till dusk, and the evening happening to be chill and damp, my master caught a bad cold, that settling obstinately^① on his lungs, confined him indoors throughout the whole of the winter, nearly without intermission^②.

Poor Cathy, frightened from her little romance^③, had been considerably sadder and duller since its abandonment;

and her father insisted on her reading less, and taking more exercise. She had his companionship no longer; I esteemed it a duty to supply its lack, as much as possible, with mine: an inefficient substitute; for I could only spare two or three hours, from my numerous diurnal occupations, to follow her footsteps, and then my society was obviously less desirable than his.

On an afternoon in October, or the beginning of November—a fresh watery afternoon, when the turf and paths were rustling with moist, withered leaves, and the cold, blue sky was half hidden by clouds—dark grey streamers, rapidly mounting from the west, and boding abundant rain—I requested my young lady to forego her ramble, because I was certain of showers. She refused; and I unwillingly donned a cloak, and took my umbrella to accompany her on a stroll to the bottom of the park; a formal walk which she generally affected if low-spirited—and that she invariably was when Mr Edgar had been worse than ordinary, a thing never known from his confession, but guessed both by her and me, from his increased silence and the melancholy of his countenance.

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|------------------------------------|-------------|-------------------------------|
| ① obstinately ['əbstənɪtli] | adv. | 固执地, 顽固地, 倔强地(CET6) |
| ② intermission [ɪntə'mɪʃən] | n. | 间歇, 停顿;(放映电影中)
中间休息 (CET6) |
| ③ romance [rəʊ'mæns] | n. | 浪漫史, 风流韵事 (CET4) |

She went sadly on: there was no running or bounding now, though the chill wind might well have tempted her to a race. And often, from the side of my eye, I could detect her raising a hand, and brushing something off her cheek. I gazed round for a means of diverting her thoughts. On one side of the road rose a high, rough bank, where hazels and stunted oaks, with their roots half exposed, held uncertain tenure: the soil was too loose for the latter; and strong winds had blown some nearly horizontal. In summer, Miss Catherine delighted to climb along these trunks, and sit in the branches, swinging twenty feet above the ground; and I, pleased with her agility and her light, childish heart, still considered it proper to scold every time I caught her at such an elevation^①, but so that she knew there was no necessity for descending. From dinner to tea she would lie in her breeze-rocked cradle, doing nothing except singing old songs—my nursery lore—to herself, or watching the birds, joint tenants, feed and entice their young ones to fly: or nestling with closed lids, half thinking, half dreaming, happier than words can express.

“Look, miss!” I exclaimed, pointing to a nook under the roots of one twisted tree. “Winter is not here yet. There’s a little flower up yonder, the last bud from the multitude of bluebells that clouded those turf steps in July with a lilac mist. Will you clamber^② up, and pluck it to show to papa?”

Cathy stared a long time at the lonely blossom trembling

in its earthy shelter, and replied, at length:

“No, I’ll not touch it: but it looks melancholy, does it not, Ellen?”

“Yes,” I observed, “about as starved and sackless as you: your cheeks are bloodless; let us take hold of hands and run. You’re so low, I dare say I shall keep up with you.”

“No,” she repeated, and continued sauntering on, pausing, at intervals, to muse over a bit of moss, or a tuft of blanched grass, or a fungus spreading its bright orange among the heaps of brown foliage; and, ever and anon, her hand was lifted to her averted^③ face.

“Catherine, why are you crying, love?” I asked, approaching and putting my arm over her shoulder. “You mustn’t cry because papa has a cold; be thankful it is nothing worse.”

She now put no further restraint on her tears; her breath was stifled by sobs.

“Oh, it will be something worse,” she said. “And what shall I do when papa and you leave me, and I am by myself? I can’t forget your words, Ellen; they are always in my ear. How life will be changed, how dreary the world will be, when

① elevation [ˌeləˈveɪʃən]

n.

提升, 提高, 晋级 (CET6)

② clamber [ˈklæmbə]

vi.

(吃力地)攀登, 攀爬 (CET4)

③ avert [əˈvɜ:t]

vt.

防止, 避免; 转移 (CET6)

papa and you are dead.”

“None can tell, whether you won’t die before us,” I replied. “It’s wrong to anticipate evil. We’ll hope there are years and years to come before any of us go: master is young, and I am strong, and hardly forty-five. My mother lived till eighty, a canty dame to the last. And suppose Mr Linton were spared till he saw sixty, that would be more years than you have counted, miss. And would it not be foolish to mourn a calamity above twenty years beforehand?”

“But Aunt Isabella was younger than papa,” she remarked, gazing up with timid hope to seek further consolation.

“Aunt Isabella had not you and me to nurse her,” I replied. “She wasn’t as happy as master: she hadn’t as much to live for. All you need do, is to wait well on your father, and cheer him by letting him see you cheerful; and avoid giving him anxiety on any subject: mind that, Cathy! I’ll not disguise but you might kill him, if you were wild and reckless, and cherished a foolish, fanciful affection for the son of a person who would be glad to have him in his grave; and allowed him to discover that you fretted over the separation he had judged it expedient^① to make.”

“I fret about nothing on earth except papa’s illness,” answered my companion. “I care for nothing in comparison^② with papa. And I’ll never—never—oh, never, while I have

my senses, do an act or say a word to vex him. I love him better than myself, Ellen; and I know it by this: I pray every night that I may live after him; because I would rather be miserable^③ than that he should be: that proves I love him better than myself.”

“Good words,” I replied. “But deeds must prove it also; and after he is well, remember you don’t forget resolutions formed in the hour of fear.”

As we talked, we neared a door that opened on the road; and my young lady, lightening into sunshine again, climbed up and seated herself on the top of the wall, reaching over to gather some hips that bloomed scarlet on the summit branches of the wild rose trees, shadowing the highway side: the lower fruit had disappeared, but only birds could touch the upper, except from Cathy’s present station. In stretching to pull them, her hat fell off; and as the door was locked, she proposed scrambling down to recover it. I bid her be cautious lest she got a fall, and she nimbly disappeared. But the return was no such easy matter: the stones were smooth and neatly cemented, and the rose-bushes and blackberry stragglers could yield no assistance in re-ascending. I, like a fool, didn’t

① expedient [ik'spi:di:ənt]

n. 应急有效的, 权宜之计的 (CET6)

② comparison [kəm'pærisən]

n. 比较, 对照; 类似, 相似 (CET6)

③ miserable ['mizərəbl]

adj. 悲惨的, 不幸的, 可怜的 (CET6)

recollect that, till I heard her laughing and exclaiming:

“Ellen, you’ll have to fetch the key, or else I must run round to the porter’s lodge. I can’t scale the ramparts on this side!”

“Stay where you are,” I answered, “I have my bundle^① of keys in my pocket: perhaps I may manage to open it; if not I’ll go.”

Catherine amused herself with dancing to and fro before the door, while I tried all the large keys in succession. I had applied the last, and found that none would do; so, repeating my desire^② that she would remain there, I was about to hurry home as fast as I could, when an approaching sound arrested me. It was the trot of a horse; Cathy’s dance stopped, and in a minute the horse stopped also.

“Who is that?” I whispered.

“Ellen, I wish you could open the door,” whispered back my companion anxiously.

“Ho, Miss Linton!” cried a deep voice (the rider’s), “I’m glad to meet you. Don’t be in haste to enter, for I have an explanation^③ to ask and obtain.”

“I shan’t speak to you, Mr Heathcliff,” answered Catherine. “Papa says you are a wicked man, and you hate both him and me; and Ellen says the same.”

“That is nothing to the purpose,” said Heathcliff. (He it was.) “I don’t hate my son, I suppose; and it is concerning

him that I demand your attention. Yes; you have cause to blush. Two or three months since, were you not in the habit of writing to Linton? making love in play, eh? You deserved, both of you, flogging for that! You especially, the elder; and less sensitive, as it turns out. I've got your letters, and if you give me any pertness I'll send them to your father. I presume you grew weary of the amusement and dropped it, didn't you? Well, you dropped Linton with it into a slough of despond. He was in earnest: in love, really. As true as I live, he's dying for you; breaking his heart at your fickleness: not figuratively, but actually. Though Hareton has made him a standing jest for six weeks, and I have used more serious measures, and attempted to frighten him out of his idiotcy, he gets worse daily; and he'll be under the sod before summer, unless you restore him!"

"How can you lie so glaringly to the poor child?" I called from the inside. "Pray ride on! How can you deliberately get up such paltry falsehoods? Miss Cathy, I'll knock the lock off with a stone: you won't believe that vile nonsense. You can feel in yourself, it is impossible that a person should die for love of a stranger."

① **bundle** ['bʌndl]

n. 捆, 包, 束(CET4)

② **desire** [di'zaɪə]

n. 希望, 渴望; 要求, 请求(CET4)

③ **explanation** [ˌeksplə'neiʃən]

n. 解释, 说明(CET4)

“I was not aware there were eavesdroppers,” muttered the detected villain. “Worthy Mrs Dean, I like you, but I don’t like your double-dealing,” he added aloud. “How could you lie so glaringly, as to affirm^① I hated the “poor child” ? and invent^② bugbear stories to terrify her from my doorstones? Catherine Linton (the very name warms me), my bonnie lass, I shall be from home all this week; go and see if I have not spoken truth: do, there’s a darling!

Just imagine your father in my place, and Linton in yours; then think how you would value your careless lover if he refused to stir a step to comfort you, when your father himself entreated him; and don’t, from pure stupidity, fall into the same error. I swear, on my salvation, he’s going to his grave, and none but you can save him!”

The lock gave way and I issued out.

“I swear Linton is dying,” repeated Heathcliff, looking hard at me. “And grief and disappointment are hastening his death. Nelly, if you won’t let her go, you can walk over yourself. But I shall not return till this time next week; and I think your master himself would scarcely object to her visiting her cousin!”

“Come in,” said I, taking Cathy by the arm and half-forcing her to re-enter; for she lingered, viewing with troubled eyes the features of the speaker, too stern to express his inward deceit.

He pushed his horse close, and, bending down, observed:

“Miss Catherine, I’ll owe to you that I have little patience with Linton; and Hareton and Joseph have less. I’ll own that he’s with a harsh set. He pines for kindness, as well as love; and a kind word from you would be his best medicine. Don’t mind Mrs Dean’s cruel cautions; but be generous, and contrive to see him. He dreams of you day and night, and cannot be persuaded that you don’t hate him, since you neither write nor call.”

I closed the door, and rolled a stone to assist the loosened lock in holding it; and spreading my umbrella^③, I drew my charge underneath: for the rain began to drive through the moaning^④ branches of the trees, and warned us to avoid delay^⑤. Our hurry prevented any comment on the encounter with Heathcliff, as we stretched towards home; but I divined instinctively that Catherine’s heart was clouded now in double darkness. Her features were so sad, they did not seem hers: she evidently regarded what she had heard as every

① affirm [ə'fɜ:m]

vt.&vi

断言,证实(CET4)

② invent [in'vent]

vt.

发明;创造;编造 (CET4)

③ umbrella [ʌm'brelə]

n.

伞(CET4)

④ moan [məʊn]

v.

呻吟声;抱怨(CET6)

⑤ delay [di'lei]

n.

耽搁,延迟 (CET4)

syllable true.

The master had retired to rest before we came in. Cathy stole to his room to inquire how he was; he had fallen asleep. She returned, and asked me to sit with her in the library. We took our tea together; and afterwards she lay down on the rug, and told me not to talk, for she was weary. I got a book, and pretended to read. As soon as she supposed me absorbed in my occupation, she recommenced her silent weeping: it appeared, at present, her favourite diversion. I suffered her to enjoy it a while; then I expostulated: deriding and ridiculing all Mr Heathcliff's assertions about his son, as if I were certain she would coincide. Alas! I hadn't skill to counteract^① the effect his account had produced: it was just what he intended.

"You may be right, Ellen," she answered; "but I shall never feel at ease till I know. And I must tell Linton it is not my fault that I don't write, and convince him that I shall not change."

What use were anger and protestations against her silly credulity? We parted that night—hostile; but next day beheld me on the road to Wuthering Heights, by the side of my wilful young mistress's pony. I couldn't bear to witness her sorrow^②: to see her pale dejected countenance, and heavy eyes; and I yielded, in the faint hope that Linton himself might prove, by his reception of us, how little of the tale was founded on fact.

The rainy night had ushered in a misty morning—half frost, half drizzle and temporary brooks crossed our path—gurgling from the uplands. My feet were thoroughly wetted; I was cross and low; exactly the humour suited for making the most of these disagreeable things. We entered the farmhouse by the kitchen way, to ascertain whether Mr Heathcliff were really absent; because I put slight faith^③ in his own affirmation.

Joseph seemed sitting in a sort of elysium alone, beside a roaring fire; a quart of ale on the table near him, bristling with large pieces of toasted oatcake; and his black, short pipe in his mouth. Catherine ran to the hearth to warm herself. I asked if the master was in? My question remained so long unanswered, that I thought the old man had grown deaf, and repeated it louder. “Na-ay!” he snarled, or rather screamed through his nose. “Na-ay! yah muh goa back whear yah coom frough.”

“Joseph!” cried a peevish voice, simultaneously with me, from the inner room. “How often am I to call you? There are only a few red ashes now. Joseph! come this moment.

Vigorous puffs, and a resolute^④ stare into the grate

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|-----------------------------|------|----------------------------|
| ① counteract ['kauntə'rækt] | vt. | 对抗, 抵消(CET6) |
| ② sorrow ['sɔ:rəu] | n. | 悲痛, 悲伤;
不幸的事; 忧患 (CET6) |
| ③ faith [feiθ] | n. | 信任; 信仰; 信心;
宗教信仰 (CET6) |
| ④ resolute ['reza'lʊ:t] | adj. | 坚决的, 刚毅的(CET6) |

declared he had no ear for this appeal. The housekeeper and Hareton were invisible; one gone on an errand, and the other at his work, probably. We knew Linton's tones, and entered.

"Oh, I hope you'll die in a garret! starved^① to death," said the boy, mistaking our approach for that of his negligent attendant.

He stopped, on observing his error; his cousin flew to him.

"Is that you, Miss Linton?" he said, raising his head from the arm of the great chair, in which he reclined. "No—don't kiss me: it takes my breath. Dear me! Papa said you would call," continued he, after recovering a little from Catherine's embrace; while she stood by liking very contrite. "Will you shut the door, if you please? you left it open; and those—those detestable creatures won't bring coals to the fire. It's so cold!"

I stirred up the cinders, and fetched a scuttleful myself. The invalid complained of being covered with ashes; but he had a tiresome cough, and looked feverish and ill, so I did not rebuke^② his temper.

"Well, Linton," murmured Catherine, when his corrugated brow relaxed. "Are you glad to see me? Can I do you any good?"

"Why didn't you come before?" he asked. "You should have come, instead of writing. It tired me dreadfully, writing those long letters. I'd far rather have talked to you. Now, I

can neither bear to talk, nor anything else. I wonder where Zillah is! Will you (looking at me) step into the kitchen and see?"

I had received no thanks for my other service; and being unwilling to run out to and fro at his behest, I replied:

"Nobody is out there but Joseph."

"I want to drink," he exclaimed fretfully, turning away. "Zillah is constantly gadding off to Gimmerton since papa went: it's miserable! And I'm obliged to come down here—they resolved never to hear me upstairs."

"Is your father attentive to you, Master Heathcliff?" I asked, perceiving Catherine to be checked in her friendly advances.

"Attentive? He makes them a little more attentive at least," he cried. "The wretches! Do you know, Miss Linton, that brute Hareton laughs at me! I hate him! indeed, I hate them all: they are odious beings."

Cathy began searching for some water; she lighted on a pitcher in the dresser, filled a tumbler, and brought it. He bid her add a spoonful of wine from a bottle on the table; and having swallowed a small portion^③, appeared more tranquil,

① **starve** [stɑ:v]

vt. & vi.

(使)挨饿, 饥饿 (CET4)

② **rebuke** [ri'bjʊ:k]

vt.

责难或指责 (CET6)

③ **portion** ['pɔ:ʃən]

n.

一部分, 一份 (CET4)

and said she was very kind.

“And are you glad to see me?” asked she, reiterating her former question, and pleased to detect the faint dawn of a smile.

“Yes, I am. It’s something new to hear a voice like yours!” he replied. “But I have been vexed, because you Wouldn’t come. And papa swore it was owing to me: he called me a pitiful, shuffling, worthless thing; and said you despised^① me; and if he had been in my place, he would be more the master of the Grange than your father, by this time. But you don’t despise me, do you, Miss—”

“I wish you would say Catherine, or Cathy,” interrupted my young lady. “Despise you? No! Next to papa and Ellen, I love you better than anybody living. I don’t love Mr Heathcliff, though; and I dare not come when he returns; will he stay away many days?”

“Not many,” answered Linton; “but he goes on to the moors frequently, since the shooting season commenced; and you might spend an hour or two with me in his absence. Do say you will. I think I should not be peevish with you: You’d not provoke me, and You’d always be ready to help me, Wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” said Catherine, stroking his long soft hair; “if I could only get papa’s consent, I’d spend half my time with you. Pretty Linton! I wish you were my brother.”

“And then you would like me as well as your father?” observed he, more cheerfully. “But papa says you would love me better than him and all the world, if you were my wife; so I’d rather you were that.”

“No, I should never love anybody better than papa,” she returned gravely. “And people hate their wives, sometimes; but not their sisters and brothers: and if you were the latter you would live with us, and papa would be as fond of you as he is of me.” Linton denied that people ever hated their wives; but Cathy affirmed they did, and, in her wisdom, instanced his own father’s aversion to her aunt. I endeavoured to stop her thoughtless tongue. I couldn’t succeed till everything she knew was out. Master Heathcliff, much irritated, asserted her relation was false.

“Papa told me; and papa does not tell falsehoods,” she answered pertly.

“Ny papa scorns yours!” cried Linton. “He calls him a sneaking fool!”

“Yours is a wicked man,” retorted Catherine, “and you are very naughty to dare to repeat what he says. He must be wicked to have made Aunt Isabella leave him as she did!”

“She didn’t leave him,” said the boy; “you shan’t

① despise [dis'paiz]

vt. 鄙视,看不起某人(某事)(CET6)

contradict^① me!”

“She did!” cried my young lady.

“Well, I’ll tell you something!” said Linton. “Your mother hated your father: now then.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Catherine, too enraged^② to continue^③.

“And she loved mine!” added he.

“You little liar! I hate you now,” she panted, and her face grew red with passion.

“She did! she did!” sang Linton, sinking into the recess of his chair, and leaning back his head to enjoy the agitation^④ of the other disputant, who stood behind.

“Hush, Master Heathcliff!” I said; “That’s your father’s tale, too, I suppose.”

“It isn’t: you hold your tongue!” he answered. “She did, she did, Catherine! she did, she did!”

Cathy, beside herself, gave the chair a violent^⑤ push, and caused him to fall against one arm. He was immediately seized by a suffocating cough that soon ended his triumph. It lasted so long that it frightened even me. As to his cousin, she wept, with all her might; aghast at the mischief she had done: though she said nothing. I held him till the fit exhausted itself. Then he thrust me away, and leant his head down silently. Catherine quelled her lamentations also, took a seat opposite, and looked solemnly into the fire.

“How do you feel now, Master Heathcliff?” I inquired,

after waiting ten minutes.

“I wish she felt as I do,” he replied: “spiteful, cruel thing! Hareton never touches me: he never struck me in his life. And I was better today: and there—” his voice died in a whimper.

“I didn’t strike you!” muttered Cathy, chewing her lip to prevent another burst of emotion.

He sighed and moaned like one under great suffering, and kept it up for a quarter of an hour; on purpose to distress his cousin apparently, for whenever he caught a stifled sob from her he put renewed pain and pathos into the inflections of his voice. “I’m sorry I hurt you, Linton,” she said at length, racked beyond endurance^⑥. “But I couldn’t have been hurt by that little push, and I had no idea that you could, either: you’re not much, are you, Linton? Don’t let me go home thinking I’ve done you harm. Answer!

“I Can’t speak to you,” he murmured; “you’ve hurt me so, that I shall lie awake all night choking with this cough. If you had it You’d know what it was; but you’ll be comfortably

① contradict [ˈkɒntrəˈdɪkt] vt. 反驳, 否认……的真实性(CET6)

② enrage [enˈreɪdʒ] vt. 使暴怒 (CET6)

③ continue [kənˈtɪnju:] vt.&vi. 继续, 连续 (CET4)

④ agitation [ædʒɪˈteɪʃən] n. 鼓动, 煽动 (CET6)

⑤ violent [ˈvaɪələnt] adj. 暴力引起的, 粗暴的, 强烈的 (CET6)

⑥ endurance [ɪnˈdʒʊərəns] n. 忍耐力 (CET6)

asleep while I'm in agony, and nobody near me. I wonder how you would like to pass those fearful nights!" And he began to wail aloud, for very pity of himself.

"Since you are in the habit of passing dreadful nights," I said, "it won't be miss who spoils your ease: You'd be the same had she never come. However, she shall not disturb you again; and perhaps you'll get quieter when we leave you.

"Must I go?" asked Catherine dolefully, bending over him. "Do you want me to go, Linton?"

"You Can't alter what you've done," he replied pettishly, shrinking from her, "unless you alter it for the worse by teasing me into a fever."

"Well, then, I must go?" she repeated.

"Let me alone, at least," said he; "I Can't bear your talking."

She lingered, and resisted my persuasions to departure a tiresome while; but as he neither looked up nor spoke, she finally made a movement to the door and I followed. We were recalled by a scream. Linton had slid from his seat on to the hearthstone, and lay writhing in the mere perverseness of an indulged plague^① of a child, determined to be as grievous and harassing as it can. I thoroughly gauged his disposition from his behaviour^②, and saw at once it would be folly to attempt humouring him. Not so my companion: she ran back in terror, knelt down, and cried, and soothed, and

entreated, till he grew quiet from lack of breath: by no means from compunction^③ at distressing her.

“I shall lift him on the settle,” I said, “and he may roll about as he pleases: we can’t stop to watch him. I hope you are satisfied, Miss Cathy, that you are not the person to benefit him; and that his condition of health is not occasioned by attachment to you. Now, then, there he is! Come away: as soon as he knows there is nobody by to care for his nonsense, he’ll be glad to lie still.”

She placed a cushion under his head, and offered him some water; he rejected the latter, and tossed^④ uneasily on the former, as if it were a stone or a block of wood. She tried to put it more comfortably.

“I can’t do with that,” he said; “it’s not high enough.”

Catherine brought another to lay above it.

“That’s too high,” murmured the provoking thing.

“How must I arrange it, then?” she asked despairingly.

He twined himself up to her, as she half knelt by the settle^⑤, and converted her shoulder into a support.

① plague [pleɪɡ]

vt. 瘟疫(CET6)

② behaviour [bi'heɪvjə]

n. 行为,举止,表现 (CET4)

③ compunction [kəm'pʌŋkʃən]

n. 内疚,后悔,懊悔 (CET6)

④ toss [tɒs]

vt. 扔,投,抛(CET6)

⑤ settle ['setl]

vt.&vi. 安排;安放;安家,定居;
(使)安定 (CET4)

“No, that won’t do,” I said. “You’ll be content with the cushion, Master Heathcliff. Miss has wasted too much time on you already: we cannot remain five minutes longer.”

“Yes, yes, we can!” replied Cathy. “He’s good and patient now. He’s beginning to think I shall have far greater misery than he will tonight, if I believe he is the worse for my visit; and then I dare not come again. Tell the truth about it, Linton; for I Mustn’t come, if I have hurt you.”

“You must come, to cure me,” he answered. “You ought to come, because you have hurt me: you know you have extremely^①! I was not as ill when you entered as I am at present—was I?”

“But you’ve made yourself ill by crying and being in a passion.”

“I didn’t do it at all,” said his cousin. “However, we’ll be friends now. And you want me: you would wish to see me sometimes, really?”

“I told you I did,” he replied impatiently. “Sit on the settle and let me lean on your knee. That’s as mamma used to do, whole afternoons together. Sit quite still and don’t talk: but you may sing a song, if you can sing; or you may say a nice long interesting ballad—one of those you promised to teach me: or a story. I’d rather have a ballad, though: begin.”

Catherine repeated the longest she could remember. The employment pleased both mightily. Linton would

have another; and after that another, notwithstanding my strenuous objections; and so they went on until the clock struck twelve, and we heard Hareton in the court, returning for his dinner.

“And tomorrow, Catherine, will you be here tomorrow?” asked young Heathcliff, holding her frock as she rose reluctantly^②.

“No,” I answered, “nor next day neither.”

She, however, gave a different response^③ evidently, for his forehead cleared as she stooped and whispered in his ear.

“You won’t go tomorrow, recollect, miss!” I commenced, when we were out of the house. “You are not dreaming of it, are you?”

She smiled.

“Oh, I’ll take good care,” I continued: “I’ll have that lock mended, and you can escape by no way else.”

“I can get over the wall,” she said, laughing. “The Grange is not a prison, Ellen, and you are not my jailer. And besides, I’m almost seventeen: I’m a woman. And I’m certain Linton would recover quickly if he had me to look after him. I’m older than he is, you know, and wiser: less childish, am

① extremely [iks'tri:mli]

adv. 极端, 极其 (CET4)

② reluctantly [ri'læktəntli]

adv. 不情愿地, 勉强地 (CET4)

③ response [ri'spɒns]

n. 回答; 回音; 答复; 反应, 响应 (CET4)

I not? And he'll soon do as I direct him, with some slight^① coaxing. He's a pretty little darling when he's good.

I'd make such a pet of him, if he were mine. We should never quarrel, should we, after we were used to each other? Don't you like him, Ellen?"

"Like him!" I exclaimed. "The worst-tempered bit of a sickly slip that ever struggled into its teens. Happily, as Mr Heathcliff conjectured, he'll not win twenty. I doubt whether he'll see spring, indeed. And small loss to his family whenever he drops off. And lucky it is for us that his father took him: the kinder he was treated, the more tedious and selfish^② He'd be. I'm glad you have no chance of having him for a husband, Miss Catherine."

My companion waxed serious at hearing this speech. To speak of his death so regardlessly, wounded her feelings.

"He's younger than I," she answered, after a protracted pause of meditation, "and he ought to live the longest: he will—he must live as long as I do. He's as strong now as when he first came into the north; I'm positive^③ of that. It's only a cold that ails him, the same as papa has. You say papa will get better, and why shouldn't he?"

"Well, well," I cried, "after all, we needn't trouble ourselves; for listen, miss, and mind, I'll keep my word,—if you attempt^④ going to Wuthering Heights again, with or without me, I shall inform Mr Linton, and, unless he allow it,

the intimacy with your cousin must not be revived.”

“It has been revived,” muttered Cathy sulkily.

“Must not be continued, then,” I said.

“We’ll see,” was her reply, and she set off at a gallop, leaving me to toil in the rear.

We both reached home before our dinner time; my master supposed we had been wandering through the park, and therefore he demanded no explanation of our absence. As soon as I entered, I hastened to change my soaked shoes and stockings; but sitting such a while at the Heights had done the mischief. On the succeeding morning I was laid up, and during three weeks I remained incapacitated for attending to my duties: a calamity never experienced prior to that period, and never, I am thankful to say.

My little mistress behaved like an angel, in coming to wait on me, and cheer my solitude: the confinement brought me exceedingly low. It is wearisome, to a stirring active body: but few have slighter reasons for complaint than I had.

The moment Catherine left Mr Linton’s room, she

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|-----------------------|------|--------------------------|
| ① slight [slait] | adj. | 微小的,轻微的,微不足道的 (CET6) |
| ② selfish ['selfɪ] | adj. | 自私的,利己的 (CET4) |
| ③ positive ['pɒzɪtɪv] | adj. | 确实的,明确的; 积极的; 肯定的 (CET4) |
| ④ attempt [ə'tempt] | vt. | 试图,尝试 (CET4) |

appeared at my bedside. Her day was divided between us; no amusement usurped a minute: she neglected^① her meals, her studies, and her play; and she was the fondest nurse that ever watched. She must have had a warm heart, when she loved her father so, to give so much to me.

I said her days were divided between us; but the master retired early, and I generally^② needed nothing after six o'clock; thus the evening was her own. Poor thing! I never considered what she did with herself after tea.

And though frequently, when she looked in to bid me good night, I remarked a fresh colour in her cheeks and a pinkness over her slender fingers; instead of fancying the hue^③ borrowed from a cold ride across the moors, I laid it to the charge of a hot fire in the library.

At the close of three weeks, I was able to quit my chamber, and move about the house. And on the first occasion of my sitting up in the evening, I asked Catherine to read to me, because my eyes were weak. We were in the library, the master having gone to bed: she consented, rather unwillingly, I fancied; and imagining my sort of books did not suit her, I bid her place herself in the choice^④ of what she perused. She selected one of her own favourites, and got forward steadily about an hour; then came frequent^⑤ questions.

“Ellen, are not you tired? Hadn't you better lie down now? You'll be sick, keeping up so long, Ellen.”

“No, no, dear, I’m not tired,” I returned continually.

Perceiving me immovable, she essayed another method of showing her disrelish for her occupation. It changed to yawning, and stretching, and:

“Ellen, I’m tired.”

“Give over then and talk,” I answered.

That was worse: she fretted and sighed, and liked at her watch till eight, and finally went to her room, completely overdone with sleep; judging by her peevish, heavy look, and the constant rubbing she inflicted on her eyes. The following night she seemed more impatient still; and on the third from recovering my company, she complained of a headache, and left me. I thought her conduct odd; and having remained alone a long while, I resolved on going and inquiring whether she were better, and asking her to come and lie on the sofa, instead of upstairs in the dark. No Catherine could I discover upstairs, and none below. The servants affirmed^⑥ they had

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|--------------------------|---------|--------------------------|
| ① neglect [ni'glekt] | vt. | 疏忽, 忽略, 遗漏(CET6) |
| ② generally ['dʒenərəli] | adv. | 一般地, 通常, 广泛地, 普遍地 (CET4) |
| ③ hue [hju:] | n. | 色彩, 色调 (CET6) |
| ④ choice [tʃɔis] | n. | 选择, 挑选;
供选择的东西(CET4) |
| ⑤ frequent ['fri:kwənt] | adj. | 时常发生的, 常见的 (CET4) |
| ⑥ affirm [ə'fə:m] | vt. vi. | 断言, 证实(CET6) |

not seen her. I listened at Mr Edgar's door; all was silence. I returned to her apartment, extinguished my candle, and seated myself in the window.

The moon shone bright; a sprinkling of snow covered the ground, and I reflected that she might, possibly, have taken it into her head to walk about the garden, for refreshment. I did detect a figure creeping along the inner fence of the park; but it was not my young mistress: on its emerging into the light, I recognized one of the grooms. He stood a considerable period, viewing the carriage-road through the grounds; then started off at a brisk pace, as if he had detected^① something, and reappeared presently, leading miss's pony; and there she was, just dismounted, and walking by its side. The man took his charge stealthily across the grass towards the stable. Cathy entered by the casement window of the drawing-room, and glided noiselessly up to where I awaited her. She put the door gently to, slipped off her snowy shoes, untied her hat, and was proceeding, unconscious^② of my espionage, to lay aside her mantle, when I suddenly rose and revealed myself. The surprise petrified her an instant: she uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and stood fixed.

"My dear Miss Catherine," I began, too vividly impressed by her recent kindness to break into a scold, "where have you been riding out at this hour? And why should you try to deceive^③ me, by telling a tale? Where have you been? Speak."

“To the bottom of the park,” she stammered. “I didn’t tell a tale.”

“And nowhere else?” I demanded.

“No,” was the muttered reply.

“Oh, Catherine!” I cried sorrowfully. “You know you have been doing wrong, or you Wouldn’t be driven to uttering an untruth to me. That does grieve me. I’d rather be three months ill, than hear you frame a deliberate lie.”

She sprang forward, and bursting into tears, threw her arms round my neck.

“Well, Ellen, I’m so afraid of you being angry,” she said. “Promise not to be angry, and you shall know the very truth: I hate to hide it.”

We sat down in the window-seat; I assured her I would not scold, whatever her secret might be, and I guessed it of course; so she commenced: “I’ve been to Wuthering Heights, Ellen, and I’ve never missed going a day since you fell ill; except thrice^④ before, and twice after you left your room. I gave Michael books and pictures to prepare Minny every evening, and to put her back in the stable: you Mustn’t

① detect [di'tekt]

vt. 发现, 发觉, 查明(CET4)

② unconscious [ʌn'kɒŋʃəs]

adj. 失去知觉的, 不知道的(CET6)

③ deceive [di'si:v]

vt.&vi 欺骗, 蒙骗(CET6)

④ thrice [θraɪs]

adv. 三次, 三倍; 非常, 十分(CET6)

scold him either, mind. I was at the Heights by half-past six, and generally stayed till half past eight, and then galloped home. It was not to amuse myself that I went: I was often wretched all the time. Now and then I was happy; once in a week perhaps. At first, I expected there would be sad work persuading you to let me keep my word to Linton: for I had engaged to call again next day, when we quitted him; but, as you stayed upstairs on the morrow, I escaped that trouble; and while Michael was refastening the lock of the park door in the afternoon, I got possession^① of the key, and told him how my cousin wished me to visit him, because he was sick, and couldn't come to the Grange; and how papa would object to my going: and then I negotiated with him about the pony. He is fond of reading, and he thinks of leaving soon to get married; so he offered, if I would lend him books out of the library, to do what I wished: but I preferred giving him my own, and that satisfied him better.

“On my second visit, Linton seemed in lively spirits; and Zillah (that is their housekeeper) made us a clean room and a good fire, and told us that, as Joseph was out at a prayer meeting and Hareton Earnshaw was off with his dogs—robbing our woods of pheasants, as I heard afterwards—we might do what we liked. She brought me some warm wine and gingerbread, and appeared exceedingly good-natured; and Linton sat in the armchair, and I in the little rocking-

chair on the hearthstone, and we laughed and talked so merrily, and found so much to say: we planned where we would go, and what we would do in summer. I needn't repeat that, because you would call it silly^②.

“One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up overhead, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his most perfect idea of heaven's happiness: mine was rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds, and linnets, and cuckoos pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves to the breeze^③; and woods and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstasy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle^④ and dance in a glorious jubilee. I said his heaven

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|-------------------------|----------------------------------|
| ① possession [pə'zeʃən] | n. 占有, 持有, 拥有(CET6) |
| ② silly ['sili] | adj. 蠢的, 傻的, 糊涂的(CET6) |
| ③ breeze [bri:z] | n. 微风, 轻风(CET4) |
| ④ sparkle ['spɑ:kəl] | vi. 发火花, 闪耀; (饮料)发泡(CET6) |

would be only half alive; and he said mine would be drunk: I said I should fall asleep in his; and he said he could not breathe in mine, and began to grow very snappish. At last, we agreed to try both, as soon as the right weather came; and then we kissed each other and were friends.

“After sitting still an hour, I looked at the great room with its smooth uncarpeted floor, and thought how nice it would be to play in, if we removed the table; and I asked Linton to call Zillah in to help us, and we’d have a game at blind-man’s buff; she should try to catch us: you used to, you know, Ellen. He Wouldn’t: there was no pleasure in it, he said; but he consented^① to play at ball with me. We found two in a cupboard, among a heap of old toys, tops, and hoops, and battledores, and shuttlecocks. One was marked C., and the other H.; I wished to have the C., because that stood for Catherine, and the H. might be for Heathcliff, his name; but the bran came out of H., and Linton didn’t like it. I beat him constantly, and he got cross again, and coughed, and returned to his chair. That night, though, he easily recovered his good humour: he was charmed with two or three pretty songs—your songs, Ellen; and when I was obliged to go, he begged and entreated me to come the following evening; and I promised. Minny and I went flying home as light as air; and I dreamt of Wuthering Heights and my sweet, darling cousin^②, till morning.”

“On the morrow I was sad; partly because you were poorly, and partly that I wished my father knew, and approved of my excursions: but it was beautiful moonlight after tea; and, as I rode on, the gloom cleared. I shall have another happy evening, I thought to myself: and what delights me more, my pretty Linton will. I trotted up their garden, and was turning round to the back, when that fellow Earnshaw met me, took my bridle, and bid me go in by the front entrance. He patted Minny’s neck, and said she was a bonny beast, and appeared as if he wanted me to speak to him. I only told him to leave my horse alone, or else it would kick him. He answered in his vulgar accent, “It wouldn’t do much hurt if it did; and surveyed its legs with a smile. I was half inclined to make it try; however, he moved off to open the door, and, as he raised the latch, he looked up to the inscription above, and said, with a stupid mixture of awkwardness and elation.”

“Miss Catherine! I can read yon, nah.”

“Wonderful,” I exclaimed^③. “Pray let us hear you—you are grown clever!”

“He spelt, and drawled over by syllables, the name—

① consent [kən'sent]

vi.

同意; 赞成 (CET6)

② cousin ['kʌzn]

n.

堂(表)兄弟姊妹(CET4)

③ exclaim [iks'kleim]

vt. vi.

呼喊, 惊叫, 大声说(CET4)

Hareton Earnshaw” .

“ And the figures?” I cried encouragingly, perceiving^① that he came to a dead halt.

“ I cannot tell them yet,” he answered.

“Oh, you dunce!” I said, laughing heartily at his failure.

“The fool stared, with a grin hovering about his lips, and a scowl gathering over his eyes, as if uncertain whether he might not join in my mirth: whether it were not pleasant familiarity, or what it really was, contempt. I settled his doubts, by suddenly retrieving my gravity and desiring him to walk away, for I came to see Linton, not him. He reddened—I saw that by the moonlight—dropped his hand from the latch, and skulked off, a picture of mortified vanity. He imagined himself to be as accomplished as Linton, I suppose, because he could spell his own name; and was marvellously discomfited that I didn’t think the same.”

“Stop, Miss Catherine, dear!” I interrupted^②. “I shall not scold, but I don’t like your conduct there. If you had remembered that Hareton was your cousin as much as Master Heathcliff, you would have felt how improper it was to behave in that way. At least, it was praiseworthy ambition for him to desire to be as accomplished as Linton; and probably he did not learn merely to show off: you had made him ashamed of his ignorance before, I have no doubt; and he wished to remedy it and please you. To sneer at his

imperfect^③ attempt was very bad breeding. Had you been brought up in his circumstances, would you be less rude? He was as quick and as intelligent a child as ever you were; and I'm hurt that he should be despised now, because that base Heathcliff has treated him so unjustly."

"Well, Ellen, you won't cry about it, will you?" she exclaimed, surprised at my earnestness. "But wait, and you shall hear if he conned his A B C to please me; and if it were worth while being civil to the brute. I entered; Linton was lying on the settle, and half got up to welcome me.

"I'm ill tonight, Catherine, love," he said; "and you must have all the talk, and let me listen. Come, and sit by me. I was sure you wouldn't break your word, and I'll make you promise again, before you go."

I knew now that I mustn't tease him, as he was ill; and I spoke softly and put no questions, and avoided irritating him in any way. I had brought some of my nicest books for him; he asked me to read a little of one, and I was about to comply^④, when Earnshaw burst the door open: having

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|--------------------------|---------|---------------------------|
| ① perceive [pə'si:v] | vt. | 感觉, 察觉, 理解(CET6) |
| ② interrupt ['intə'rʌpt] | vt. vi. | 打断(CET4) |
| ③ imperfect [im'pɜ:fikt] | adj. | 有缺点的, 有瑕疵的;
不完整的(CET6) |
| ④ comply [kəm'plai] | vi. | 遵从, 依从, 服从 (CET6) |

gathered venom with reflection. He advanced direct to us, seized Linton by the arm, and swung him off the seat. “Get to thy own room!” he said, in a voice almost inarticulate with passion; and his face looked swelled and furious. “Take her there if she comes to see thee: thou shalln’t keep me out of this. Begone wi’ye both!”

“He swore at us, and left Linton no time to answer, nearly throwing him into the kitchen; and he clenched his fist as I followed, seemingly longing to knock me down. I was afraid for a moment, and I let one volume fall; he kicked it after me, and shut us out. I heard a malignant, crackly laugh by the fire, and turning, beheld that odious Joseph standing rubbing his bony hands, and quivering.

“Aw wer sure He’d sarve ye eht! He’s a grand lad! He’s gettent’ raight sperrit in him! He knaws—Aye, he knaws, as weel as Aw do, who sud bet’maister yonder—Ech, ech, ech! He mad ye skift properly! Ech, ech, ech!”

“Where must we go?” I said to my cousin, disregarding^① the old wretch’s mockery.

“Linton was white and trembling. He was not pretty then, Ellen: oh no! he looked frightful; for his thin face and large eyes were wrought into an expression of frantic, powerless fury. He grasped the handle^② of the door, and shook it: it was fastened inside.

“If you don’t let me in I’ll kill you!—If you don’t let me

in, I'll kill you!" he rather shrieked than said. "Devil! devil!—I'll kill you—I'll kill you!"

"Joseph uttered his croaking laugh again.

"Thear, That's father!" he cried. "That's father! We've allas summut uh orther side in us. Niver heed Hareton, lad—dunnut be feard—he cannot get at thee!"

"I took hold of Linton's hands, and tried to pull him away; but he shrieked so shockingly that I dared not proceed^③. At last his cries were choked by a dreadful fit of coughing; blood gushed from his mouth, and he fell on the ground. I ran into the yard, sick with terror; and called for Zillah, as loud as I could. She soon heard me: she was milking the cows in a shed behind the barn, "and hurrying from her work, she inquired what there was to do?"

I hadn't breath to explain; dragging her in, I looked about for Linton. Earnshaw had come out to examine the mischief he had caused, and he was then conveying the poor thing upstairs. Zillah and I ascended^④ after him; but he stopped me at the top of the steps, and said I shouldn't go in: I must go home. I exclaimed that he had killed Linton, and I

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|---------------------------|-----------|----------------------------|
| ① disregard ['disri'ga:d] | n. | 漠视, 忽视, 蔑视(CET6) |
| ② handle ['hændl] | n. | 手柄, 把手 (CET4) |
| ③ proceed [prə'si:d] | vi. | 前进; 行进; 进行;
继续下去 (CET4) |
| ④ ascend [ə'send] | vt. & vi. | 上升, 攀登(CET6) |

would enter. Joseph locked the door, and declared I should do “no sich stuff”, and asked me whether I were “bahn to be as mad as him”. I stood crying, till the housekeeper reappeared. She affirmed he would be better in a bit, but he couldn’t do with that shrieking and din; and she took me, and nearly carried me into the house.

“Ellen, I was ready to tear my hair off my head! I sobbed and wept so that my eyes were almost blind; and the ruffian you have such sympathy with stood opposite: presuming every now and then to bid me ‘wisht’, and denying that it was his fault; and, finally, frightened by my assertions that I would tell papa, and that he should be put in prison and hanged, he commenced blubbering himself, and hurried out to hide his cowardly agitation. Still, I was not rid of him: when at length they compelled me to depart, and I had got some hundred yards off the premises, he suddenly issued^① from the shadow of the roadside, and checked Minny and took hold of me.”

“Miss Catherine, I’m ill grieved,” he began, “but it’s rayther too bad—”

“I gave him a cut with my whip, thinking perhaps he would murder me. He let go, thundering one of his horrid curses, and I galloped home more than half out of my senses.

“I didn’t bid you good night that evening, and I didn’t go to Wuthering Heights the next: I wished to, exceedingly;

but I was strangely excited, and dreaded to hear that Linton was dead, sometimes; and sometimes shuddered at the thought of encountering^② Hareton. On the third day I took courage: at least, I couldn't bear longer suspense, and stole off once more. I went at five o'clock, and walked; fancying I might manage to creep into the house, and up to Linton's room, unobserved.

However, the dogs gave notice of my approach. Zillah received me, and saying, "the lad was mending nicely", showed me into a small, tidy, carpeted apartment, where, to my inexpressible joy, I beheld Linton laid on a little sofa, reading one of my books. But he would neither speak to me nor look at me, through a whole hour, Ellen: he has such an unhappy temper. And what quite confounded me, when he did open his mouth, it was to utter the falsehood that I had occasioned the uproar, and Hareton was not to blame! Unable to reply, except passionately, I got up and walked from the room. He sent after me a faint "Catherine!" He did not reckon^③ on being answered so: but I Wouldn't turn back; and the morrow was the second day on which I stayed at home, nearly determined to visit him no more. But it was

① issue ['isju:]

vi. 出来, 出去, 流出(CET4)

② encounter [in'kauntə]

vt. 遇到, 遭遇, 偶然碰到(CET6)

③ reckon ['rekən]

vt. 猜想, 估计; 思忖, 设想(CET6)

so miserable going to bed and getting up, and never hearing anything about him, that my resolution melted into air before it was properly formed. It had appeared wrong to take the journey once; now it seemed wrong to refrain. Michael came to ask if he must saddle Minny; I said “Yes” , and considered myself doing a duty as she bore me over the hills. I was forced to pass the front windows to get to the court: it was no use trying to conceal my presence.

“Young master is in the house,” said Zillah, as she saw me making for the parlour. I went in; Earnshaw was there also, but he quitted the room directly. Linton sat in the great armchair^① half asleep; walking up to the fire, I began in a serious tone, partly meaning it to be true:

“As you don’t like me, Linton, and as you think I come on purpose to hurt you, and pretend that I do so every time, this is our last meeting: let us say goodbye; and tell Mr Heathcliff that you have no wish to see me, and that he Mustn’t invent^② any more falsehoods on the subject.” “Sit down and take your hat off, Catherine,” he answered. “You are so much happier than I am, you ought to be better. Papa talks enough of my defects, and shows enough scorn^③ of me, to make it natural I should doubt myself. I doubt whether I am not altogether as worthless as he calls me, frequently; and then I feel so cross and bitter, I hate everybody! I am worthless, and bad in temper, and bad in spirit, almost

always; and, if you choose, you may say goodbye: you'll get rid of an annoyance. Only, Catherine, do me this justice: believe that if I might be as sweet, and as kind, and as good as you are, I would be; as willingly, and more so, than as happy and as healthy. And believe that your kindness has made me love you deeper than if I deserved your love: and though I couldn't, and cannot help showing my nature to you, I regret^④ it and repent it; and shall regret and repent it till I die!"

"I felt he spoke the truth; and I felt I must forgive him: and, though he should quarrel the next moment, I must forgive him again. We were reconciled; but we cried, both of us, the whole time I stayed: not entirely for sorrow; yet I was sorry Linton had that distorted nature. He'll never let his friends be at ease, and he'll never be at ease himself! I have always gone to his little parlour, since that night; because his father returned the day after.

"About three times, I think, we have been merry and hopeful, as we were the first evening; the rest of my visits were

① armchair ['a:m'tʃeə]

n. 扶手椅(CET4)

② invent [in'vent]

vt. 发明, 创造(CET4)

③ scorn [skɔ:n]

n. 鄙视, 轻蔑, 受某人鄙视的人或事物 (CET6)

④ regret [ri'gret]

vt. vi. 懊悔, 惋惜, 遗憾(CET4)

dreary and troubled: now with his selfishness and spite, and now with his sufferings: but I've learned to endure the former with nearly as little resentment as the latter. Mr Heathcliff purposely avoids me:

I have hardly seen him at all. Last Sunday, indeed, coming earlier than usual, I heard him abusing poor Linton, cruelly, for his conduct of the night before. I can't tell how he knew of it, unless he listened. Linton had certainly behaved provokingly: however, it was the business of nobody but me, and I interrupted Mr Heathcliff's lecture by entering and telling him so.

He burst into a laugh, and went away, saying he was glad I took that view of the matter. Since then, I've told Linton he must whisper his bitter things. Now Ellen, you have heard all; and I can't be prevented from going to Wuthering Heights except by inflicting misery on two people; whereas, if you'll only not tell papa, my going need disturb the tranquillity of none. You'll not tell, will you? It will be very heartless if you do."

"I'll make up my mind on that point by tomorrow, Miss Catherine," I replied. "It requires some study; and so I'll leave you to your rest, and go think it over."

I thought it over aloud, in my master's presence; walking straight from her room to his, and relating the whole story: with the exception of her conversations with her cousin,

and any mention of Hareton. Mr Linton was alarmed and distressed, more than he would acknowledge to me. In the morning, Catherine learnt my betrayal of her confidence, and she learnt also that her secret visits were to end. In vain she wept and writhed against the interdict^①, and implored her father to have pity on Linton: all she got to comfort her was a promise that he would write and give him leave to come to the Grange when he pleased; but explaining that he must no longer expect to see Catherine at Wuthering Heights. Perhaps, had he been aware of his nephew's disposition and state of health, he would have seen fit to withhold even that slight consolation^②.

① interdict ['intə'dikt]

n. 正式禁止, 禁令(CET6)

② consolation ['kɒnsə'leɪʃən]

n. 安慰, 慰问(CET6)

佳句赏析

1. “I’ve been to Wuthering Heights, Ellen, and I’ve never missed going a day since you fell ill; except thrice¹ before, and twice after you left your room.

> 我是去呼啸山庄了，艾伦，自从你病倒了以后，我没有一天不去的；只有在你能出房门以前有三次没去，以后有两次没去。

* since(表示时间) 从……以来；自从……之后。

2. At last, we agreed to try both, as soon as the right weather came; and then we kissed each other and were friends.

(最后我们同意一等到适宜的天气就都试一下；然后我们互相亲吻，又成了朋友。)

* As soon as 一经……；立即……；一……就……。

3. I went at five o’clock, and walked; fancying I might manage to creep into the house, and up to Linton’s room, unobserved. However, the dogs gave notice of my approach.

> 我是五点钟去的，走去的，心想我可以想办法爬到房子里去，径自上楼到林惇的屋子里，不让人瞅见。可是，那些狗宣告了我的光临。

* **However** 在这里表示转折，尤其用于谈及既成事实时，表示转折，可放在句首、句中或句末，通常用逗号与句子其他成分隔开。

4. I knew now that I Mustn't tease him, as he "was ill; and I spoke softly and put no questions, and avoided irritating him in any way.

> “这时我知道我绝不能逗他，因为他病了，我轻轻地说话，也不发问，而且避免说任何激怒他的话。

* **that** 是连词，在这里引导的是名词性从句；**avoid** 后跟动名词。



名句大搜索

1. 他说消磨一个炎热的七月天最令人愉快的办法是从早到晚躺在旷野中间一片草地上,蜜蜂在花丛里梦幻似的嗡嗡叫,头顶上百灵鸟高高地歌唱着,还有那蔚蓝的天空和明亮的太阳,太阳没有云彩遮挡,一个劲儿的照耀着。
2. 你以前曾使他因为无知而感到羞耻,这点我不怀疑;他愿意补救,而讨你欢心。嘲笑他那还没完成的企图是很不礼貌的。
3. 艾伦,我几乎想把我的头发从头上扯下来了!我哭得我的眼睛都要瞎了,你非常同情的那个恶棍就站在我对面。

4. 他很喜欢看书，他又想到不久就要离开这里去结婚了，因此他就提议，如果我肯从书房里拿出书来借给他，他就听我的吩咐：但是我情愿把我自己的书送给他，这使他更满意了。
5. 你要想念：你的善良使我更深深地爱你，比起你的爱（如果我不配承受你的爱）还要深些，虽然我曾经不能，而且也没法不向你暴露我的本性，我很抱歉，而且悔恨。我要抱恨到死！
6. 你要相信：你的善良使我更深深地爱你，比起你的爱（如果我配承受你的爱的话）还要深些，虽然我曾经不能，而且也没法不向你暴露我的本性，我很抱歉，而且悔恨；我要抱恨到死！”

Chapter 9 House Arrest

第九章 软禁

中文导读

在一次次的约会中，小林惇的病情愈发严重，也越来越暴露出他的软弱、恐惧和自私，因为担心小林惇有一天会死去，觊觎画眉山庄已久的希刺克厉夫决定让小凯瑟琳和小林惇尽快完婚以继承埃德加的遗产，遭到了小凯瑟琳的反对，为了逼迫她就范，财迷心窍的希刺克厉夫将小凯瑟琳和丁耐莉软禁在了呼啸山庄。

正当所有人都以为她们遭遇不测时，第五天的早上她们却突然出现在了画眉山庄。而此时的埃德加已经病入膏肓，听天由命，得知了希刺克厉夫的兽行，埃德加修改了遗嘱，同小凯瑟琳做了短暂告别，停止了自己无奈而悲哀的一生。

Chapter 9

Seven days glided^① away, every one marking its course by the henceforth rapid alteration of Edgar Linton's state. The havoc that months had previously wrought was now emulated by the inroads of hours. Catherine, we would fain have deluded yet: but her own quick spirit refused to delude her: it divined in secret, and brooded on the dreadful probability, gradually ripening into certainty. She had not the heart to mention her ride, when Thursday came round; I mentioned it for her, and obtained permission to order her out of doors: for the library, where her father stopped a short time daily—the brief period he could bear to sit up—

and his chamber, had become her whole world. She grudged each moment that did not find her bending over his pillow, or seated by his side: Her countenance^② grew wan with watching and sorrow, and my master gladly dismissed her to what he flattered himself would be a happy change of scene and society; drawing comfort from the hope that she would not now be left entirely alone after his death.

He had a fixed idea, I guessed by several observations he let fall, that, as his nephew resembled him in person, he would resemble him in mind; for Linton's letters bore few or no indications of his defective character. And I, through pardonable weakness, refrained from correcting the error; asking myself what good there would be in disturbing his last moments with information that he had neither power nor opportunity to turn to account.

We deferred our excursion till the afternoon; a golden afternoon of August: every breath from the hills so full of life, that it seemed whoever respired it, though dying, might revive. Catherine's face was just like the landscape—shadows^③ and sunshine flitting over it in rapid succession; but the shadows rested longer, and the sunshine was more

① glide [glaid]

vi.&vt. 滑行, 滑动, 滑翔(CET6)

② countenance ['kauntənəns]

n. 面容, 表情; 镇静, 沉着(CET6)

③ shadow ['ʃædəu]

n. 阴影, 阴暗; 阴暗部分 (CET4)

transient; and her poor little heart reproached itself for even that passing forgetfulness of its cares.

We discerned Linton watching at the same spot he had selected before. My young mistress alighted, and told me that, as she was resolved to stay a very little while, I had better hold the pony and remain on horseback; but I dissented: I Wouldn't risk losing sight of the charge committed to me a minute; so we climbed the slope of heath together. Master Heathcliff received us with greater animation^① on this occasion: not the animation of high spirits though, nor yet of joy; it looked more like fear.

"It is late!" he said, speaking short and with difficulty^②. "Is not your father very ill? I thought you Wouldn't come."

"Why won't you be candid?" cried Catherine, swallowing her greeting. "Why cannot you say at once you don't want me? It is strange, Linton, that for the second time you have brought me here on purpose, apparently, to distress us both, and for no reason besides!"

Linton shivered, and glanced at her, half supplicating, half ashamed; but his cousin's patience was not sufficient to endure this enigmatical behaviour.

"My father is very ill," she said; "and why am I called from his bedside? Why didn't you send to absolve me from my promise, when' you wished I Wouldn't keep it? Come! I desire an explanation: playing and trifling are completely

banished^③ out of my mind; and I can't dance attendance on your affectations now!"

"My affectations!" he murmured; "what are they? For Heaven's sake, Catherine, don't look so angry! Despise me as much as you please; I am a worthless, cowardly wretch: I can't be scorned enough; but I'm too mean for your anger. Hate my father, and spare me for contempt."

"Nonsense!" cried Catherine, in a passion. "Foolish, silly boy! And there! he trembles, as if I were really going to touch him! You needn't bespeak contempt, Linton: anybody will have it spontaneously at your service. Get off! I shall return home: it is folly dragging you from the hearthstone, and pretending—what do we pretend?"

Let go my frock! If I pitied you for crying and looking so very frightened, you should spurn such pity. Ellen, tell him how disgraceful this conduct is. Rise, and don't degrade yourself into an abject reptile—don't!"

With streaming face and an expression of agony, Linton had thrown his nerveless frame along the ground: he seemed convulsed with exquisite terror.

"Oh!" he sobbed, "I cannot bear it! Catherine,

① animation [ˌænəˈmeɪʃən]

n.

兴奋, 生气, 活跃(CET6)

② difficulty [ˈdɪfɪkəlti]

n.

困难; 难度; 难事; 麻烦(CET4)

③ banish [ˈbæniʃ]

n.

放逐, 驱逐(CET6)

Catherine, I'm a traitor, too, and I dare not tell you! But leave me, and I shall be killed! Dear Catherine, my life is in your hands: and you have said you loved me, and if you did, it Wouldn't harm you. You'll not go, then? kind, sweet, good Catherine! And perhaps you will consent—and he'll let me die with you!"

My young lady, on witnessing his intense anguish, stooped to raise him. The old feeling of indulgent tenderness overcame her vexation, and she grew thoroughly moved and alarmed.

"Consent to what?" she asked. "To stay? Tell me the meaning of this strange talk, and I will. You contradict your own words, and distract me! Be calm and frank, and confess at once all that weighs on your heart. You wouldn't injure me, Linton, would you? You wouldn't let any enemy hurt me, if you could prevent it? I'll believe you are a coward for yourself, but not a cowardly betrayer of your best friend."

"But my father threatened me," gasped the boy, clasping his attenuated fingers, "and I dread him—I dread him! I dare not tell!"

"Oh, well!" said Catherine, with scornful compassion, "keep your secret: I'm no coward. Save yourself; I'm not afraid!"

Her magnanimity provoked^① his tears: he wept wildly, kissing her supporting hands, and yet could not summon^② courage to speak out. I was cogitating what the mystery might

be, and determined Catherine should never suffer^③, to benefit him or anyone else, by my goodwill;

when hearing a rustle among the ling, I looked up and saw Mr Heathcliff almost close upon us, descending the Heights. He didn't cast a glance towards my companions, though they were sufficiently near for Linton's sobs to be audible; but hailing me in the almost hearty tone he assumed^④ to none besides, and the sincerity of which I couldn't avoid doubting, he said:

"It is something to see you so near to my house, Nelly. How are you at the Grange? Let us hear. The rumour goes," he added in a lower tone, "that Edgar Linton is on his deathbed: perhaps they exaggerate his illness!"

"No; my master is dying," I replied: "it is true enough. A sad thing it will be for us all, but a blessing for him!"

"How long will he last, do you think?" he asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"Because," he continued, looking at the two young people, who were fixed under his eye—Linton appeared as if he could not venture to stir or raise^⑤ his head, and Catherine

① provoke [prə'vəuk]

vt. 激起, 惹怒(CET6)

② summon ['sʌmən]

vt. 传唤; 召集(CET6)

③ suffer ['sʌfə]

vt. 受痛苦; 受损害; 变糟, 变差(CET4)

④ assume [ə'sju:m]

vt. 假设, 臆断, 猜想(CET6)

⑤ raise [reiz]

vt. 提起, 举起; 增加, 提升(CET4)

could not move, on his account— “because that lad yonder seems determined to beat me; and I’d thank his uncle to be quick, and go before him. Hallo! has the whelp been playing that game long? I did give him some lessons about snivelling. Is he pretty lively with Miss Linton generally?”

“Lively? no—he has shown the greatest distress^①,” I answered. “To see him, I should say, that instead of rambling with his sweetheart on the hills, he ought to be in bed, under the hands of a doctor.”

“He shall be in a day or two,” muttered Heathcliff. “But first—get up, Linton! Get up!” he shouted. “Don’t grovel on the ground there: up, this moment!”

Linton had sunk prostrate again in another paroxysm of helpless fear, caused by his father’s glance towards him, I suppose: there was nothing else to produce such humiliation. He made several efforts to obey^②, but his little strength was annihilated for the time, and he fell back again with a moan. Mr Heathcliff advanced, and lifted him to lean against a ridge of turf.

“Now,” said he, with curbed ferocity, “I’m getting angry; and if you don’t command that paltry spirit of yours—Damn you! get up directly!”

“I will, Father,” he panted. “Only, let me alone, or I shall faint. I’ve done as you wished, I’m sure. Catherine will tell you that I—that I—have been cheerful. Ah! keep by me,

Catherine: give me your hand.”

“Take mine,” said his father; “stand on your feet. There now—she’ll lend you her arm: That’s right, look at her. You would imagine I was the devil himself, Miss Linton, to excite such horror^③. Be so kind as to walk home with him, will you? He shudders if I touch him.”

“Linton, dear!” whispered Catherine, “I can’t go to Wuthering Heights: papa has forbidden me. He’ll not harm you: why are you so afraid?”

“I can never re-enter that house,” he answered. “I’m not to re-enter it without you!”

“Stop!” cried his father. “We’ll respect Catherine’s filial scruples. Nelly, take him in, and I’ll follow your advice concerning the doctor, without delay.”

“You’ll do well,” replied I. “But I must remain with my mistress: to mind your son is not my business.”

“You are very stiff,” said Heathcliff, “I know that: but you’ll force me to pinch the baby and make it scream before it moves your charity^④. Come, then, my hero. Are you willing to return, escorted by me?”

① distress [dis'tres]

n.

悲痛, 痛苦, 忧伤, 苦恼(CET6)

② obey [əu'bei]

vt.&vi.

服从, 听从(CET4)

③ horror ['hɔ:rə]

n.

恐怖, 恐惧, 惊恐(CET4)

④ charity ['tʃærəti]

n.

慈爱, 仁慈; 宽厚, 宽容, 宽大(CET6)

He approached once more, and made as if he would seize the fragile being; but, shrinking back, Linton clung to his cousin, and implored her to accompany him, with a frantic importunity that admitted no denial. However I disapproved, I couldn't hinder^① her: indeed, how could she have refused him herself? What was filling him with dread we had no means of discerning: but there he was, powerless under its grip, and any addition seemed capable^② of shocking him into idiocy. We reached the threshold: Catherine walked in, and I stood waiting till she had conducted the invalid to a chair, expecting her out immediately; when Mr Heathcliff, pushing me forward, exclaimed:

“My house is not stricken with the plague, Nelly; and I have a mind to be hospitable today: sit down, and allow me to shut the door.”

He shut and locked it also. I started.

“You shall have tea before you go home,” he added. “I am by myself. Hareton is gone with some cattle to the Lees, and Zillah and Joseph are off on a journey of pleasure; and, though I'm used to being alone, I'd rather have some interesting company, if I can get it. Miss Linton, take your seat by him. I give you what I have: the present is hardly worth accepting; but I have nothing else to offer. It is Linton, I mean. How she does stare! It's odd what a savage^③ feeling I have to anything that seems afraid of me! Had I been born

where laws are less strict and tastes less dainty, I should treat myself, to a slow vivisection of those two, as an evening's amusement.

He drew in his breath, struck the table, and swore to himself, "By hell! I hate them."

"I'm not afraid of you!" exclaimed Catherine, who could not hear the latter part of his speech. She stepped close up; her black eyes flashing with passion and resolution. "Give me that key: I will have it!" she said. "I wouldn't eat or drink here, if I were starving."

Heathcliff had the key in his hand that remained on the table. He looked up, seized with a sort of surprise at her boldness; or, possibly, reminded by her voice and glance, of the person from whom she inherited it. She snatched at the instrument, and half succeeded in getting it out of his loosened fingers: but her action recalled him to the present; he recovered it speedily.

"Now, Catherine Linton," he said, "stand off, or I shall knock you down; and that will make Mrs Dean mad."

Regardless of this warning, she captured his closed hand

① hinder ['hɪndə]

vt.&vi

阻碍, 妨碍(CET4)

② capable ['keɪpəbl]

adj.

有能力的, 有技能的(CET4)

③ savage ['sævɪdʒ]

adj.

未开化的, 野蛮的; 凶猛的, 残忍的(CET6)

and its contents again. “We will go!” she repeated, exerting her utmost efforts to cause the iron muscles to relax; and finding that her nails made no impression, she applied her teeth pretty sharply. Heathcliff glanced at me a glance that kept me from interfering a moment. Catherine was too intent on his fingers to notice his face. He opened them suddenly, and resigned the object of dispute^①; but, ere she had well secured it, he seized her with the liberated hand, and, pulling her on his knee, administered with the other a shower of terrific slaps on the side of the head, each sufficient to have fulfilled his threat, had she been able to fall.

At this diabolical violence I rushed on him furiously. “You villain!” I began to cry, “you villain!” A touch on the chest silenced me: I am stout, and soon put out of breath; and, what with that and the rage, I staggered dizzily back, and felt ready to suffocate, or to burst a blood vessel^②. The scene was over in two minutes; Catherine, released, put her two hands to her temples, and looked just as if she were not sure whether her ears were off or on. She trembled like a reed, poor thing, and leant against the table perfectly bewildered.

“I know how to chastise children, you see,” said the scoundrel grimly, as he stooped to repossess^③ himself of the key, which had dropped to the floor. “Go to Linton now, as I told you; and cry at your ease! I shall be your father, tomorrow—all the father you’ll have in a few days—and you

shall have plenty of that.”

“You can bear plenty; you’re no weakling: you shall have a daily taste, if I catch such a devil of a temper in your eyes again!”

Cathy ran to me instead of Linton, and knelt down and put her burning cheek on my lap, weeping aloud. Her cousin had shrunk into a corner of the settle, as quiet as a mouse, congratulating himself, I dare say, that the correction had lighted on another than him. Mr Heathcliff, perceiving us all confounded, rose, and expeditiously made the tea himself. The cups and saucers were laid ready. He poured it out, and handed me a cup.

“Wash away your spleen,” he said. “And help your own naughty pet and mine. It is not poisoned, though I prepared it. I’m going out to seek your horses.”

Our first thought, on his departure, was to force an exit somewhere. We tried the kitchen door, but that was fastened outside: we looked at the windows—they were too narrow for even Cathy’s little figure.

“Master Linton,” I cried, seeing we were regularly imprisoned: “you know what your diabolical father is after,

① dispute [dis'pju:t]

n.

辩论, 争论(CET6)

② vessel ['vesəl]

n.

血管, 脉管, 导管(CET6)

③ repossess ['ri:psə'zes]

vt.

取回, 收回 (CET6)

and you shall tell us, or I'll box your ears, as he has done your cousin's."

"Yes, Linton, you must tell," said Catherine. "It was for your sake I came; and it will be wickedly^① ungrateful if you refuse."

"Give me some tea, I'm thirsty, and then I'll tell you," he answered. "Mrs Dean, go away. I don't like you standing over me. Now, Catherine, you are letting your tears fall into my cup. I won't drink that. Give me another."

Catherine pushed another to him, and wiped^② her face. I felt disgusted at the little wretch's composure, since he was no longer in terror for himself. The anguish he had exhibited on the moor subsided as soon as ever he entered Wuthering Heights; so I guessed he had been menaced with an awful visitation of wrath if he failed in decoying us there; and, that accomplished^③, he had no further immediate fears.

"Papa wants us to be married," he continued, after sipping some of the liquid. "And he knows your papa Wouldn't let us marry now; and he's afraid of my dying, if we wait; so we are to be married in the morning, and you are to stay here all night; and if you do as he wishes, you shall return home next day, and take me with you."

"Take you with her, pitiful changeling?" I exclaimed. "You marry? Why, the man is mad; or he thinks us fools, every one. And do you imagine that beautiful young lady, that

healthy, hearty girl, will tie herself to a little perishing monkey like you! Are you cherishing the notion that anybody, let alone Miss Catherine Linton, would have you for a husband? You want whipping for bringing us in here at all, with your dastardly puling tricks; and—don't look so silly, now! I've a very good mind to shake you severely, for your contemptible treachery, and your imbecile conceit.”

I did give him a slight shaking; but it brought on the cough, and he took to his ordinary resource^④ of moaning and weeping, and Catherine rebuked me.

“Stay all night? No,” she said, looking slowly round. “Ellen, I'll burn that door down, but I'll get out.”

And she would have commenced the execution of her threat directly, but Linton was up in alarm for his dear self again. He clasped her in his two feeble arms, sobbing:

“Won't you have me, and save me? not let me come to the Grange? Oh! darling Catherine! you Mustn't go and leave me, after all. You must obey^⑤ my father—you must!”

“I must obey my own,” she replied, “and relieve^⑥ him

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|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ① wicked ['wɪkɪd] | adj. 邪恶的, 恶劣的; 缺德的(CET6) |
| ② wipe [waɪp] | vt.&vi 擦, 拭, 抹; 擦去, 拭去, 抹去 (CET4) |
| ③ accomplish [ə'kɒmplɪʃ] | vt. 完成, 实现, 做成功 (CET6) |
| ④ resource [rɪ'sɔ:s] | n. 资源; 才智, 机敏(CET4) |
| ⑤ obey [əu'bei] | vt.&vi 服从, 听从; 遵守, 遵循(CET4) |
| ⑥ relieve [rɪ'li:v] | vt. 缓解, 消除, 减少 (CET4) |

from this cruel suspense. The whole night! What would he think? he'll be distressed already. I'll either break or burn a way out of the house. Be quiet! You're in no danger; but if you hinder me—Linton, I love papa better than you!”

The mortal terror he felt of Mr Heathcliff's anger, restored to the boy his coward's eloquence^①. Catherine was near distraught: still, she persisted that she must go home, and tried entreaty in her turn, persuading him to subdue his selfish agony. While they were thus occupied, our gaoler re-entered.

“Your beasts have trotted off,” he said, “and—now, Linton! snivelling again? What has she been doing to you? Come, come—have done, and get to bed. In a month or two, my lad, you'll be able to pay her back her present tyrannies with a vigorous hand. You're pining for pure love, are you not? nothing else in the world: and she shall have you! There, to bed! Zillah won't be here tonight; you must undress yourself. Hush! hold your noise! Once in your own room, I'll not come near you: you needn't fear. By chance you've managed tolerably^②. I'll look to the rest.”

He spoke these words, holding the door open for his son to pass; and the latter achieved his exit exactly as a spaniel might, which suspected the person who attended on it of designing a spiteful squeeze. The lock was re-secured. Heathcliff approached the fire, where my mistress and I stood

silent. Catherine looked up, and instinctively raised her hand to her cheek: his neighbourhood revived a painful sensation. Anybody else would have been incapable of regarding the childish act with sternness, but he scowled^③ on her, and muttered:

“Oh! you are not afraid of me? Your courage is well disguised: you seem damnably afraid!”

“I am afraid now,” she replied, “because, if I stay, papa will be miserable; and how can I endure making him miserable;—when he—when he—Mr Heathcliff, let me go home! I promise to marry Linton: papa would like me to, and I love him—why should you wish to force me to do what I’ll willingly do of myself?”

“Let him dare to force you!” I cried. “There’s law in the land, thank God there is; though we be in an out-of-the-way place. I’d inform if he were my own son: and it’s felony without benefit of clergy!”

“Silence!” said the ruffian. “To the devil with your clamour! I don’t want you to speak. Miss Linton, I shall enjoy myself remarkably in thinking your father will be miserable: I shall not sleep for satisfaction. You could have hit on no

① eloquence ['eləkwəns]

n.

口才, 雄辩(CET6)

② tolerably ['tɒlərəbli]

adj.

可忍受的, 可宽恕的(CET6)

③ scowl [skaʊl]

vi.

怒视; 生气地皱眉 (CET6)

surer way of fixing your residence under my roof for the next twenty-four hours, than informing me that such an event would follow. As to your promise to marry Linton, I'll take care you shall keep it; for you shall not quit this place till it is fulfilled."

"Send Ellen, then, to let papa know I'm safe!" exclaimed Catherine, weeping bitterly. "Or marry me now. Poor papa! Ellen, he'll think we're lost. What shall we do?"

"Not he! He'll think you are tired of waiting on him, and run off for a little amusement," answered Heathcliff. "You cannot deny that you entered my house of your own accord, in contempt of his injunctions to the contrary. And it is quite natural that you should desire amusement^① at your age; arid that you would weary of nursing a sick man, and that man only your father. Catherine, his happiest days were over when your days began. He cursed^② you, I dare say, for coming into the world (I did, at least); and it would just do if he cursed you as he went out of it. I'd join him. I don't love you! How should I? Weep away. As far as I can see, it will be your chief diversion hereafter; unless Linton make amends for other losses: and your provident parent appears to fancy he may. His letters of advice and consolation entertained me vastly. In his last he recommended my jewel to be careful of his; and kind to her when he got her. Careful and kind—That's paternal^③. But Linton requires his whole stock of care

and kindness for himself. Linton can play the little tyrant well. He'll undertake to torture any number of cats, if their teeth be drawn and their claws pared. You'll be able to tell his uncle fine tales of his kindness, when you get home again, I assure you." "You're right there!" I said; "explain your son's character. Show his resemblance to yourself; and then, I hope, Miss Cathy will think twice before she takes the cockatrice!"

"I don't much mind speaking of his amiable qualities now," he answered; "because she must either accept him or remain a prisoner, and you along with her, till your master dies. I can detain you both, quite concealed, here. If you doubt, encourage her to retract her word, and you'll have an opportunity of judging!"

"I'll not retract my word," said Catherine. "I'll marry him within this hour, if I may go to Thrushcross Grange afterwards. Mr Heathcliff, you're a cruel man, but you're not a fiend; and you won't, from mere malice, destroy irrevocably all my happiness. If papa thought I had left him on purpose, and if he died before I returned, could I bear to live? I've given over crying; but I'm going to kneel here, at your knee; and I'll not get up, and I'll not take my eyes from your face

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|----------------------------|----------------|--------------------|
| ① amusement ['ə'mju:zmənt] | n. | 娱乐, 乐趣(CET4) |
| ② cursed ['kʌ:sɪd] | vt. vi. | 诅咒(CET4) |
| ③ paternal [pə'tɜ:nəl] | adj. | 父亲般的, 家长式管制的(CET6) |

till you look back at me! No, don't turn away! do look! You'll see nothing to provoke you. I don't hate you. I'm not angry that you struck me. Have you never loved anybody in all your life, uncle? never? Ah! you must look once. I'm so wretched, you Can't help being sorry and pitying me."

"Keep your eft's fingers off; and move, or I'll kick you!" cried Heathcliff, brutally repulsing her. "I'd rather be hugged by a snake. How the devil can you dream of fawning on me? I detest you!"

He shrugged his shoulders: shook himself, indeed, as if his flesh crept with aversion; and thrust back his chair; while I got up, and opened my mouth, to commence a downright torrent of abuse. But I was rendered dumb^① in the middle of the first sentence^②, by a threat that I should be shown into a room by myself the very next syllable I uttered. It was growing dark—we heard a sound of voices at the garden gate. Our host hurried out instantly: he had his wits about him; we had not. There was a talk of two or three minutes, and he returned alone.

"I thought it had been your cousin Hareton," I observed^③ to Catherine. "I wish he would arrive! Who knows but he might take our part?"

"It was three servants sent to seek you from the Grange," said Heathcliff, overhearing me. "You should have opened a lattice and called out: but I could swear that chit is glad you

didn't. She's glad to be obliged to stay, I'm certain."

At learning the chance we had missed, we both gave vent to our grief without control; and he allowed us to wail on till nine o'clock. Then he bid us go upstairs, through the kitchen, to Zillah's chamber; and I whispered my companion to obey: perhaps we might contrive to get through the window there, or into a garret^④, and out by its skylight. The window, however, was narrow, like those below, and the garret trap was safe from our attempts; for we were fastened in as before. We neither of us lay down: Catherine took her station by the lattice, and watched anxiously for morning; a deep sigh being the only answer I could obtain to my frequent^⑤ entreaties that she would try to rest. I seated myself in a chair, and rocked to and fro, passing harsh judgment on my many derelictions of duty; from which, it struck me then, all the misfortunes of all my employers sprang. It was not the case, in reality, I am aware; but it was, in my imagination, that dismal night; and I

① dumb [dʌm]

adj. 哑的,说不出话的,愚蠢的(CET6)

② sentence ['sentəns]

n. 句子;宣判,判决(CET4)

③ observe [əb'zə:v]

vt. 看到,注意到;遵守,遵循(CET4)

④ garret ['gærɪt]

n. 顶楼,阁楼(CET6)

⑤ frequent ['fri:kwənt]

adj. 时常发生的,常见的(CET4)

thought Heathcliff himself less guilty than I.

At seven o'clock he came, and inquired if Miss Linton had risen.

She ran to the door immediately, and answered, "Yes."

"Here, then," he said, opening it, and pulling her out I rose to follow, but he turned the lock again. I demanded my release.

"Be patient," he replied; "I'll send up your breakfast in a while."

I thumped on the panels, and rattled the latch angrily; and Catherine asked why I was still shut up? He answered, I must try to endure it another hour, and they went away. I endured it two or three hours; at length, I heard a footstep: not Heathcliff's.

"I've brought you something to eat," said a voice; "open the door!"

Complying eagerly, I beheld Hareton, laden with food enough to last me all day.

"Tak it," he added, thrusting the tray into my hand.

"Stay one minute," I began.

"Nay," cried he, and retired^①, regardless of any prayers I could pour forth to detain^② him.

And there I remained enclosed the whole day, and the whole of the next night; and another, and another. Five nights and four days I remained, altogether, seeing nobody

but Hareton, once every morning; and he was a model of a jailer: surly, and dumb, and deaf to every attempt at moving his sense of justice or compassion^③.

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|--------------------------|-----|----------------------|
| ① retire [ri'taɪə] | vi. | 退后, 退休(CET4) |
| ② detain [di'tein] | vt. | 留住, 耽搁; 拘留, 扣留(CET6) |
| ③ compassion [kəm'pæʃən] | n. | 怜悯, 同情(CET6) |

佳句赏析

1. We deferred our excursion till the afternoon; a golden afternoon of August: every breath from the hills so full of life, that it seemed whoever respired it, though dying, might revive.

> 我们把我们的出游延迟到下午，那是八月里一个难得的美好的下午：山上吹来的每一股气息都是如此洋溢着生命，仿佛无论谁吸进了它，即使是气息奄奄的人，也会复活。

* till 意为“直到……才”，主句常用终止性动词；though dying 为插入语。

2. He continued, looking at the two young people, who were fixed under his eye—Linton appeared as if he could not venture to stir or raise his head, and Catherine could not move, on his account.

> 他接着说，望着那两个年轻人，他们在他的注意下都呆了——林惇仿佛是不敢动弹，也不敢抬头，凯瑟琳为了他的缘故，也不能动。

* Who 在这里引导宾语从句。

3. I felt disgusted at the little wretch's composure, since he was no longer in terror for himself.

> 我对于这个小可怜虫的坦然态度极感厌恶，他已不再为他自己恐怖了。

* since 的用法主要有两点：一是表示“自从……以来”，二是表示“既然”之意，具体情况依语境而定。

4. Have you never loved anybody in all your life, uncle? never? Ah! you must look once. I'm so wretched, you can't help being sorry and pitying me.

> 姑父，你一生从来没有爱过任何人吗？从来没有吗？啊！你一定要看我一下。我是这么惨啊，你不能不难过，不能不怜悯我呀。”

* Can't help doing sth. 表示“不得不、禁不住做某事”。



名句大搜索

1. 林惇泪下如注，带着一种痛苦的表情，将他那软弱无力的身子扑在地上：他仿佛由于一种剧烈的恐怖而惊恐万状。
2. 他再次走近，作出像要抓住那个脆弱的东西的样子；但是林惇向后缩着，粘住他的表姐不放，现出一种疯狂的死乞白赖的神气，简直不容人拒绝。
3. 但是，在她还没有拿到以前，他用这松开的手抓住她，把她拉到他面前跪下来，用另一只手对着她的头脸一阵暴雨似的狠打，要是她能够倒下来的话，只消打一下就足够达到他威胁的目的了。
4. 他有一个执着的想法，这是我从他好几次谈话中猜到的，就是，他的外甥既然长得像他，他的心地一定也像他，因为林惇的信很少或根本没有表示过他的缺陷。

5. 希刺克厉夫走向前，把他提起来，靠在一个隆起的草堆上。

6. 你以为那个美丽的小姐，那个健康热诚的姑娘会把她自己拴在像你这样一个快死的小猴子身边吗？

Chapter 10 This Story Is Endless

第十章 未结束的故事

中文导读

婚后不久，孱弱的小林悖就死去了，小凯瑟琳成了年轻的寡妇，希刺克厉夫也如愿获得了画眉山庄的所有财产。

哈里顿一直暗恋着小凯瑟琳，他拼命地读书使自己变得更富学问以博得她的欢心，而小凯瑟琳并未察觉，对哈里顿总是冷嘲热讽。然而，时间改变了她对他的态度，她被哈里顿的真诚所打动，并最终爱上了他。

希刺克厉夫得到了想要的一切，成功实现了复仇，但他并未得到快乐，可怕的梦魇折磨着他，连续几天几夜不吃不喝，在沼地里游荡，回来后把自己关在凯瑟琳的房间里，第二天，人们发现他死了。

他死后被埋在凯瑟琳的墓旁，小凯瑟琳和哈里顿有情人终成眷属。

Chapter 10

For some days after that evening, Mr Heathcliff shunned meeting us at meals; yet he would not consent formally^① to exclude Hareton and Cathy. He had an aversion to yielding so completely to his feelings, choosing rather to absent himself; and eating once in twenty-four hours seemed sufficient sustenance for him.

One night, after the family were in bed, I heard him go downstairs, and out at the front door. I did not hear him re-enter, and in the morning I found he was still away. We were in April then: the weather was sweet and warm, the grass as green as showers and sun could make it, and the two dwarf

apple trees near the southern wall in full bloom.

After breakfast, Catherine insisted on my bringing a chair and sitting with my work under the fir trees at the end of the house; and she beguiled Hareton, who had perfectly recovered from his accident, to dig and arrange her little garden, which was shifted to that corner by the influence of Joseph's complaints^②.

I was comfortably revelling^③ in the spring fragrance around, and the beautiful soft blue overhead, when my young lady, who had run down near the gate to procure some primrose roots for a border, returned only half laden, and informed us that Mr Heathcliff was coming in. "And he spoke to me," she added, with a perplexed countenance.

"What did he say?" asked Hareton.

"He told me to begone as fast as I could," she answered. "But he looked so different from his usual look that I stopped a moment to stare at him."

"How?" he inquired.

"Why, almost bright and cheerful. No, almost nothing—very much excited, and wild and glad!" she replied.

"Night walking amuses him, then," I remarked, affecting

① formally ['fɔ:məli]

adv. 正式地, 正规地(CET4)

② complaint [kəm'pleint]

n. 抱怨, 诉苦; 投诉, 控告(CET4)

③ revel ['revəl]

n. 狂欢; 陶醉于, 沉迷于(CET6)

a careless manner: in reality as surprised as she was, and anxious to ascertain the truth of her statement; for to see the master looking glad would not be an everyday spectacle. I framed an excuse to go in. Heathcliff stood at the open door, he was pale, and he trembled: yet, certainly, he had a strange, joyful glitter^① in his eyes, that altered the aspect of his whole face.

“Will you have some breakfast?” I said. ” You must be hungry, rambling about all night!” I wanted to discover where he had been, but I did not like to ask directly.

“No, I’m not hungry,” he answered, averting his head, and speaking rather contemptuously, as if he guessed I was trying to divine^② the occasion of his good humour.

I felt perplexed: I didn’t know whether it were not a proper opportunity to offer a bit of admonition.

“I don’t think it right to wander out of doors,” I observed, “instead of being in bed: it is not wise, at any rate, this moist season. I dare say you’ll catch a bad cold, or a fever: you have something the matter with you now!”

“Nothing but what I can bear,” he replied; ” and with the greatest pleasure, provided you’ll leave me alone; get in, and don’t annoy me.”

I obeyed: and, in passing, I noticed he breathed as fast as a cat.

“Yes!” I reflected to myself, ” we shall have a fit of

illness. I cannot conceive what he has been doing.”

That noon he sat down to dinner with us, and received a heaped-up plate from my hands, as if he intended to make amends^③ for previous fasting.

“I’ve neither cold nor fever, Nelly,” he remarked, in allusion to my morning’s speech; and I’m ready to do justice to the food you give me.

He took his knife and fork, and was going to commence eating, when the inclination appeared to become suddenly extinct^④. He laid them on the table, looked eagerly towards the window, then rose and went out. We saw him walking to and fro in the garden while we concluded our meal, and Earnshaw said He’d go and ask why he would not dine: he thought we had grieved him some way.

“Well, is he coming?” cried Catherine, when her cousin returned.

“Nay,” he answered; “but he’s not angry: he seemed rare and pleased indeed; only I made him impatient by speaking to him twice; and then he bid me be off to you: he wondered how I could want the company of anybody else.”

① glitter ['glɪtə]

vt.

闪烁, 闪耀, 闪光(CET6)

② divine [di'vaɪn]

vt.

(凭直觉)意识, 猜测(CET6)

③ amend [ə'mend]

n.

改良, 修改, 修订(CET6)

④ extinct [ɪks'tɪŋkt]

adj.

灭绝的, 绝种的; 消逝的(CET6)

I set his plate to keep warm on the fender; and after an hour or two he re-entered, when the room was clear, in no degree calmer: the same unnatural—it was unnatural—appearance of joy under his black brows; the same bloodless hue, and his teeth visible, now and then, in a kind of smile; his frame shivering, not as one shivers with chill or weakness, but as a tight-stretched cord vibrates—a strong thrilling, rather than trembling.

I will ask what is the matter, I thought; or who should? And I exclaimed:

“Have you heard any good news, Mr Heathcliff? You look uncommonly animated^①.”

“Where should good news come from to me?” he said. “I’m animated with hunger; and, seemingly, I must not eat.”

“Your dinner is here,” I returned; “why won’t you get it?”

“I don’t want it now;” he muttered hastily; “I’ll wait till supper. And, Nelly, once for all, let me beg you to warn Hareton and the other away from me. I wish to be troubled by nobody: I wish to have this place to myself.”

“Is there some new reason for this banishment?” I inquired. “Tell me why you are so queer, Mr Heathcliff? Where were you last night? I’m not putting the question through idle^② curiosity, but—”

“You are putting the question through very idle

curiosity,” he interrupted, with a laugh. “Yet I’ll answer it. Last night I was on the threshold of hell. Today, I am within sight of my heaven. I have my eyes on it: hardly three feet to sever me! And now You’d better go! You’ll neither see nor hear anything to frighten you, if you refrain from prying.”

Having swept the hearth and wiped the table, I departed; more perplexed than ever.

He did not quit the house again that afternoon, and no one intruded on his solitude; till, at eight o’clock, I deemed it proper, though unsummoned, to carry a candle and his supper to him. He was leaning against the ledge of an open lattice, but not looking out: his face was turned to the interior gloom. The fire had smouldered to ashes; the room was filled with the damp, mild air of the cloudy evening; and so still, that not only the murmur of the beck down Gimmerton was distinguishable, but its ripples^③ and its gurgling over the pebbles, or through the large stones which it could not cover. I uttered an ejaculation of discontent at seeing the dismal grate, and commenced shutting the casements, one after another, till I came to his.

① **animated** ['ænə'meɪtɪd] **adj.** 活生生的；栩栩如生的；活跃的(CET6)

② **idle** ['aɪdl] **adj.** 空闲的，闲着的；懒散的，无所事事的(CET6)

③ **ripple** ['rɪpl] **n.** 涟漪，波痕 (CET6)

“Must I close this?” I asked, in order to rouse him; for he would not stir.

The light flashed on his features as I spoke. Oh, Mr Lockwood, I cannot express what a terrible start I got by the momentary^① view! Those deep black eyes! That smile, and ghastly paleness! It appeared to me, not Mr Heathcliff, but a goblin; and, in my terror, I let the candle bend towards the wall, and it left me in darkness. “Yes, close it,” he replied, in his familiar voice. “There, that is pure awkwardness! Why did you hold the candle horizontally? Be quick, and bring another.”

I hurried out in a foolish state of dread, and said to Joseph: “The master wishes you to take him a light and rekindle the fire.”

For I dare not go in myself again just then.

Joseph rattled some fire into the shovel, and went; but he brought it back immediately, with the supper tray in his other hand, explaining that Mr Heathcliff was going to bed, and he wanted nothing to eat till morning. We heard him mount the stairs directly; he did not proceed^② to his ordinary chamber, but turned into that with the panelled bed: its window, as I mentioned before, is wide enough for anybody to get through; and it struck me that he plotted another midnight excursion, of which he had rather we had no suspicion.

“Is he a ghoul or a vampire?” I mused. I had read of

such hideous incarnate demons. And then I set myself to reflect how I had tended him in infancy, and watched him grow to youth, and followed him almost through his whole course; and what absurd nonsense it was to yield to that sense of horror. “But where did he come from, the little dark thing, harboured by a good man to his bane?” muttered Superstition, as I dozed into unconsciousness.

And I began, half dreaming, to weary myself with imagining some fit parentage for him; and, repeating my waking meditations, I tracked his existence over again, with grim variations; at last, picturing his death and funeral: of which, all I can remember is, being exceedingly vexed at having the task of dictating^③ an inscription for his monument, and consulting the sexton about it; and, as he had no surname, and we could not tell his age, we were obliged^④ to content ourselves with the single word, “Heathcliff” .

That came true: we were. If you enter the kirkyard, you’ll read on his headstone, only that, and the date of his death.

Dawn restored me to common sense. I rose, and went

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|----------------------------|-----------|-----------------------------|
| ① momentary [ˈməʊməntəri:] | adj. | 短暂的;瞬间的;随时会发生的;时时刻刻的 (CET6) |
| ② proceed [prəˈsi:d] | vi. | 前进, 行进; 进行, 继续下去 (CET4) |
| ③ dictate [dikˈteit] | vt. & vi. | 大声讲或读, 口授 (CET6) |
| ④ oblige [əˈblaɪdʒ] | vt. & vi. | 迫使做;使负义务;施惠 (CET6) |

into the garden, as soon as I could see, to ascertain if there were any footmarks under his window. There were none. He has stayed at home ought, and he'll be all right today. I prepared breakfast for the household, as was my usual custom, but told Hareton and Catherine to get theirs ere the master came down, for he lay late. They preferred taking it out of doors, under the trees, and I set a little table to accommodate them.

On my re-entrance, I found Mr Heathcliff below. He and Joseph were conversing about some farming business; he gave clear, minute directions concerning the matter discussed, but he spoke rapidly, and turned his head continually aside, and had the same excited expression, even more exaggerated^①.

When Joseph quitted the room he took his seat in the place he generally chose, and I put a basin of coffee before him. He drew it nearer, and then rested his arms on the table, and looked at the opposite wall, as I supposed, surveying one particular^② portion, up and down, with glittering, restless eyes, and with such eager interest that he stopped breathing during half a minute together.

“Come now” , I exclaimed, pushing some bread against his hand, “eat and drink that, while it is hot: it has been waiting near an hour.”

He didn't notice me, and yet he smiled. I'd rather have

seen him gnash his teeth than smile so.

“Mr Heathcliff! master!” I cried, “don’t, for God’s sake, stare as if you saw an unearthly vision^③.”

“Don’t, for God’s sake, shout so loud,” he replied. “Turn round, and tell me, are we by ourselves?”

“Of course,” was my answer; “of course we are.”

Still I involuntarily obeyed him, as if I were not quite sure. With a sweep of his hand he cleared a vacant space in front among the breakfast things, and leant forward to gaze more at his ease.

Now, I perceived^④ he was not looking at the wall; for when I regarded him alone, it seemed exactly that he gazed at something within two yards distance. And whatever it was, it communicated, apparently, both pleasure and pain in exquisite extremes: at least the anguished, yet raptured, expression of his countenance suggested that idea. The fancied object was not fixed: either his eyes pursued it with unwearied diligence, and, even in speaking to me, were never weaned away.

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| ① exaggerate [ig'zædʒəreɪt] | vt.&vi 使扩大, 使增加; 夸张(CET4) |
| ② particular [pə'tɪkjʊlə] | adj. 特定的; 特殊的, 特别的(CET4) |
| ③ vision ['viʒən] | n. 视力, 视觉; 想象(力), 幻想, 幻觉(CET4) |
| ④ perceive [pə'si:v] | vt. 感觉, 察觉, 理解(CET6) |

I vainly reminded him of his protracted abstinence from food: if he stirred to touch anything in compliance with my entreaties, if he stretched his hand out to get a piece of bread, his fingers clenched before they reached it, and remained on the table, forgetful of their aim.

I sat, a model of patience, trying to attract his absorbed attention from its engrossing speculation; till he grew irritable, and got—up, asking why I would not allow him to have his own time in taking his meals? and saying that on the next occasion, I needn't wait: I might set the things down and go. Having uttered these words he left the house, slowly sauntered down the garden path, and disappeared through the gate.

The hours crept anxiously by: another evening came. I did not retire to rest till late, and when I did, I could not sleep. He returned after midnight, and, instead of going to bed, shut himself into the room beneath. I listened, and tossed about, and, finally, dressed and descended. It was too irksome to lie up there, harassing my brain with a hundred idle misgivings.

I distinguished Mr Heathcliff's step, restlessly measuring the floor, and he frequently broke the silence^① by a deep inspiration, resembling a groan. He muttered detached words also; the only one I could catch was the name of Catherine, coupled with some wild term of endearment or suffering; and spoken as one would speak to a person present: low

and earnest, and wrung from the depth of his soul. I had not courage to walk straight^② into the apartment; but I desired to divert him from his reverie, and therefore fell foul of the kitchen fire, stirred it, and began to scrape the cinders. It drew him forth sooner than I expected. “Nelly, come here—is it morning? Come in with your light.”

“It is striking four,” I answered. “You want a candle to take upstairs: you might have lit one at this fire.”

“No, I don’t wish to go upstairs^③,” he said. “Come in, and kindle me a fire, and do anything there is to do about the room.”

“I must blow the coals red first, before I can carry any,” I replied, getting a chair and the bellows.

He roamed to and fro, meantime, in a state approaching distraction; his heavy sighs succeeding each other so thick as to leave no space for common breathing between.

“When day breaks I’ll send for Green,” he said; “I wish to make some legal inquiries of him while I can bestow a thought on those matters, and while I can act calmly. I have not written my will yet; and how to leave my property I cannot determine. I wish I could annihilate it from the face of

① **silence** ['saɪləns]

n.

寂静, 无声; 沉默(CET4)

② **straight** [streɪt]

adj.

直的, 笔直的; 直率的(CET4)

③ **upstairs** ['ʌp'steɪəz]

adv.

在楼上, 往楼上(CET4)

the earth.”

“I would not talk so, Mr Heathcliff,” I interposed. “Let your will be a while: you’ll be spared to repent of your many injustices yet. I never expected that your nerves would be disordered: they are, at present, marvellously so, however; and almost entirely^① through your own fault. The way you’ve passed these three last days might knock up a Titan. Do take some food, and some repose. You need only look at yourself in a glass to see how you require both. Your cheeks are hollow, and your eyes bloodshot, like a person starving with hunger and going blind with loss of sleep.”

“It is not my fault that I cannot eat or rest,” he replied. “I assure you it is through no settled designs^②. I’ll do both as soon as I possibly can. But you might as well bid a man struggling in the water rest within arm’s length of the shore! I must reach it first, and then I’ll rest. Well, never mind Mr Green: as to repenting of my injustices, I’ve done no injustice, and I repent of nothing. I’m too happy; and yet I’m not happy enough. My soul’s bliss kills my body, but does not satisfy itself.”

“Happy, master?” I cried. “Strange happiness! If you would hear me without being angry, I might offer some advice that would make you happier.

“What is that?” he asked. “Give it.”

“You are aware, Mr Heathcliff,” I said, “that from the

time you were thirteen years old, you have lived a selfish, unchristian life; and probably hardly had a Bible in your hands during all that period. You must have forgotten the contents of the book, and you may not have space to search it now. Could it be hurtful to send for someone—some minister^③ of any denomination, it does not matter which—to explain it, and show you how very far you have erred from its precepts; and how unfit you will be for its heaven, unless a change takes place before you die?”

“I’m rather obliged than angry, Nelly,” he said, “for you remind me of the manner that I desire to be buried in. It is to be carried to the churchyard in the evening. You and Hareton may, if you please, accompany me: and mind, particularly, to notice that the sexton obeys my directions concerning the two coffins! No minister need come; nor need anything be said over me.—I tell you I have nearly attained my heaven; and that of others is altogether unvalued and uncovered by me.

“And supposing you persevered in your obstinate^④ fast, and died by that means, and they refused to bury you

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|-------------------------|------|------------------------|
| ① entirely [en'taiəli] | adv. | 全部地, 完整地, 完全地(CET4) |
| ② design [di'zain] | n. | 图样, 设计图; 目的, 打算(CET4) |
| ③ minister ['ministə] | n. | 大臣, 部长, 公使, 外交使节(CET6) |
| ④ obstinate ['ɒbstənit] | adj. | 固执的, 顽固的, 倔强的(CET6) |

in the precincts of the kirk?” I said, shocked at his godless indifference^①. “How would you like it?”

“They won’t do that,” he replied: “if they did, you must have me removed secretly: and if you neglect it you shall prove, practically, that the dead are not annihilated!”

As soon as he heard the other members of the family stirring he retired to his den, and I breathed freer. But in the afternoon, while Joseph and Hareton were at their work, he came into the kitchen again, and, with a wild look, bid me come and sit in the house: he wanted somebody with him. I declined: telling him plainly that his strange talk and manner frightened me, and I had neither the nerve nor the will to be his companion alone.

“I believe you think me a fiend,” he said, with his dismal laugh: something too horrible to live under a decent^② roof. “Then turning to Catherine, who was there, and who drew behind me at his approach, he added, half sneeringly—“Will you come, chuck? I’ll not hurt you. No! to you I’ve made myself worse than the devil. Well, there is one who won’t shrink from my company! By God! she’s relentless. Oh, damn it! It’s unutterably too much for flesh and blood to bear—even mine.”

He solicited the society of no one more. At dusk, he went into his chamber. Through the whole night, and far into the morning, we heard him groaning and murmuring to

himself. Hareton was anxious to enter; but I bade him fetch Mr Kenneth, and he should go in and see him. When he came, and I requested admittance and tried to open the door, I found it locked; and Heathcliff bid us be damned. He was better, and would be left alone; so the doctor went away.

The following evening was very wet: indeed it poured^③ down till day-dawn; and, as I took my morning walk round the house, I observed the master's window swinging open, and the rain driving straight in. He cannot be in bed, I thought: those showers would drench him through. He must either be up or out. But I'll make no more ado, I'll go boldly and look.

Having succeeded in obtaining entrance with another key, I ran to unclosethe panels, for the chamber was vacant^④; quickly pushing them aside, I peeped in. Mr Heathcliff was there—laid on his back. His eyes met mine so keen and fierce, I started; and then he seemed to smile.

I could not think him dead: but his face and throat were washed with rain; the bedclothes dripped, and he was

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- ① **indifference** [in'difərəns] **n.** 不关心,不在乎 (CET6)
 ② **decent** ['di:sənt] **adj.** 正派的,合乎礼仪的,得体的(CET6)
 ③ **pour** [pɔ:] **vt.&vi** 涌出,倾,倒(CET4)
 ④ **vacant** ['veikənt] **adj.** 未被占用的,空的;
 茫然的,空虚的 (CET6)

perfectly still. The lattice, flapping to and fro, had grazed one hand that rested on the sill; no blood trickled^① from the broken skin, and when I put my fingers to it, I could doubt no more: he was dead and stark!

I hasped the window; I combed his black long hair from his forehead; I tried to close his eyes: to extinguish, if possible, that frightful, lifelike gaze of exultation before anyone else beheld it. They would not shut: they seemed to sneer at my attempts: and his parted lips and sharp white teeth sneered too! Taken with another fit of cowardice, I cried out for Joseph. Joseph shuffled up and made a noise; but resolutely refused to meddle with him.

The devil's harried off his soul, " he cried, " and he muh hev his carcass intuh t' bargain, for ow't Aw care! Ech! what a wicked un he looks girning at death! and the old sinner grinned in mockery. I thought he intended to cut a caper round the bed; but, suddenly composing himself, he fell on his knees, and raised his hands, and returned thanks that the lawful master and the ancient stock were restored^② to their rights.

I felt stunned by the awful event; and my memory unavoidably recurred to former times with a sort of oppressive sadness. But poor Hareton, the most wronged, was the only one that really suffered much. He sat by the corpse all night, weeping in bitter earnest. He pressed its

hand, and kissed the sarcastic savage face that everyone else shrank from contemplating; and bemoaned him with that strong grief which springs naturally from a generous heart, though it be tough as tempered steel^③.

Mr Kenneth was perplexed to pronounce of what disorder the master died. I concealed the fact of his having swallowed nothing for four days, fearing it might lead to trouble, and then, I am persuaded, he did not abstain on purpose: it was the consequence of his strange illness, not the cause.

“We buried him, to the scandal of the whole neighbourhood, as he wished. Earnshaw and I, the sexton, and six men to carry the coffin, comprehended^④ the whole attendance. The six men departed when they had let it down into the grave: we stayed to see it covered. Hareton, with a streaming face, dug green sods, and laid them over the brown mould himself: at present it is as smooth and verdant as its companion mounds—and I hope its tenant sleeps as soundly. But the country folk, if you ask them, would swear on the Bible that he walks: there are those who speak to having

① trickle ['trɪkl]

vt.&vi. 滴, 淌, 细流(CET6)

② restore [ri'stɔ:]

vt. 归还, 交还; 修复, 重建(CET6)

③ steel [sti:l]

n. 钢, 钢铁 (CET4)

④ comprehend ['kɒmpri'hend]

vt. 理解, 领会, 包括(CET6)

met him near the church, and on the moor, and even in this house. Idle tales, you'll say, and so say I. Yet that old man by the kitchen fire affirms he has seen two on them, looking out of his chamber window, on every rainy night since his death: and an odd thing happened to me about a month ago. I was going to the Grange one evening—a dark evening, threatening thunder—and, just at the turn of the Heights, I encountered a little boy with a sheep and two lambs before him; he was crying terribly; and I supposed the lambs^① were skittish, and would not be guided.

“What's the matter, my little man?” I asked.

“There's Heathcliff and a woman, yonder, under t' nab,” he blubbered, un I darnut pass “em.”

I saw nothing; but neither the sheep nor he would go on; so I bid him take the road lower down. He probably raised the phantoms from thinking, as he traversed the moors alone, on the nonsense^② he had heard his parents and companions repeat. Yet, still, I don't like being out in the dark now; and I don't like being left by myself in this grim house: I cannot help it; I shall be glad when they leave it, and shift to the Grange.

“They are going to the Grange, then,” I said.

“Yes,” answered Mrs Dean, “is soon as they are married, and that will be on New Year's Day.”

“And who will live here, then?”

“Why, Joseph will take care of the house, and, perhaps, a lad to keep him company. They will live in the kitchen, and the rest will be shut up.”

“For the use of such ghosts^③ as choose to inhabit it,” I observed.

“No, Mr Lockwood,” said Nelly, shaking her head. “I believe the dead are at peace: but it is not right to speak of them with levity.”

At that moment the garden gate swung to; the ramblers were returning.

“They are afraid of nothing,” I grumbled, watching their approach through the window. “Together they would brave Satan and all his legions.”

As they stepped on to the doorstones, and halted to take a last look at the moon—or, more correctly, at each other by her light—I felt irresistibly impelled to escape them again; and, pressing a remembrance^④ into the hand of Mrs Dean, and disregarding her expostulations at my rudeness, I vanished through the kitchen as they opened the house-

① lamb [læm]

n. 羔羊, 小羊; 羔羊肉 (CET4)

② nonsense ['nɒnsəns]

n. 废话; 愚蠢的行为;
无聊的事物 (CET6)

③ ghost [ɡəʊst]

n. 鬼, 幽灵 (CET4)

④ remembrance [ri'membrəns]

n. 纪念; 纪念品; 回忆 (CET6)

door; and so should have confirmed Joseph in his opinion of his fellow-servant's gay indiscretions, had he not fortunately recognized me for a respectable character^① by the sweet ring of a sovereign at his feet.

My walk home was lengthened by a diversion in the direction of the kirk. When beneath its walls, I perceived decay had made progress, even in seven months: many a window showed black gaps deprived of glass; and slates jutted off, here and there, beyond the right line of the roof, to be gradually worked off in coming autumn storms.

I sought, and soon discovered, the three headstones on the slope next the moor: the middle one grey, and half buried in heath: Edgar Linton's only harmonized by the turf and moss creeping up its foot: Heathcliff's still bare.

I lingered round them, under that benign^② sky; watched the moths fluttering among the heath and harebells, listened to the soft wind breathing through the grass, and wondered how anyone could ever imagine unquiet slumbers^③ for the sleepers in that quiet earth.

① character ['kærɪktə] n. 品质,特性,特色;特征,好的品质 (CET4)

② benign [bi'nain] adj. 善良的,温和的;有利的 (CET4)

③ slumber ['slʌmbə] n. 睡眠 (CET6)

佳句赏析

1. I set his plate to keep warm on the fender; and after an hour or two he re-entered, when the room was clear, in no degree calmer.

> 我把他的盘子放在炉栅上热着，过了一两个钟头，他又进来了，这时屋里人都出去了，他并没平静多少。

* an hour or two 在这里指一两个小时。“calmer”说明“re-entered”的状态，作补充状语，“when the room was clear”是插入语。

2. As soon as he heard the other members of the family stirring he retired to his den, and I breathed freer.

> 他一听到家里别人在走动了，就退避到他的屋里去，我也呼吸得自在些了。

* as soon as 一……就…… as soon as 连接的时间状语从句中，指未发生的动作，规律是：主句一般将来时，从句用一般现在时代替一般将来时。

3. Still I involuntarily obeyed him, as if I were not quite sure. With a sweep of his hand he cleared a vacant space in front among the breakfast things, and leant forward to gaze more at his ease.

> 可是我还是身不由己地服从了他，好像是我也没有弄

明白似的。他用手一推，在面前这些早餐什物之间清出一块空地方，更自在地向前倾着身子凝视着。

* as if 好像，引导条件状语从句，gaze at...表“凝视”。

4. Hareton, with a streaming face, dug green sods, and laid them over the brown mould himself: at present it is as smooth and verdant as its companion mounds—and I hope its tenant sleeps as soundly.

> 哈里顿泪流满面，亲自掘着绿草泥铺在那棕色的坟堆上。目前这个坟已像其他坟一样地光滑青绿了——我希望这坟里的人也安睡得同样踏实。

* with 作介词；表示“带有”；as...as...同等比较。



名句大搜索

1. 那时正是在四月里，天气温和悦人，青草被雨水和阳光滋养得要多绿有多绿，靠南墙的两棵矮苹果树正在盛开时节。
2. 他也喃喃地吐着几个字；我听得出的只有凯瑟琳的名字，加上几声亲昵的或痛苦的呼喊。
3. 我在那温和的天空下面，在这三块墓碑前留连！望着飞蛾在石南丛和兰铃花中扑飞，听着柔风在草间吹动，我纳闷有谁能想象得出在那平静的土地下面的长眠者竟会有并不平静的睡眠。
4. 那对深陷的黑眼睛！那种微笑和像死人一般的苍白，在我看来，那不是希刺克厉夫先生，却是一个恶鬼；我吓得拿不住蜡烛，竟歪到墙上，屋里顿时黑了。

5. 我坐着，像一个有耐心的典范，想把他那全神贯注的注意力从它那一心一意的冥想中牵引出来；到后来他变烦躁了，站起来，问我为什么不肯让他一个人吃饭？

6. 我不能认为他是死了：可他的脸和喉咙都被雨水冲洗着；床单也在滴水，而他动也不动。窗子来回地撞，擦着放在窗台上的一只手；破皮的地方没有血流出来，我用我的手指一摸，我不能再怀疑了；他死了而且僵了！